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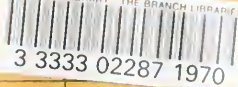
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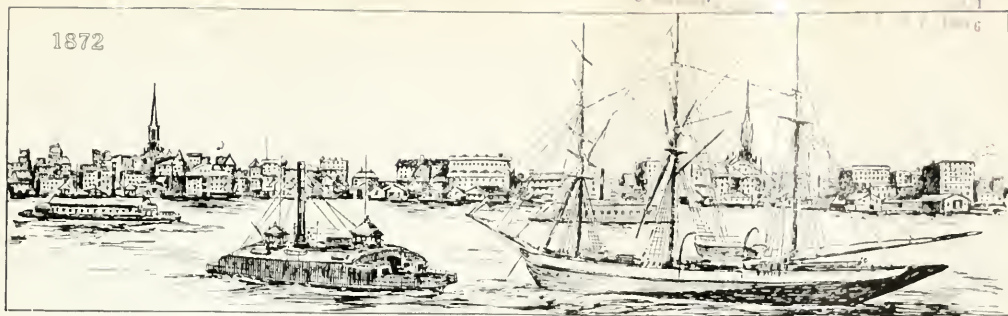
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THE BOOK *of* NEW YORK

Forty Years' Recollections of the American Metropolis

BY

JULIUS CHAMBERS, F. R. G. S.

Reporter, Special Correspondent, City Editor and Managing Editor of the New York *Herald*
and Managing Editor of the New York *World*

—
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"The Rascal Club," "Missing, A Tale of the Sargasso Sea,"
"The Destiny of Doris," "The Mississippi River," etc.



THE BOOK OF NEW YORK COMPANY

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JULIUS CHAMBERS, *Editor*

M. M. MARCY, *Manager*



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Sincerely yours,
Julius Chambers.

FOREWORD



GREAT Frenchman, Théophile Gautier, once said: "Let me write the preface, and I don't care who writes the book." Evidently, he meant he would exhaust any subject with which the volume dealt. Aside from the vanity of the boast—which he almost confirms in the preface to "*Mademoiselle de Maupin*"—custom sanctions an introductory page which the reader can avoid, if he prefer.

Delay in the publication of this work has been due, somewhat, to serious illness, but in a much greater degree to obstacles cast in my way for obtaining material for sketches of friends and distinguished persons I desired to include in the volume. My illness was acute, and, at one time, grave. The tension under which I suffered was relieved not so much by medicine as by a cold-blooded despatch from Mr. Marcy, couched in this language:

"For God's sake, Chambers, keep alive until the book is finished: after that, *use your own discretion.*"

That message came to me at St. Augustine, Fla., where I was in bed under orders to remain there; but it galvanized me into action. It had the effect of bringing me back to New York on the first Clyde steamer from Jacksonville. Publishers, as well as corporations, are soulless: but I always have respected the man who drives. I was a "driver" many years, myself.

When I set out to write my recollections of an active life in this city, the task appeared easy. All I had to do was to turn to my stenographer and say, "Begin!" But I soon discovered that a large part of my intimate knowledge of political and professional men, especially of my employers, was contained in privileged conversations and written communications. Among more than a thousand letters on my files, many were barred by professional ethics. Not a confidence has been violated. Some incidents herein set down may jar the feelings of friends or enemies, but the fault is not mine.

In a personal narrative, the writer is unavoidably prominent: but many events that did not make for the progression of this one have been omitted. These include several brief trips to Europe, in one of which I re-visited Spain and glorious Grenada, roamed about the Alhambra castle as in my early twenties; thence, going to Morocco, I heard at Tangier the ever-consoling "*Yerga*" song, coupled with "the return" to the Alhambra that has been

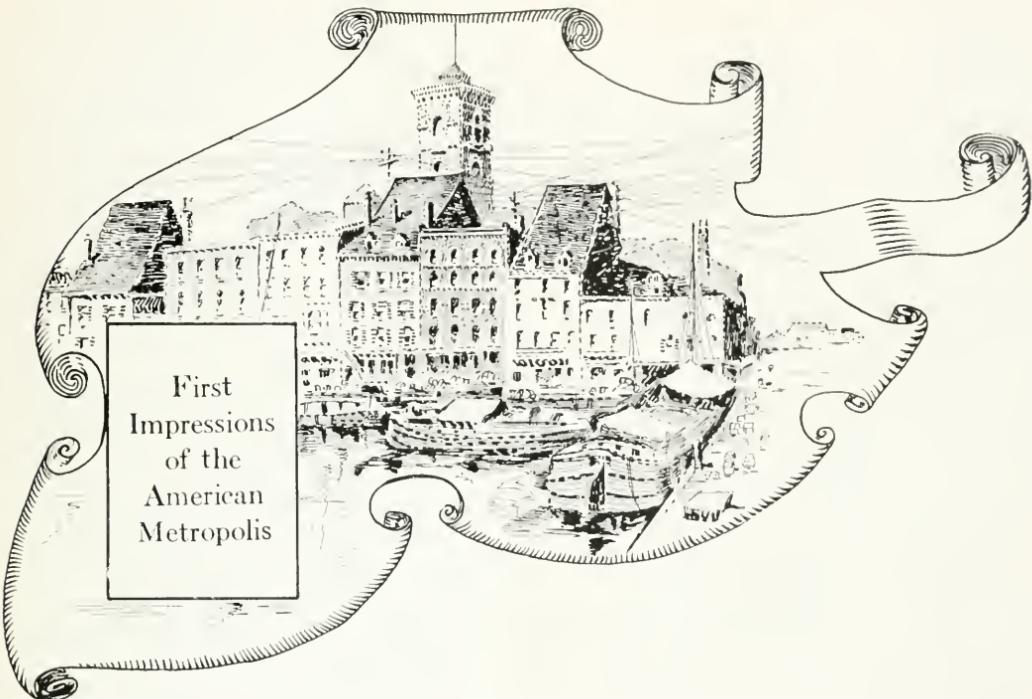
chanted nightly in its coffee-houses since the Moors were driven across the Strait of Hercules. A winter was spent in Egypt, a veritable temple and tomb bazaar, during which the cañon called the Nile valley was ascended to the Soudan. Likewise unrecorded are countless runs to Washington, in quest of special information for which I happened to possess an "open sesame!" Never did I shake a fist at "the great, white Dome" on Capitol Hill, as did Counsellor Cromwell, because thereunder lay my treasure-house of news.

Several friends have joined "the throng invisible" since this work was undertaken. As this page, the last, goes to press, the horrors of the Steamship *Titanic* disaster occupy every mind. Among the lost passengers, who willingly gave their lives that women might be saved, was a friend of many years, Colonel John Jacob Astor. Like other men on that ship, he died as do the brave.

"Everything in good humor" has been the rule throughout this volume. The breath of malice does not taint a single line. Not a grievance, real or fancied, has been aired.

J. C.

New York City, April 20, 1912



First
Impressions
of the
American
Metropolis

THE BOOK of NEW YORK

CHAPTER I



THERE is only one New York. It is the dream town of the American boy, who, at play or at work in remote parts of the Great Republic, counts himself a New Yorker in his visions of the future.

New York owes its transcendent commercial majesty to the sea!

Deep-laden argosies from wonderlands afar unload their treasures at its wharves. For all mankind, here's welcome haven and assured market! A splendid harbor attracts the ships of the world; but ninety million money-earn-

ing, money-spending people of the United States outside its city gates are what justify their cargoes. There are other ports upon our ocean shores, but New York is monarch of them all!

This majestic volume of trade, representing product of hand and brain, creates ceaseless demand for new mental and physical vitality. Imperial New York issues a roval summons to the American youth, and he responds from the North, the East, the West and the South as though he heard a call to arms. Maintenance of this proudest possession of the Republic must not be in doubt for a single hour, even if every home tie be sundered.

This annual tribute of the *hinterland* to the gluttonous metropolis exceeds 25,000 young men and an uncounted number of young women—a contribution one thousand times greater than that of Athens to Crete! Innocence, hope, talent and, occasionally, genius come hither to grapple with that heartless monster, Competition.

"Only the fittest survive!" is the song of the battle.

The year at which these intimate recollections begin is aptly chosen, although its selection by the writer was accidental. He came straight from college, a stranger and with a capital of thirty dollars. He had not a letter of introduction or a friend. The failure of his father in business had necessitated the abandonment of an education, or working his own way through the third and fourth years of a university course. This alternative had been accepted and a diploma attained.

The *Evening Post* Building stood at the corner of Nassau and Liberty streets; seeing its sign, the stranger climbed to the "editorial rooms" and sent his unknown name to Charles Nordhoff, managing-editor, with whom, in after years, he was closely associated in Washington and whose chief he finally became on the New York *Herald*. That talk was very memorable. Mr. Nordhoff had no place for a new man, but he gave some advice that, for impracticability, rises superior to any that has earned the dignity of print.

"Every time you walk up Broadway, young man," said he, "and every time you walk down Broadway, something occurs that never has happened before and never will recur. Now, if you have but the eye to see and the faculty to describe this unusual happening, your success is assured."

This dictum was uttered in a grave and impressive manner; and, at its conclusion, the *Post's* managing-editor bowed, as he swung back to his desk. The youngster, barely turned nineteen, was much impressed and backed out of the holy-of-holies trembling with gratitude. That he did not fall over the office cat was a miracle. Surely, thought he, nobody but a mirabile, a wondersmith in words, can succeed in journalism.

During the four years that followed under

severe, almost savage, city editors, he learned that writing is but a small part of the art of making a newspaper. He realized the value of legs over gray matter, of attrition with mankind over mere book knowledge.

A similar ascent was made up three of the longest flights of stairs in town to the editorial rooms of the *World*, a newspaper I was to manage long years afterwards, and whose editor, William Henry Hurlbert, two years later, wrote to me an invitation to join his staff. But on this occasion, City Editor Israel told me frankly that he did not want any "kid reporters." His words were not complimentary to the brood, and the descent of the long stairways landed the stranger on Park Row once more. Not a face in the passing throng was friendly or familiar.

The old, slate-hued, brick building at Spruce and Nassau streets was crowned with a sign five feet high containing the single word, "TRIBUNE." As I gazed at it, I recalled a time of my life, long before I could read, when I had sat for hours at a time upon the floor staring at the pages of "Greeley's *Tribune*," never absent from my grandparents' home in Ohio. Suddenly a weird figure emerged from the throng and headed for the *Tribune's* only front door. There could not be another such a man on earth! Familiar with portraits of Greeley, "the staunch Abolitionist," I would have recognized him had I been only six years old, instead of nineteen. Hardly had he disappeared before I was asking myself, "Why not apply to Mr. Greeley?" I knew so little of the internal organization of a newspaper office that it appeared best to seek a reporter's job at the top. After a long wait, I was taken behind the counter and climbed a single flight of iron stairs to the door of the quaintest den imaginable. An attendant, whom I afterwards came to know as "Sullivan," pointed to the big, white-haired man, seated at a desk literally piled with all sorts of clippings, scraps of letters and, presumably, "copy." Standing until spoken to, the situation became so embarrassing that when a shrill, squeaky voice asked: "Well, young fellow, what is it?" I looked about the room for another speaker than the idol of my boyhood's dreams.

This was the first time the voice of Horace Greeley had ever reached my ears! It was so harsh, so broken, so unsympathetic that when the kindly face, round as the Moon's on her thirteenth night and, with its aura of silken, white hair, turned toward me, I managed to stammer:

"Mr. Greeley, I have called to ask for a place on your newspaper. You are a trustee of Cornell University, and I have just been graduated——"

"I'd a damned sight rather you had been graduated at a printer's case," was his comment. I didn't have a chance to tell him that I had been foreman of a composing-room at fifteen, and that I had taken myself through college by work at a case. The great man



HORACE GREELEY
1872

"Fame is vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can see what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow; and yet, I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unflinching readiness to embrace and defend it at whatsoever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of The New York Tribune.'"—Recollections of a Busy Life, 143.

forgot me then and there; and, although I subsequently met him on two occasions, I am sure he did not identify me with the youngster to whom he had administered a savage rebuke because a boy had assumed he possessed the rudiments of an education. In time, I came to know how incomplete the best university education is, but I had hard-earned respect for a diploma at that time.

Whether "Sullivan" helped me or threw me down the stairs, I never knew. I got back into the street, somehow. Wasn't it terrible to be young! What wouldn't I have given for a few gray hairs or for whiskers upon my beardless cheeks. I felt old, but, blessed be youth, I wasn't discouraged!

I had been working at a trade since I was eleven years old, had prepared for college by night study, had hammered through four years of work and study, had secured Phi Beta Kappa and other so-called college "honors," all for nothing!

But a boy's thoughts are long thoughts; life is so very real that rebuff and discouragement are not associated in his mind.

I do not remember whether I applied at the *Times* or not; if I did, it was a frost.

No, I hadn't any letters, or experience, or knowledge, for that matter only hope. I didn't dare confess that I was a college man; I was not to be caught twice in that excuse for a rebuff.

The following afternoon, I was again in the neighborhood of the *Tribune* corner and discovered the entrance to the editorial rooms on Spruce street.

"If Mr. Greeley hasn't sent for his chief editor and specifically told him not to employ me, another trial will do no harm," thought I. "If he has, and the man I meet is anywhere my size, there'll be some satisfaction, at least, in a try at getting even."

Having climbed the stairs, I landed in a room in which several young men were seated. Through a door, silhouetted against the light on Printing House Square, stood a chunky man, his back toward me and the sheen upon his trousers resplendent. He was Bronson Howard, although the fact was not known to me any more than was that exchange-editor's

true place in literature, which was not fixed for many years thereafter. I had learned enough to ask for the city editor, but he was at luncheon. I was about to go away, when "Sullivan" entered. He recognized me, at least: there was a deal of gratification in that. For what he did, after he had carried a bundle of letters and manuscripts to an inner room, I never have been able to decide whether I owe to him thanks or blame. When he reappeared, he said to me:

"Mr. Whitelaw Reid is alone in his office, I'll take in your name and he'll see you."

Here was an unexpected opportunity to meet "Agate," whose war correspondence, in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, had thrilled my boyish blood during the Rebellion. "Sullivan" was back in a half minute and led me into the presence!



WHITELAW REID
"Agate"

Here was a man of very different type from any I had met. He was very formal when I said I wanted to learn the newspaper business. He did not give to me the slightest encouragement, explaining that the staff was already too large and that in the summer every reporter who could be spared was "let go." I remem-

ber that phrase, because it was the first time my ears had heard it. At any rate I would have to see the city editor——

Turning to go away, Mr. Reid saw a pin of the Delta Kappa Epsilon college fraternity upon my vest. He sprang to his feet. He extended his right hand, the "grip" was given and returned. At that instant, "Sullivan" reappeared and mentioned the return of E. B. Moore, the city editor.

"Come!" said Mr. Reid, with boyish enthusiasm, still holding my hand. "I'll introduce you to the City Editor and ask him to give you a chance to show what you can do."

In less time than I can speak it, I was "on space," with the prestige of an introduction by the managing-editor! It did not mean a great deal, but it was the start I had been seeking. It was followed by two and a half years of severe, merciless training, and the acquirement of a style of composition that required years to overcome—a method of setting forth news best described as the Grocer's Bill style. Facts, facts; nothing but facts; so many peas at so much a peck, so many beans at so much a quart!

To a beginner, opportunity is everything. It came to me, unexpectedly, only a few days after I had been so dramatically attached to the *Tribune*. On the morning of July 12th, the City Editor said: "Go to Elm Park this afternoon and give me a quarter column about the picnic of the Orangemen." The assignment was not believed to be important, or it would not have been given to a novice. Elm Park was on the high ridge of land between Central Park and the Hudson, about West Ninety-second street. St. Agnes's church now stands upon its site; but at that time neither Columbus avenue nor cross streets had been opened. The only means of access was by the Eighth avenue horse-cars; more than an hour's ride. I was young; the Orangemen took me to their hearts, because I was the only reporter sent to them. I danced with the girls and played ball with the boys.

Suddenly, the wooden gate was broken in and a gang of men, who had been working at aqueduct pipes on Eighth avenue, rushed into the grounds. Stones were thrown and clubs freely used. Many people were struck by the

flying missiles. One man of middle age, seated with his family, was hit on the head with a paving stone and killed. Half an hour elapsed before a squad of police appeared and drove off the intruders.

"The Elm Park Riot" is a memorable event in metropolitan history. I knew I had a highly sensational piece of news. Gathering the names of the injured men and women, and



THE EVENING POST BUILDING, 1871

scouring from friends of the dead man all obtainable information regarding his trade and place of abode, I hurried to the Eighth avenue cars and reached Printing House Square before an announcement of the disturbance had come from Police Headquarters. The City Editor comprehended that he could "beat the town" if he could get the best out of the only reporter-eye-witness! He despatched men in several directions. Those sent to the scene of the riot, like reporters from other journals,

found the grounds closed and the picnickers gone, sorrowfully, to their homes.

Attentions were showered upon the young reporter that night. He was given a desk in a private room. He was told to "Write! Write! and keep writing!" Experienced workmen laid out the "story," telling the novice how to keep on but warning him not to quit. Crudities in the copy were trimmed out; parts were re-written and expanded; and next day "the new man" received credit for nearly four columns at \$10 per column.

"This is the finest job imaginable!" I commented on payday, when my first success and "follow-up" articles, including the murdered Orangeman's funeral swelled my bill to \$100. Poor innocent! I assumed I was about to become "a star man"; but, alas (with one exception, when I saved the report of a yacht race), I was rarely permitted to earn more than \$10 a week for the next six months.

Here we leave the worker and return to the hive!

New York was shaking herself loose from the enthrallment of the Civil War. Garbage, in the shape of deserted barracks, broken forage wagons that had been left where they stalled, and posters, calling for volunteers at large bounties, encumbered parks and streets and defaced dead walls. The southern end of City Hall Park was surrounded by a fence. Barnum's Museum, a boy-haven prior to "the cru-el war," had gone uptown to be burned out a second time. The marble structure of the New York *Herald* stood partly upon its original site.

The grim, gray Astor House impressed me most of any building in the city. Years afterward, standing before the Cheops Pyramid at Gizeh, I recalled my first impression of that old hotel.

Remembering what Charles Nordhoff had said to me about Broadway, I walked much upon that thoroughfare; but the profitable suggestion made by the editor advantaged me naught. I wrote many paragraphs about its happenings, but they were dropped into a basket, or I was cruelly told that newspapers were not printed for grandmothers or simpering idiots. This phrasing is far inside the mark. An attempt at the pathetic was char-

acterized as "writing for grandmother": an effort at description was assumed to be written by or for an idiot! The Grocer's Bill was the proper model: "John Brown, aged 56, married, was thrown from the fire-engine he was driving and instantly killed. Body at the morgue." A suggestion to visit the home of the dead man, to describe the grief of the widow or to foretell the wants of the children was discouraged. The dead fireman was or was not a hero; he had or he had not turned his team to avoid killing a pedestrian. A score of sug-



THE TRIBUNE BUILDING AND NEWSPAPER ROW AS IT APPEARED IN 1871

gestions that made for "the good story" of the present day were deliberately ignored!

New York was awake; but it was in the clutches of a gang of unscrupulous politicians, the first consummate "grafters," but not the worst or the last. Broadway, above Thirty-fourth street, was, literally, "as crooked as a deer's hind legs." Central Park was already a place of beauty, but every other bit of open ground, even the Battery, was filled with debris of the conflict. Tents had disappeared from the southern end of City Hall Park and a proposition that the City grant the site to the general Government for a federal building was favorably considered. At that time New York needed public buildings. Its post-office structure was a wretched brick affair far down

Nassau street, where now stands the Mutual Life Insurance Company's edifice.

Much talk is heard about "the dear old times of the early Seventies." The city then contained a trifle more than a million inhabitants. Its markets were filthy and infested with rats; not one stall keeper in ten possessed an ice-box for preserving his meats or butter. Cold storage was unknown. Stages were unheated in winter; so were the street cars, having in addition a mass of wet, filthy straw upon their floors. The cushioned seats of all public vehicles were alive with vermin. A paid fire department had just been organized, but it was ridiculously inefficient. The police force was an undisciplined mob of decrepit foreigners, owing their places to politicians rather than capacity, and imbued with the duty of protecting crime instead of honest householders and tradesmen. The vilest corruption in public office prevailed. The city tax-rate was higher than now. There wasn't any Board of Health; 1,400 citizens had died from cholera as late as 1866 and small-pox epidemics occurred each winter. During February of 1872, I rode in a Third avenue car several miles with a small-pox patient, the pustules upon whose face were unhealed. Butchers slaughtered cattle under any conditions that suited them. A Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Children did not exist. Juvenile delinquents were committed to jail in company with incorrigible criminals.

Prior to the opening of Mouquin's French restaurant on Fulton street, there wasn't a good eating-house down-town or one at which real French wines could be obtained at reasonable prices. The saloons and "sample rooms" were dives, generally with sand or saw-dust upon their floors, and the bar-keepers were ruffians. Most people encountered in cars or stages neglected their teeth. Elevators were unknown, long flights of stairs had to be climbed to offices. These were heated by coal or wood stoves and the bins for fuel encumbered the halls. After the extinction of Barnum's (1868) the city hadn't any museums, art galleries, or kindred educational influences. Good driving roads did not exist and the parks, excepting Central and Prospect, were jokes. Wallack's was the only well-appointed theatre on Manhattan Island. Others were located

over shops and were veritable fire-death traps, with narrow and crooked stairways, sure to jam in cases of panic. Coney Island was four hours' ride in horse-cars and was an unsafe place to visit, being infested by thugs, three-card monte and nut-shell gamblers. Except-

ing Beecher and Chapin, there wasn't a minister in any pulpit worth hearing; several imitators of Beecher, who wore their hair long, had temporary vogue. No rational amusement was to be had and, all things considered, the city was dismal, dark and damnable.



Newspaper Row as it appears to-day showing the changes of forty years compared with the view on page 11 taken in 1871. The *Sun* building remains the same. The *Tribune* has grown into a modern skyscraper and the *World* building has arisen on the site of the old French Hotel.

The original one-legged elevated railway had been opened on Greenwich street in 1867, its original inventor, designer and patentee being Charles T. Harvey. The cars were operated by a cable that originally ran atop the structure and returned underground; but in 1869, when the road was extended up Ninth avenue as far as Thirtieth street—the passenger station of the New York Central at that time the cable was run in a continuous circuit over the tops of the pillars. When I first saw these cars, they were of curious construction. To keep the centre of gravity close to the rails, the centres of the cars were depressed between the forward and rear trucks. The cars were like a two-humped camel, the place between the humps reached by a descent of two steps. The cable was not satisfactory and dummy engines were substituted.

The so-called Gilbert road did not appear until 1870, and many people were not aware of its existence for many months. It was erected inconspicuously on West Third street, between Sixth avenue and South Fifth avenue, and is still standing. Upon that little bit of steel superstructure, all the elevated railroads of the world are based! During 1873-'74, it was extended southward to Rector street and northward on Sixth avenue to Fifty-eighth street. On an invitation from George M. Pullman and General Horace Porter, I made a trip on the first passenger train from the yard below Rector street to Fifty-eighth street station. Time, 11 minutes!

The Third avenue line was undertaken in 1876 and the Second avenue road soon followed. An extension of the Ninth avenue line to Manhattanville came some time after. Remembering, as I did, when John Foley, the gold pen man, had extended the Fourth avenue horse-cars up Madison avenue, then nothing but a succession of mud-holes, I realize the progress in transit facilities now afforded by the Subways and the East and Hudson river tunnels. The substitution of four splendid bridges between various parts of Long Island and Manhattan for ferries, will be considered elsewhere.

A deplorable feature of the city was the filthy condition of its streets. A Street Cleaning Bureau existed, but money appropriated

was only sparsely used for the purpose. True, the sum was small compared with the amount spent at the present day, but the conditions were such as to breed disease. During the winters, Broadway was a reeking mass of filthy, steaming slush, through which horse-drawn stages floundered. Snow was banked at the sides of this and nearly all other thoroughfares and remained there until Spring sunshine melted it! Avenues upon which car lines ran had the tracks cleared by sweeping-machines, drawn by long lines of horses. If laws existed for keeping street gutters open, they were not enforced, and Spring floods, filling cellars in all parts of town, were annual incidents.

Recalling the non-provision for the public health, it is not remarkable that the city was annually swept by an epidemic of some sort. Hospitals were few: the New York on Broadway, opposite the northern end of Pearl street, and Bellevue, far away, as then seemed, on the East river, were the only public institutions for emergency patients. Chambers street hospital, that became a great boon to people injured in the business section of New York, was not opened at that time. Police stations served the purpose of emergency hospitals.

Immorality flaunted its various trades before the eyes of young and old. Chatham street, as Park Row was then known from Printing House square to Chatham square, was a procession of low dives and second-hand clothing shops, each class having its "barkers" upon the sidewalks, soliciting custom. In Greene and Mercer streets, signs, with letters a foot high, announced the infamous character of certain establishments. Pompeii was not a whit worse, as a subsequent visit to "The House of the Wolf," in that long buried city, proves. Familiarity with nearly every large city of Europe, since that time, justifies me in declaring that New York of 1870 was the vilest city east of Suez! Gambling-houses were running openly in all parts of the city. Shortly after my engagement on the *Tribune*, that journal published a list of several hundred such places and was laughed at for its pains. Later, when Kelso was Chief of Police, this same journal, striving to attract attention and circulation, rented from "The" Allen a "badger" house and ran it for a fortnight, with the con-

nivance of bribed police. The two men who undertook that task were Arthur Pember, an Englishman, and E. Y. Breck, now a distinguished lawyer of Pittsburg. It was "a good story" and made talk; but not a reform was effected. Those were the days of "scarlet journalism" for that publication! The so-called "yellow journalism" of thirty-five years later was only mildly "sensational" by comparison.*

William M. Tweed was a man of Herculean physical dimensions. Like most active reporters, I formed his acquaintance, as well as of other city officials. Tweed rarely held any public office, but was recognized as the local Warwick who "made" and "unmade" candidates. In the line of reportorial duty, I frequently visited him in his offices. Never to my recollection did I see him at the City Hall. If he wanted to talk to Mayor Hall, he sent for him. One of his offices was in Duane street, near Broadway; the other in the brownstone building at the southern corner of Park Place and Broadway, over the Broadway Bank—the site now occupied by a skyscraper. He was always accessible to reporters and talked with utmost frankness before them, when his underlings happened to come in. Whatever may be said of Tweed, and there is little else creditable that can be said of him, he was not a hypocrite. He was a "grafter" and did not make a secret thereof.

Social conditions in a city that was shaking itself loose from the entanglements of the Civil War, the Draft Riots and the wretched mis-management under which its people had suffered for a generation, were even more curious. Families that had been enriched by the war, and professional heroes, who had clung to the real heroes of the Federal Army, were striving to crowd themselves into the small and exclusive social circles already formed by Knickerbocker descendants or earlier tradesmen who had made fortunes before the conflict and had invested their money in acre property already coming into market as city lots. Jay Gould was remembered as a seller of railroad tickets at No. 1 Astor House, and although he became associated

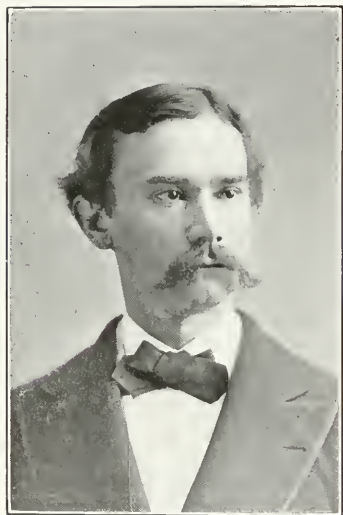
with James Fisk, Jr., about that time, Fisk was supposedly the stronger mind. Gould encouraged that belief; he used Fisk as a mask and did it so effectively that the man of real power in the combination was not suspected until after the Colonel's death.* The great public balls, of that period, whether given for "charity" or to entertain a scion of European royalty, such as the Russian Grand Duke Alexis, were exceedingly miscellaneous, despite efforts to the contrary. The annual French ball was a drunken orgy, such as never has been exceeded by students of the Latin Quarter or of Montmartre. Were I to accurately describe almost any one of these affairs that occurred between 1870 and 1880, the mails ought to be denied to this book.

The progress of the Franco-Prussian war in Europe did not interfere with the sport-loving Americans during the late summer of 1870. Commodore James Ashbury, of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, first challenger for the "America" cup, won in English waters by Henry Steers in 1851, was here with his schooner "Cambria" and raced unsuccessfully, as other contestants have since done. When August 8 arrived, I determined to see my first yacht race. I asked for the day off and early in the morning boarded the "Sylvan Glen," an excursion boat, at Peck Slip. As it happened, that particular boat got alongside the stern of the lightship, which was the turning point, and became a menace to the racing yachts. I saw every contestant round the lightship and took the time with my watch. When I returned to the office that night, I heard "Pop" Chadwick, the sporting editor and already known as "The Father of Baseball," complaining that the tug assigned to reporters had got aground on the Southwest Spit and had thus prevented the scribes from witnessing the turning of the stake boat. The *Herald*, he said, had its own steam tugs over every yard of the course, and would have a complete "story," but the *Tribune* was sure to be beaten! With considerable courage, as I thought at that time, I stated my experience of the day to City Editor Moore and offered to supply "the missing link." First, correcting my watch with that of the sporting editor, whose

*Anybody desiring to compare the "scarlet" journalism of 1871 '72 with the "yellow" of the present time can find the panel-house article in *The Tribune* of March 16, 1872.

*I have fully dealt with this period of New York in "On a Margin," published by Mitchell Kennerly.

time-piece had been set with that of the official timer, I sat down and "ground out" about 2,000 words of stop-gap copy. Bad as I always realized it to be, the time set down was within a second or more of the time officially given, the order of rounding was correct, and whether the boats had "gibed" or "rounded" made little difference. "Rotten" as the technique must have been, I had "saved the night" for my paper and was the City Editor's pet for several days. As a reward, I was sent on the annual cruise, up Long Island Sound to



THE LATE JOHN HAY

At that time a prominent member of the *Tribune* staff

Newport, and enabled to make the acquaintance of nearly every yacht owner in the fleet. Most prominent was James Gordon Bennett, Jr., then barely 29, to whose service I was later to give the best years of my life. When we realize that Mr. Bennett opened Africa to the civilized world, his commanding place among the great men of his time must be conceded. The qualities that make him different from other editors are those that most command respect and admiration.

The first meeting with an epoch-making man generally leaves an indelible impression.

The writer encountered Mr. Bennett on board the "Dauntless," in the summer of 1870. His schooner yacht lay at anchor in Newport harbor one beautiful August morning. The waters of that land-locked bay sparkled in the first rays of the rising sun as a small boat carried Captain Roland Coffin and me from India Wharf toward the "Dauntless." It was to be a race day and we had been invited to sail with Mr. Bennett. Far apart from any anchored craft, we saw a swimmer whose head and shoulders were moving at racing speed. His brown hair was cropped short. His shapely head turned now and again, as, in using the English stroke, he vigorously "reached" with his right hand. The skill of the swimmer indicated the athlete. His face we did not see.

The guests were welcomed aboard the "Dauntless" by Sailing-Master Samuels. A few minutes later, the swimmer, who proved to be Captain Bennett, came on deck over the side—a tall, lithe man, robed only in Nature's pink morocco and covered with sparkling drops of brine. He extended a hand, not less hospitable because it bore the ocean's chill. Mr. Bennett was then one of the prominent figures in American life, because it was universally recognized that, on the death of his father and Mr. Greeley, he would become the chief of American journalism.

Captain Bennett, soon after chosen Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, was a deep-sea sailor who crossed the ocean in his own boats. He was the "enthusiasm" of every seaman in the pleasure fleet then in Newport harbor. American yachting has never been the same since he ceased active participation therein. The slightest suggestion of a race was sufficient for him to offer a prize cup. His own cabin was adorned with golden and silver trophies. Every piece bore an inscription that chronicled better seamanship than that of a rival. There were enthusiastic yachtmen in those days, and Bennett was captain of them all.

The elder Bennett died in the summer of 1872. Prior to that event, the son had begun the active management of the *Herald* which he has retained every hour since. Stanley

had been sent by him to Ujiji (in 1871) and had found Livingstone. Like many of the best things done in journalism, the execution of this task was not nearly so splendid as its conception. Stanley had his troubles. The trail from Bagamoyo, on the mainland opposite the insular city of Zanzibar, to Lake Tanganyika is now as well known as the National Road from Washington City to Cumberland, Md. Anybody can make the trip to-day; but it was not so in 1871-'72. Stanley's return was a memorable event in American journalism. It marked the dawn of a new idea. The discovery of the missing missionary created the news! Correspondents had served on battle-fields as early as Xenophon, but the *making* of legitimate news was a stroke of genius. And the idea was Mr. Bennett's. Up to the moment of Stanley's return, nobody outside his immediate family had felt any special interest in Livingstone; but Mr. Bennett gave to the missionary a grave in Westminster abbey.

Later in the Fall of the year 1870, about October, in a match race between Ashbury and Bennett off Sandy Hook light-ship, I was appointed time-keeper aboard the light-ship and passed thereon a night of horrible illness. It was my first and only experience with sea sickness, and the assurance from Captain Cosgrove that pilots came aboard the anchored craft and became desperately sick did not comfort me. I remember to have met William B. Astor, grandfather of the two heads of the Astor family of to-day, August Belmont, Moses Grinnell, whom I was afterwards to know as Collector of the Port, and William P. Douglas, a handsome young man who owned the "Sappho." A humorous incident of the day was that Lawrence Jerome, universally called "Larry," exchanged his gold stop-watch for my ticker and when I had to climb the "Jacob's ladder" at the stern of the light-ship, I was fearful his valuable watch might drop from my pocket. It was my first experience with a swinging rope ladder and I had not learned, as I have since, to climb both sides thereof. The ladder doubled up on me and nothing but my training in college athletics saved me from a ducking.

Meanwhile the battle of Gravelotte (Aug.

18), had occurred and the *Tribune*, owing to its combination with the London *Daily News*, scored a great beat. The French under Bazaine had been shut up in Metz. Bayard Taylor, who had been a lecturer on German literature at Cornell University and was therefore known to me, came in one afternoon and we renewed our acquaintance. Among other things he predicted the surrender of Bazaine, which seemed incredible, and the early overthrow of Napoleon III. But President White had made the same prophecy about the Empire a year before in his class-room lectures on France. While Taylor and I were talking, a



New York Post Office forty years ago. The Mutual Life Building now occupies that site.

big man, wearing long hair and a black soft hat, slouched through the city room, *en route* to that of Managing-Editor Reid. I had seen the figure on the platform in Ohio three years before and knew it to be that of Theodore Tilton.

"There goes the most solemn ass in America," said Bayard Taylor. "Mark my words, he'll prove it before he is much older." How often that remark recurred to me when sitting, for days at a time, at the trial of the case known to legal history as "Tilton vs. Beecher," more than four years later!

The great crime of that year had been the

Nathan murder, which occurred in the large brown-stone mansion of the banker on Twenty-third street, west of Broadway on the south side. Jordan was Chief of Police and although the crime had occurred in July, it continued to crop up as a news feature during the Fall and Winter. The mystery, like that of Dr. Burdell at 31 Bond street, many years previous, never was cleared. The assertion was often made that the burden of a belief which he could not prove caused the death of Superintendent Jordan. Best opinion was that the killing was done by a relative of the housekeeper and that a son of the dead man suffered under very unjust suspicion.

It was a very busy winter. Communication with distant parts of the city was arduous, owing to the snows, and, as may be imagined, the "kid reporter" was not spared. He, and those like him, got all the unremunerative, heart-breaking assignments. I was out in all sorts of weather and laid the foundation for an attack of pneumonia that nearly cost my life.

One of the assignments handed to me that Winter was an order for an article on the river thieves. I went to Brooks Brothers, then on the water front at Catherine street, and fitted out in deep-sea togs. After a few nights' browsing 'round the sailors' resorts, meaning saloons, I was taken to the "Catamarket Club," a dingy second-story room on South street, north of Catherine.

On my second visit, I saw a tall, cadaverous man, with strangely white cheeks,—due, I afterwards knew, to "prison pallor." His face appealed to me. His fine gray eyes had in them a look of hopelessness and lament I could not resist. I talked to him; but he was shy. He read me right. He told me I was not a sailor or a tough, like the men and youngsters about me. He refused to drink,—said he never again would touch "the damnable stuff." I invited him to Dorlon's, at Fulton Market, to have supper. He accepted, with anxious reluctance. A novice could see he was hungry, but he still distrusted me. We went and I gave to him all he could eat. He admitted it was his first food in twenty-four hours! I then made a confidant of him. I told him I was a *Tribune* reporter, but did not

mention the character of my assignment. He admitted to me he had been a river thief; was recently out of prison, after a long term. He was tired of a career of crime; he thought he could be of use to wretches like himself, hunted by officers of the law and repudiated by respectable people. He said he had recently visited a mission and had there awakened to faith in the Saviour of Men who had died on Calvary. I had heard considerable talk of that sort and was not sure of my man. He did not act like a hypocrite, yet I misjudged him.

After we had met several times, I told him what I sought; he proved to be a mine of information. He had a thief's honor, however; he would not "peach" on former "pals." One day, I was sent to Wall street to assist the chief of that bureau, and was introduced to A. S. Hatch, a banker on Nassau street at the present site of the Hanover Bank building. Mr. Hatch was known as a patron of the Oliver Street Mission and an all-round lover of humanity. I told him of Jerry McAuley, and sent the redeemed river-thief to him with a note. Thus began McAuley's remarkable career of regeneration.

Other activities prevented the completion of my article for many weeks but, when printed, I divided the money received equally with McAuley, then installed as the head of the Mission at the corner of Oliver and Water streets. He was reluctant to take the amount, small as it was, but said it was the first honest money he had earned in years.

McAuley's judgment of men was marvellous. I remember he said to me one night, after a famous parson had prayed: "There's a false note in that man's voice!" And history vindicated his opinion. But McAuley's life was resplendent in good works. He remained steadfast unto the end; years afterward, he founded the Cremorne Mission in the "Tenderloin" region and saved many unfortunate girls from the streets,—sending them to homes in the far-away country where Hope welcomed them. He was my friend unto the end: I was a mourner at his bier.

For more than thirty years, I held a record for the only interview with John D. Rockefeller. It occurred in March, 1871, when the

whole Titusville region was at fever heat over the differential rates allowed to the South Improvement Company by "Commodore" Vanderbilt and Thomas A. Scott. After all the expressions of Titusville and Oil City had been secured, I was advised to go to Cleveland and talk with a Mr. Rockefeller, associated with Harkness and a few others in a general commission business—"incidentally oil."

Mr. Rockefeller was found at his warehouse, an unpretentious place, and as he was on the point of going out, he asked me to walk with



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

him. We tramped through the crisp air for more than half a mile, and he gave to me the impression that he did not take a great deal of interest in the oil business. He was absolutely truthful, because crude oil was then shipped in tank cars and the profits were not large, even with such rebates as were allowed by the two railroads that reached the region. But the South Improvement Company blazed the way to the Standard Oil Company! During years that followed, Mr. Rockefeller and his associates piled up the greatest accumulation of wealth history ever has known. Now, the problem confronts him of knowing what to do with this money.

The wisdom of giving most of it away dur-

ing life can be recognized when the inheritance tax is mentioned. I haven't time to calculate what the State of New York, or of Ohio—if that be Mr. Rockefeller's legal residence—would exact upon a fortune of one billion dollars. It would be something enormous. There isn't the slightest obligation on Mr. Rockefeller's part to surrender such a large sum for the benefit of legislative grafters. He does wisely to disburse the money himself.

Almost everything will depend upon the hands in which this great trust is placed. Means should be devised to prevent the directors of the Rockefeller Foundation from becoming a self-perpetuating body. Unless that objectionable feature be prevented, the Rockefeller Trust will become like the Girard Trust of Philadelphia, Sailors Snug Harbor Trust of this city, or the Water Power Corporation of Lowell, Mass. The latter institution is, perhaps, one of the most curious specimens of self-perpetuation in this country. Although it absolutely owns the splendid water power of the Merrimac at Pawtucket Falls and distributes river water to a score or more of cotton mills and bleacheries of Lowell, its ownership is a secret that not a citizen of Lowell can solve in entirety. There are sixty or eighty stockholders, but even the individual share owner is not allowed to see the books and may not learn who is the holder of another share. A close corporation, composed of president, treasurer and auditor, possesses this information and declares dividends.

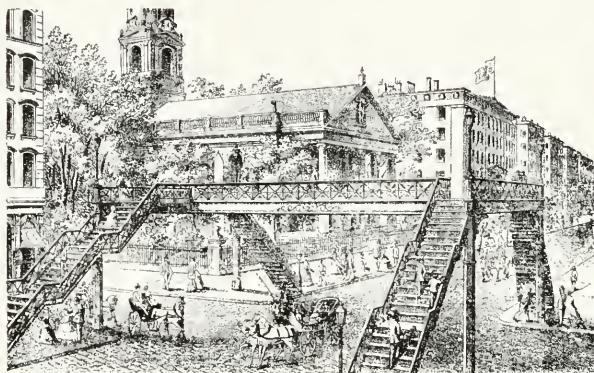
This serves to indicate the dangers to which any created "foundation" similar to the Carnegie or the proposed Rockefeller funds are prone. When as able a lawyer as the late Samuel J. Tilden failed to draw a will that could not be broken, how can Mr. Rockefeller hope to steer clear of the pitfalls into which nearly every well-intentioned benefactor of smaller but similar character has fallen. Let us suppose this glorious Rockefeller "foundation" eventually to drift into the clutches of a few men of strong will who would dominate the other twenty trustees; there is no telling what misuse might be made of so enormous a fund.

It might defy the government itself! It could lock up money, or it could depreciate

the currency. Such an enormous sum of money will necessarily have to seek investment in the best of railway securities. What is to prevent it from creating "corners" or forming "pools"?

The Rockefeller thought is splendid! A trifle of fifty or a hundred millions ought to

suffice for the heirs of the master mind that gathered this vast wealth. The transfer of the enormous remainder to other hands, with explicit directions for its use, should be done in a practical manner that never will leave a loop-hole for disappointment, or for the personal enrichment of a single trustee.



From Palmer's View.

Citizens of New York of forty years ago will remember this bridge over Broadway at Fulton Street, erected with the idea that it would relieve the traffic at that point.



CHAPTER II

REVOLT AMONG THE CITIZENS



THE utter collapse of the French defence abroad was celebrated by a German Peace Jubilee on April 10, 1871. Nothing exactly like this carnival ever occurred in New York. Naturally, it was confined entirely to German-Americans and for the first time citizens of the metropolis awoke to the fact that there was an enormous body of foreign-born people beside Irish in New York! From that hour, the German element commanded and received recognition at the hands of leaders of all parties.

Out of this celebration developed one of the most graphic and sensational narratives I have ever encountered. In making my rounds of the East River shipping, on a dull day, I met a priest who told me of the abduction of a Swedish girl, daughter of one of his parishioners. He accompanied me to the home of the parents of the missing girl. I found the mother in tears. While I was listening to her brief recital of the girl's departure to see the parade, ten days before, the door opened and the missing daughter entered. After the rejoicings were ended, this tall, beautiful, blue-eyed young woman told to me the most remarkable, circumstantial, coherent, improbable tale of her experience in the hands of a procuress that ever was put on paper. Not a detail was wanting. She said she had been induced to take a drink of water by a middle-aged woman who sat in a carriage and remembered nothing more until she awakened in a luxurious apartment. She denied that she knew its locality. She was told that she had been taken there in the carriage occupied by the woman who had addressed her. After a fortnight's cogitation, the *Tribune* printed the three-column narrative. It certainly did make "good reading" and got the town by the ears!

On the day following publication, I took

the girl to Captain Thorn, then in command at the City Hall station. Thence, I conducted her to the District Attorney's office, where I first met Algernon S. Sullivan, then an assistant. As had been the case with Thorn, the girl impressed Mr. Sullivan. Mayor Hall offered a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the woman who had drugged the complainant. Shadowed by a detective in plain clothes, unknown to the girl, she and I "did" the then "white light district" thoroughly, hoping to see the woman or to locate the house in which the girl had been kept prisoner. Cross-examined times without number, this Swedish beauty never deviated from her original story in the slightest degree. She answered lawyers and detectives with equally ready frankness, staring into the faces of her inquisitors from her large, pale-blue eyes.

After giving almost a month of unpaid time to the solution of the mystery, I began to lose faith in the girl and her story. That remarkable narrative, as written by me from the young woman's lips, will be found in the *Tribune* of May 5, 1871. To this hour, it holds the blue ribbon for a right-off-the-reel narrative of a 17-year-old girl! I have written hundreds of "interviews" since that day, but never one that quite equalled that one in all respects.

Among my friends at that time was Judson Jarvis, a son-in-law of Michael T. Brennan, afterward Sheriff. One day, Jarvis and I were at Broadway and Chambers street, about to cross to Delmonico's, then at the northwest corner, for luncheon. A man whom we had known as "Page," when he was in the Board of Aldermen, was standing near us. This fellow had been elected to the Assembly the preceding November, since which time he had called himself Pagé, using an acute accent over the final letter of his name. Quick as thought, Jarvis exclaimed:

"Hello, Mr. Pagé. Waiting for the stagé?"

In June, 1871, I was transferred to Wall street. Mr. Cleveland, Horace Greeley's brother-in-law, wrote the financial article but I made a daily round of forty brokers' offices, visited the Custom House, Merchants' Exchange, Assay Office and Stock Exchange. Thomas Murphy was Collector and I saw him nearly every day. Whenever he could not give me information I sought, he referred me to Deputy-Collector Thomas Lemuel James, who had the instincts of a newspaper man because he had been an editor for ten years at Hamilton, N. Y. Very soon, I realized the needlessness of seeing Collector Murphy or Chester A. Arthur, who succeeded him, and went direct to Mr. James. What he did not know about the customs service was not worth seeking. He had entered the department in 1851 as an inspector, had become a weigher in 1864 and a deputy collector in 1870; but the career of my long-while friend really began in 1873, when President Grant made him Postmaster of New York. He soon attracted the attention of every citizen of the metropolis who sends or receives mail! Whatever the impression may have been regarding the dispatch of letters prior to Postmaster James's time, New Yorkers realized that a man had been installed as the director of an expeditious service. He put mail cars on the Third avenue line; and as soon as the elevated roads were open had sacks carried thereon by special messengers to the various stations along their entire lengths, thus saving hours in time over former horse-drawn vans.

The Department of Posts was originally established for the sole use of monarchs and their administrative systems, and it is regrettable that in the earlier days of this republic a feeling prevailed that "any old time" would do for the delivery of a letter. Of course, I was an early caller on the new Postmaster. One of the first things he said was, "I find much inconvenience occasioned to the business community by careless people who forget to put stamps upon their letters. I am going to try an experiment. The regulation is that all unstamped letters, not bearing direction for return, go to the 'Dead Letter Office' where they are opened and returned to the sender. Now, I have put up \$100 of my own

money to supply stamps for the benefit of the recipients of such letters,—not the senders. I have had a small paster printed which will be affixed to each letter so forwarded at our expense, stating the facts and asking for the return of the postage. We have met with encouragement in some directions, although a few people to whom we have rendered this gratuitous service pay no attention to our suggestion. This is partly due to careless secretaries who open mail; but, on the other hand, here is a letter from a grateful citizen, saying that the delay of a certain letter forwarded by us would have entailed heavy financial loss. He incloses one dollar for the fund!" The carrier system was enlarged and the number of daily deliveries greatly increased. Mr. James introduced the dictum: "A letter must be kept in motion; it must not lie dormant at any branch office!"

When Mr. James was made Postmaster-General in President Garfield's Cabinet, March 5, 1881, he merely expanded the same idea until it embraced the service of the country! When transferred to Washington, Mr. Pearson, who had enjoyed thorough training under Mr. James, succeeded to the post. This was the era of development for special mail trains on most of the trunk lines, in which Theodore N. Vail was an efficient coadjutor of the hustling Postmaster-General. At Garfield's death, General Arthur succeeded to the Presidency. Mr. James remained in office until January, 1882, when he accepted the Presidency of the Lincoln National Bank in New York City. This bank is the custodian of the Vanderbilt millions. Under the James régime, its deposits have multiplied; its building has been quadrupled in size and its business has doubled on itself over and over again. Mr. James comes into town every week-day from his pretty home at Highwood, N. J.; he served as Mayor of Tenafly in 1896. He is a Director in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Although not a college graduate, he has been given the honorary degrees of A.M., by Hamilton College, and of LL.D., by Madison University, St. Francis Xavier and St. John's Colleges. The sturdy traits of this man have commanded my constant respect for forty years.

Still travelling on the reputation as a yachting expert acquired at the first aquatic event of the kind I ever had witnessed, I spent much of the Summer of 1871 upon the water. Reporters of metropolitan newspapers were always welcome upon the yachts of the New York fleet, and although, at Newport, we lived at the Ocean House, we were constantly invited aboard the competing yachts during a series of races that occurred off that port.

During that summer, a remarkable instance of the value of memory occurred. After a yacht race off Sandy Hook, I was returning to the city aboard the steamer "Seth Low," working at my copy in the pilot house. As we passed Quarantine, after nightfall, I noticed several steamers being lightered. Great flambeaux burnt holes in the night!

"What does that mean?" I asked, turning to Captain Bloodgood, in command of the boat.

"It is Quarantine fraud!" he replied.

"Must be a big story there?" I suggested.

"Indeed there is; and the man who can give it to you is Harry S. Miller, a commission merchant on South street.

In another moment I realized that I had several thousand more words to write and returned to work. But the name of "the man who knew" must have lingered in one of memory's lockers, as the sequel will show.

Late in October of that year, I was called into the Managing-Editor's room one afternoon and told the following:

"We have information that gross impositions are practiced upon the commerce of this port, several hundred thousand dollars per year being extorted from the merchants. I have had Mr. Pember at Staten Island for a month seeking information on the subject, but he has utterly failed. Now I am going to try you! See what you can do; I do not make any suggestions or give to you any orders."

Leaving the august presence in a bewildered mental state, seeing slight prospect of success in an undertaking at which one of the most experienced men on the staff had failed, the incident on the "Seth Low" recurred to me. A city directory gave me the address of the ship chandler. Bounding down the iron stairway, I ran through Ferry street to Peek Slip and not

far above that point found the man I sought. He was opening a keg of mackerel as I entered his warehouse, but when told I came at the suggestion of Captain Bloodgood of the "Seth Low," he led the way to his private office. There he agreed for \$200 to give all information about Quarantine in his possession, to the *Tribune*. This he did that night at his house in Cranberry street, Brooklyn, where George E. Mills, then a stenographer in the Supreme Court, but for many years thereafter secretary to Collis P. Huntington, took down about 8,500 words regarding the Quarantine pirates. I subsequently obtained the books of the piratical company, known as "The New York Stevedore, Lightering & Towing Company," from Clark Mills, its secretary. I prepared and printed forty-odd columns of evidence and figures, upon the strength of which Governor Hoffman removed the Health Officer of the Port. The Legislature appointed an Investigating Committee which went to the root of all the extortions. The house of E. D. Morgan & Co. had been severe sufferers and Solon Humphrey, its manager, was anxious to raise a fund among benefited merchants as a present to the *Tribune* reporter; but as I was receiving the munificent sum of \$25 per week, the testimonial, which I was assured would equal \$5,000, was declined. What could I possibly want with more money?

Another important journalistic triumph scored by the *Tribune* in 1871 was the capture and publication in advance of all rivals of the Treaty of Washington, providing for the arbitration of the Alabama claims. The means by which the text was obtained has been a well-guarded secret. As matter of fact, a printed copy had been left in a committee room by a Senator, where it was found by a janitor cleaning the room and was sold for a price. The importance of the "beat" is secondary to the journalistic dictum which it called forth when White and Ramsdell, the Washington correspondents, were arrested by order of the Senate. The editor of the *Tribune* took a high stand for the rights of journalists, using these words: "It is the business of the Government to keep its secrets; it is the duty of our correspondents to get us the news."

This dictum may have been in contempt of

court, but it has been invoked and has been sustained in many cases. Highly as this language may be commended, I must in candor mention that when, in the heat of the Conkling-Garfield controversy, the *Herald* "indirectly" obtained and printed a long telegram from the editor of the *Tribune* to the late John Hay, advising as to Garfield's course in the appointment of Robertson to the Collectorship of this Port, this same editor, forgetting his dictum, became very angry and called Mr. Bennett bad names.

As a printer's boy, I had been taught to "follow copy, if it went out the window"; but I had some sense knocked into my green head that Spring by a suspension (my only one in thirty-five years' experience) because I obeyed written orders! Furthermore, the punishment was absolutely just. I was rushed off on an assignment in Connecticut. I intended to get my "story" and to return with it. As I was entering a cab, to drive to the railroad station, a note from my editor was thrust into my fingers directing me to stay over at New London and to send my copy down by the baggage master of a train on the Shore Line leaving there at 7:30 P.M. I was particularly ordered not to telegraph the matter—because the horrors of the Paris Commune laid a terrible embargo on the expense account at the time.

The facts were secured, the article written, inclosed in an office envelope and personally delivered into the hands of the baggage master. Outside the envelope was the usual order, "Pay \$2 to bearer for prompt delivery." I had misgivings, but at that stage of my experience "orders were orders."

That "copy" did not reach the office for two days! Then a rum-soaked chap presented it and tried to collect the \$2. For the first time in many years, the baggage master went on a spree that particular night! I was "beaten." Another man was sent to replace me. I said to my chief, when I returned: "I am 'beaten' because I followed orders, literally. I never will again. My suspension of one week, without pay, is deserved. There is no excuse for losing a piece of news. I have none to offer." I was recalled after a few days. But the lesson was of value to me when I was promoted

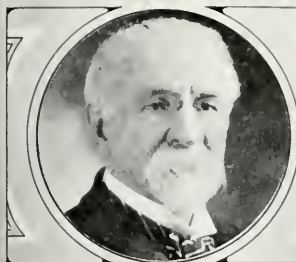
to executive work. Never did I give an "order" as to the method of getting a feature; the term "suggestion" was always employed. A special correspondent, dispatched on a crucial undertaking of prime news importance or of extra hazard, should be left to his own best judgment. He is responsible! I should have disregarded orders and brought the "copy," or telegraphed it, in face of orders to the contrary. "First of all, the news!"

During this winter, I attended a memorable operatic performance at the Academy of Music. It was a matinee and the opera was *Il Trovatore*. Herr Wachtel was the *Mauricio*; Mme. Parepa-Rosa was the *Leonora*; Adelaide Phillips was the *Azucena* and Santley, the English baritone, was the *Count*. It was such an exceptional cast that \$5 a seat was charged at the afternoon performance, a price that evoked a storm of protest. Carl Rosa, who conducted, told me years afterward in London that the performance showed a loss. Wachtel was at that time the premier tenor of the musical world.

The tall, slender figure of Henry Bergh, surmounted by its straight-crowned, French silk hat, was to be seen on the streets. He encountered ridicule at first, but he finally secured the enactment of laws that gave him power to stop the brutality of the human toward the animal creation. One vivid recollection of Mr. Bergh comes to me:

An aged miser living on West Houston street in a hovel died, leaving \$65,000 to Mr. Bergh's Society. Bergh was a philanthropist as well as a lover of animals, and out of his own pocket defrayed the cost of a decent funeral for the old chap who had starved and gone without fire for years to save his money for the benefit of the brute creation. I happened to be first to convey information of this bequest to Mr. Bergh; when I told him how the giver of the money had lived, he said of the man's self-sacrifice:

"Benevolence is a trait that must be born in a human breast. One cannot acquire it; it must come naturally. I am sorry this man denied himself the necessities of life to make this bequest. I'd much rather, with such a noble impulse in his breast, he had lived more generously to himself and left the Society less



ABRAHAM OAKLEY HALL



J. M. ELY



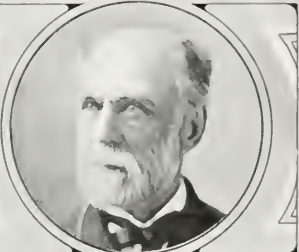
EDWARD COOPER



WILLIAM RUSSEL GRACE



FRANKLIN EDSON



ABRAM STEVENS HEWITT, L.L.D.



HUGH J. GRANT



THOMAS FRANCIS GILROY



WILLIAM L. STRONG



ROBERT ANDERSON VAN WYCK



SETH LOW, L.L.D.



GEO. B. MCCLELLAN



A GROUP OF EX MAYORS OF NEW YORK CITY



money or none at all; but we must not judge him harshly. He probably found more delight in accumulating,—rather, hoarding,—his money for this specific purpose than he would have secured by spending it upon himself. Every dollar of this fund shall be placed where it will accumulate. Who knows but this bequest may have been inspired by some noble act on the part of an animal and that this money is a memorial thereto?"

The last sentence was highly romantic! Mr. Bergh didn't appreciate how deeply he stirred a young heart. Suppose he were right! Had the recluse been a scout on the plains, and had a faithful and tireless horse given his life to save him from the scalping-knife? Had a noble dog, faithful as Gellert, defended him from danger when a child? Had some other animal, to which he was deeply attached, suffered at the brutal hands of man?

Speaking of animals, I am reminded that during my second Spring "the learned hog, 'Wicked Ben,'" made his appearance in Wall street. The showman took a basement on Broad street, at the present site of the Broad Exchange building, and it became quite a fad for brokers, after the close of the Stock Exchange, to congregate at the place to play cards with the educated animal. One afternoon, when I was in the office of Osgood Brothers, where the Blair edifice is to-day, a party was made up to "play the hog." Each man contributed \$1 and there were ten of us. I recall Franklin and William Osgood, Charles Osborn, Cammack, Chapin, Peabody, and Ed. House. A committee of three, of which I was one, was appointed to do the playing for the "pool."

The porker stood upon a raised dais, carpeted with a rug. He appeared to be as "intelligent" as any other hog one meets in the street-cars or restaurants. The committee proposed two tests, of \$5 each,—one in euchre, best two games out of three, the other in poker. The manager agreed to back the animal for equal amounts, and the three of us took charge of the entertainment. The manager was to deal for the porker, turn and turn about; but as soon as the cards were laid out, back upwards, upon the carpet, he was to stand aside

and a member of the committee was to show the face of each card (five in number) to the hog. This agreement was carried out. The hog won the first game—his memory of the location of the card he wanted to play being perfect. With the tip of his snout he would turn over the right card, whether he followed or led. Never once did he make an error. The committee won the second game, due to remarkable cards. The third was easily taken by the hog. One of the hands played by him was very intricate. We settled.

The poker game followed, best three in five hands dealt, with privilege of a draw to win. In the technique of the game it was to be a "freeze-out"! When my turn came to handle the cards for the animal, I was amazed at the accuracy of his discard. His hand was without a pair; he took five cards. Twice he might have drawn to a flush, but he would not. He would keep a pair of deuces and discard an ace and king. Of course, this is rudimentary, but I have seen human players foolish enough to discard deuces and keep ace-king.

Seven hands had to be played to decide, but the hog got the money—rather his master did. The elation of the animal over victory reminded me of the self-applause of "Blind Tom" for his own music. The hog literally capered about the platform.

Taken altogether, it was the best dollar's worth of experience I ever had. I was taught to respect real hogs and to have a greater dislike than before for humans who ape their manners, without possessing their natural intelligence.

An audacious attempt by the Tammany cabal to continue its servile Boards of Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen in power for one year longer than the term for which they were elected first served to open the eyes of the people of New York to a realization of the lengths to which Tweed and his fellows were inclined to go. This incident, preliminary to the tremendous popular uprising that later occurred, was so minimized by the appalling disclosures that followed that hardly one citizen of to-day living at the time will remember it; and yet it was the one event that prepared the public mind for what was to follow. Briefly, it may be stated thus:

Exercising complete dominance over the Legislature, Tweed had procured the passage of an act extending the term of the New York City Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen elected in 1870 for one year, for an additional twelve months! The threatened revolution, which had taken definite shape in the creation of the Committee of Seventy, rendered it imperative to the Tammany cabal that their creatures in the Municipal Legislature hold over, so that further plans for defrauding the taxpayers might be carried out prior to "the deluge." It was the most daring *coup* the ringsters had yet tried! It proved to be the most impolitic. Honest members of the Democracy had joined with a small group of their partisans, known as the Apollo Hall element, and had nominated a city ticket. These candidates were endorsed by the Republicans and by the Committee of Seventy in October, 1871. This fusion ticket was elected in November, despite stuffed ballot boxes, but the conspirators who had grown to believe they owned New York were only partially disillusioned.

Admittedly, the act of the Legislature extending the Aldermanic term was unconstitutional. A scheme even more amazing than the original one was at once concocted to retain power: it included the sacrifice by Tammany of Mayor A. Oakey Hall! The plan agreed upon was to have a special meeting of the two Boards of Aldermen in the forenoon of January 1, 1872. A vote would then be rushed through both bodies impeaching the Mayor, so that Thomas Coman, President of the Board of Aldermen, would become acting Mayor. When twelve o'clock struck, it was the intention to have all members of the old Board tender their resignations and to have the acting Mayor immediately appoint the same men to the vacant offices. Nothing more revolutionary was accomplished by Napoleon III in the *coup d'état* of 1852 or was attempted by President MacMahon of France, in 1879.

This high-handed outrage was defeated by Henry Lauren Clinton, a distinguished lawyer of his time, who assembled the reform Aldermen in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, served writs of prohibition upon each member of the old Boards and when their terms had

legally expired stormed the assembly chambers and took possession of the seats. The sensation throughout New York City was profound. The newspapers of that afternoon and of the following morning stated the facts with approximate clearness; organs in the pay of Tammany did not dare to omit the sensational occurrence. I was present at that scene and never shall forget the resolute expression on Mr. Clinton's face on that momentous occasion. He was fit to lead a forlorn hope! Bloodshed was threatened in the corridor; dethroned slaves of Tweed and his coparceners acted as if they were submitting to injustice and were being deprived of their lawful rights. At this distance of time, it is customary to say that the overthrow of the Tweed cabal dates from the formation of the Committee of Seventy, but that distinguished body contained many impracticables, men without energy or moral courage, lacking in initiative and far too timid to have sustained their really strong co-adjutors. Besides, the citizens in general were indifferent and went about their business as usual, smiling at charges of speculation.

Theft was one thing; but an attempt of the cabal to seize the law-making bodies of the municipality and to retain power indefinitely savored of nothing but absolute monarchy! As long as a pretense existed of electing the city officials, however corrupt the means employed, the people endured wrongs that they believed to exist.

From that hour events moved rapidly. Mayor Hall was put on trial in the following March upon a charge of neglect of official duty. Henry L. Clinton managed the prosecution and the testimony presented for the first time laid bare the appalling extent of the public robberies. Several creatures of the cabal turned State's evidence, notably A. J. Garvey, and exposed the methods by which nearly all bills for supplies or work were increased from one hundred to three hundred per cent. Raising of money for corrupt use at Albany was proven. The evidence against Mayor Hall was grave as showing negligence; actual criminal connivance and participation in the spoils of robbery were not brought home to him. The death of a juror, as the trial was approaching its end, brought this celebrated

case to an abrupt termination. Mr. Hall was subsequently acquitted.

The exposure of Tweed had been due to accident, not entirely to "Jimmy" O'Brien, as asserted at the time. "Steve" Lyons, at the head of the county finance department and a faithful Tweed henchman, was accidentally killed and Matthew J. O'Rourke, county auditor, took charge of the books. Casual examination revealed thefts to the extent of \$10,000,000! There were doubtless many other embezzlements never disclosed, because, after the first exposure, a glass door of the County Treasurer's office was broken one night and vouchers of all paid bills carried away! O'Rourke imparted to his friend, O'Brien, the find he had made. O'Brien persuaded him to turn over all his evidence to the *New York Times*.

Many curious stories were in circulation regarding the publication of the evidence against the Tweed ring. One tale declared that a certified check for \$1,000,000 was laid upon the desk of Lewis J. Jennings, then editor of the *Times*. He was to have the money if he would cease publication of the Tweed exposures. Years afterwards, in London, I asked Jennings about this yarn and he denied that anything of the kind had happened to him. He appeared to believe, however, that some sort of an attempt had been made to "reach" Mr. Morgan, of Auburn, who, with George Jones, practically owned the newspaper. If so, the scheme failed. Those men were not to be bought.—their honor was above any price.

"Jimmy" O'Brien lived on. He witnessed the downfall of Tweed, whom he detested. He seemed to be in favor with John Kelly, but when Richard Croker came to power, as chief of Tammany Hall, he tackled him. Here was a man of quite different mettle. Their enmities culminated in a shooting affray on the West side, in which a local tough was killed. O'Brien swore he had seen Croker fire the shot. A trial followed but the jury disagreed. O'Brien then became "a promoter of Democratic factions." At every election, city or state, O'Brien came out with a "new Democracy" of some sort. His business was the building up of organizations for sale to

the highest bidder. Oftenest, he found the best market with the Republicans. He and "Steve" French understood each other. Chester A. Arthur, also, in those days, was an admirer of O'Brien—about election time.

All "Jimmy's" old allies in the two parties died. His only remaining, implacable enemy, Croker, voluntarily expatriated himself in Ireland. O'Brien had saved money but he seemed alone in this big city. As age claimed him, his face grew angular; his gait altered,—no longer having the swagger that characterized it in the days of "storm and stress." He had fine eyes. Changeable as his political creed may have been, there wasn't anything shifty about his steel-blue eyes. He lived until March, 1907.

The fate of the Tweed ring proved the capacity of the honest members of a community when thoroughly aroused to protect their common interests. The office of the modern newspaper never was more clearly demonstrated than during that long struggle. One day's temporizing by Manton Marble destroyed the influence and financial standing of the *World*—making possible Joseph Pulitzer's acquirement of the property, after twelve years of a moribund existence, in 1883. Municipal "grafters" of later years have avoided the crude methods of the Tweed "Pillagers," if I may so seriously reflect upon a tribe of Chippeway Indians, dwelling on Cass and Leech lakes, Minnesota.

The United States is a republic, in name; but in large cities, like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and others, dictatorship has been vested in one man, as a rule, who has named the Mayor and all the city officials, and, as matter of course, members of the Legislature and House of Representatives within the confines of the city over which he held dominion. In instances such as Tweed, Kelly, Croker and Murphy, New York state came under the control of these local municipal "bosses." The same thing was true of Philadelphia. "Boss" McManes was too shrewd to "go up against" the "Clan Cameron" in that Commonwealth, but he wielded a power in the "Quaker City" equal to that of a Persian Satrap or a Roman Tetrarch and with greater opportunities for "graft." It

was possible for the "boss" of any of these large cities to "acquire" one million dollars per year in tribute! I could go into this, if necessary, down to the lowest collection of the "wardman" from the unfortunate prostitute who walked the streets and had to pay for the privilege of hunting her prey! Under this despotism, not a merchant could receive a box of goods or a bale of cloth upon the pavement that he owned without rendering something to somebody for the "privilege."

In New York, the citizens wriggled free from the clutches of one "boss," only to fall into the grasp of another. After Tilden, Peckham, O'Connor and Clinton had defeated David Dudley Field, John D. Townsend and other clever lawyers and sent Tweed to jail the new régime became about as unsatisfactory as the old one.

In this year of 1874, I had my first detail on an important murder story. It occurred on a dull night, when those of us held on "waiting orders" were drowsy, owing to inaction. A messenger entered from Police Headquarters with a note. It was before the days of the telephone; a printing telegraph that ought to have served was out of order. When the Night City Editor opened the envelope, he became a mitrailleuse in action. A big news story in sight! A glance at the clock: the hour is 11! He calls his "star" reporter, James Connelly, and says:

"John Hawkins, Wall street banker, has been murdered in his Fifth avenue home, near Tenth street. Body found in parlor by his nephew and his daughter on their return from theatre. Now, Connelly, take two men with you; hire a double team and get the story! Kase has left Headquarters and he'll meet you at the house. This murder is worth every line we can get ready for first edition by 2.45, and we will make as many editions thereafter as necessary."

"Here, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Chambers, you will assist Mr. Connelly; absolutely under his orders. Connelly, I hold you responsible for the 'story'."

Then and there the learner gets his first experience in a really important case,—here narrated with slight changes in the names for personal reasons. He feels the responsibility

reposed in him: he comprehends that the sole feature of the morrow's paper will be this sensational crime right here in New York. All happenings in other parts of the world become insignificant, owing to the prominence of the victim and the mystery of his death!

By this time the three men are in the carriage which an office boy has secured. The horses are headed up Broadway, then a deserted thoroughfare, literally on a run. Connelly plans his campaign. Mr. Johnson will be dropped at the New York Hotel to secure another cab for his own use. Connelly keeps the novice with him, for "leg work."

"Kase will have a diagram of the floor on which the murder was done," begins Connelly, authoritatively. "We must trace Hawkins's movements, from the time he left his office this afternoon to the moment of his death. His clubs must be visited. If robbery has occurred, we have a motive; if no theft, we must seek a motive. It will be your duty, Mr. Johnson, to bring the banker up-town; you must secure every detail of the trip, when he started, where he stopped and at what club he dined. He is a widower and usually dines at the Union Club. Call on his partner, Radish, at 9 East Eleventh street, 'round the corner from Hawkins's house. He may know with whom the deceased man started up-town; if so, find that man! Then hurry to the office and write every line possible. Here we are at the scene of the murder, twenty minutes after eleven!"

Kase is awaiting us; he has made and sent to the office a floor plan, which will be constructed of labor-saving rules. From the captain of the precinct, on the ground, the story of the crime is learned. Additional details are few, except that the house is in perfect order, not an article missing, and that the killing was done with a piece of lead-pipe, left by a plumber only two days previously in a corner of the hall. Therefore, this is not a premeditated crime but one of necessity, owing to discovery; or of sudden impulse, suggested by sight of the deadly bludgeon. This presupposes that the blows were struck in the light! Nobody knows, as yet.

"It is the crime of an amateur!" comments Connelly, after he has examined the body.

verified the identity of the victim and ascertained that the blow was struck from behind, crushing the skull.

"The man fell without a cry!" declares the Coroner's physician. "The body was still warm, when found," he adds.

When the nephew and daughter came home, the front door was "on the latch."—that is, unlocked,—and the light in the hall had been turned off. Not until the gas was relighted was the body seen in the drawing-room. This from the nephew; the daughter is hysterical and unable to be interviewed.

"At what theatre was young George Hawkins?" asks Connelly.

"The Union Square," is the reply of Kase, who has seen the nephew.

"What were the old man's clubs?" Connelly asks Kase.

"The Union and Union League, I am informed by the nephew."

"Good!" commented Connelly, which meant that he had instructed Johnson correctly. Then turning to Kase, he gave final instructions to him in this wise: "Go into the house, get a complete talk with the nephew. Ask particularly between what acts of the play he left the theatre. Then jump into a cab and get to the office."

"Now, youngster," he said to me, "get into my carriage. Go first to the Union Square theatre; rouse the watchman by ringing the bell at the stage entrance on Fourth avenue. Ascertain precisely when the curtain fell at the end of each act, and the length of each intermission. Look over the crowd in the hotel at the Broadway corner, where you'll find some member of the Union Square company. Ask if anybody saw young Hawkins in the playhouse, or saw him leave it! Remember, nothing that serves to corroborate or to discredit George Hawkins's statement is too trivial to mention. Then, drive to the office."

Connelly then re-enters the house of the crime. Coroner has not arrived; body lies where discovered. The reporter has already identified the face. He begins a search of the floor. Carpet is moquette of dull brownish shade. With his hands, Connelly feels every

inch of the floor covering. Ah! inside the sliding-doors, in the dining-room, is a damp spot! Blood! The body was moved after death! Why? Obviously, so that it may be seen by the first person to enter the front door. Would a murderer, fearing interruption, do so foolhardy an act? Isn't it rather the act of a person who knew members of the family to be absent and wanted the crime discovered? And, where is the banker's hat? The butler points to it, hanging in the hall. In a moment Connelly knows that in addition to the body being moved from the dining-room to the drawing salon the banker's hat has been hung upon the rack after the crime. Its binding upon one side is red with blood; it has rolled across an ensanguined spot! Yes, and another discovery; the lock of the front door has been "thrown off" by bloody fingers! Why should this murderer wish to leave the door unlocked unless to create the theory that a night prowler, a human vulture without home or purpose, had wandered into the banker's house, been surprised and had committed murder to escape?

Mr. Connelly keeps his own counsel: he has discovered all these mysteries in eleven precious minutes. He is working against time. He is not a "detective" but a news gatherer!

Mr. Kase reappears from upstairs with notes of an interview with George Hawkins, nephew. The statement is full, clear and explicit. The young man was at the Union Square theatre to see Charley Thorne's latest play, accompanied by his cousin, Miss Hawkins, daughter of the deceased banker. Between the second and third acts, he had gone around the corner of Broadway to "The Shakespeare" for a drink, and while there had spoken to Henry James, Barry Montresor, Sam. Caruthers——"

"Caruthers is 'in the box' at Wallack's theatre and lives at the big red brick hotel, the New York. Stop there on your way down. If you don't find him in the bar-room, go right up to his room and rout him out. It'll be all right. Ask him what young Hawkins said to him when they met in 'The Shakespeare,' but don't give him a hint about this crime."

Indications point to the nephew as the murderer! Connelly thinks so, and when he reaches the office at 1.30 o'clock (having written 1,500 words in the library of the dead man until a reporter arrived to relieve him), he has facts sufficient to hint at that belief; but he dodges the libel law by defending the accused in an artful way. He feels safe, for these reasons:

1.—What Chambers learned: At the theatre: That the second act of the play ended at 9.40; the interval was eighteen minutes, owing to an elaborate boxed-in scene that had to be set. Time, 9.40 to 9.58! Had met actor Leonard, in the cast, who assured the reporter that he knew young Hawkins and had distinctly seen him "in front." Fortunately, Leonard had stopped Robert Horn, ticket-taker at the Union Square theatre, who knows Hawkins and says he went out at the end of the second act but did not return until middle of the third act, being absent fully forty-five minutes! Positively cannot be mistaken.

2.—What Johnson learned: That banker Hawkins had dined and passed the evening at the Union Club, Fifth avenue and Twenty-first street. He had left his bank at 4 o'clock, walked as far north on Broadway as the Astor House with his partner, Radish. There they had a pint of champagne, because Hawkins appeared greatly worried. No; couldn't have been about business. Radish thinks it concerned the marriage of his daughter to her cousin, George, of whose habits the old man did not approve. Radish returned to Wall street, because he had forgotten to lock up a bundle of bonds left in his desk, first seeing Hawkins enter a cab for his club. There he dined, played a few rubbers of whist until —

"Now, be explicit!" interrupted Connelly, driving his pencil and listening meanwhile.

Well, the doorman of the Union remembers that old man Hawkins passed out as the clock chimed half-past nine. How does he fix the time? Because his relief was due at 9, hadn't arrived and he was, literally, watching the clock. His relief didn't come at all, so still on duty. Much more important was a statement by John Brandon, fellow-clubman, who encountered the deceased stumbling along the

western pavement of the avenue, bound southward. He was in a preoccupied manner; didn't speak to Brandon. This was the last sight of Hawkins alive!

"Going home to be killed!" commented Connelly. "Actually seeking Fate!"

3.—What Kase learned: That Caruthers remembered George Hawkins entering "The Shakespeare" saloon. His manner was hurried. First glancing round the place, as if looking for a clock but not finding one, had drawn his watch and said: "Why, it's a quarter to ten! Hello, Sam; come take something." When Caruthers declined, Hawkins appeared to have forgotten about the drink and left abruptly. He had not said he was at the theatre; but looked warm and excited. A few moments later, Caruthers had occasion to glance at his own watch and found the real time to be *half-past ten* instead of a quarter to that hour. Caruthers had not returned to the box-office that night, but left his assistant in charge after "counting out."

Star-reporter Connelly has heard the nephew's statement from Kase and knows that the banker's daughter is prostrated, — either with grief or by a suspicion of the identity of the murderer. He has a mental picture of the interior of the Fifth avenue mansion and has before him a proof of the diagram showing the arrangement of the rooms and the two places in which the body of the dead man lay. The Index bureau has done its part and re-writers have supplied two columns of an obituary, and a catalogue of the corporations with which the dead banker was associated. The eight and a quarter column account of the crime comes together into one harmonious whole, as if written by a single hand:

Statement of crime; who victim is; commercial gravity of his sudden death. (Copy reader, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Narrative of crime's discovery, in words of Hawkins, Jr. (Kase, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Description of interior of house, to accompany diagram. (Kase, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Exploration of parlor-floor; discoveries, deductions. (Connelly, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cols.)

How Hawkins came up-town, omitting Radish's reference to troubled mind. (Johnson, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

At Union Club; who saw him and precise moment of leaving. (Johnson, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Last sight of deceased by Brandon. (Johnson, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

What probably occurred in house, based on theories of detectives

and Connelly's own discoveries. Could assassin have entered at request of victim? (Connelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Young Hawkins at theatre, statements of people who saw him. (Connelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Here Radish statement about worry and engagement of young people. (Connelly, $\frac{3}{4}$ col.)

History of Hawkins's career and vast enterprises. (Index and office, 2 cols.)

Famous murder cases of the past. (Index, $\frac{1}{2}$ col.)

Thus the paper went to press at half-past two with a nine-column account of the murder (including the head), written and compiled by seven artisans,—no breaks, no confusion.

In a second edition, the arrest of the nephew by Superintendent Kelso was announced; heading and opening paragraph being changed to chronicle the very startling fact. Young Hawkins had strolled over to Fifth avenue, during absence from the theatre, had acci-

dentally encountered his uncle, and had been asked to walk the four short blocks with his prospective father-in-law. Entering, at the elder man's request, George had seen the bludgeon and was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to kill the old man and thus silence opposition to the marriage. After the blow, he dragged the body where it would be seen, hurried back to the theatre, stopping at "The Shakespeare" to create an alibi,—the act that first directed suspicion toward him.

I had been entrusted with little, because of inexperience; but I had learned much that night. Mr. Connelly said a few encouraging words as he rapidly ran over the wet proofs. Then he put on his coat and hat, lit a cigar and bade us "Good morning!"



CHAPTER III

BUSIEST YEAR OF MY LIFE



IN MANY respects, the year 1872 was the most active I have known: it assuredly supplied more varied experiences than any other. A severe cold, contracted during the winter, had left me, in the Spring, with symptoms of pulmonary trouble; physicians told me a Summer in the woods, close to Nature, was imperative. While at Washington, in January, I had examined all records of research at the sources of the Mississippi, therefore I decided to spend my outing upon the great river. I ordered a Baden-Powell canoe from Waters, of Troy, and set out for Minnesota, in May. That long voyage, by canoe and steamer, from Elk lake to South West Pass, is recorded in a large volume.* At Saint Louis, I was introduced to Joseph Pulitzer by a card from Carl Schurz. This young man, afterwards the pioneer of a distinctive school of American journalism and whose Managing Editor in New York I was afterwards to become, was then 23 years old and city editor of the *Westliche Post*, a German newspaper.

On my return to New York, in August, I was asked to undertake the hazardous task of exploring a private mad-house. I knew nothing of the risks entailed; but, securing admission to Bloomingdale asylum, I remained there a fortnight. My personal counsel was John D. Townsend, a faithful friend, who procured my release on *habeas corpus*. This experience, also, has been fully recounted in "A Mad World and Its Inhabitants."† It was my last notable work for the *Tribune*; but because it subsequently brought to me an offer from Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, a promised reward never was paid to me, and my letter of resignation was not accepted because I was going

to another newspaper. The work of rescue (I secured the release of twelve sane patients) received the commendation of Charles Reade, the English novelist. His "Very Hard Cash" had for leading *motif* the unlawful detention of its hero in a private asylum for the insane. During a subsequent visit to London I was invited to the Reade home at Knightsbridge, with its rear on Rotten Row, Hyde Park. The breakfasts and luncheons were very enjoyable. Mr. Reade hated many of the features of modern life. He spoke with sorrow of his failure to gain admission to a certain club, although Collins had proposed him and Dickens had seconded his nomination. Gas was not used at that social organization! He added, with a sigh: "I do like to read by a good sperm candle." He was a terrific tea drinker. Mrs. Seymour, who always poured tea, was the charm of that house. The platonic relation of those two people never was questioned by their friends. The tact of this handsome, prematurely white-haired woman was delightful. During one of my visits, Mr. Reade showed to me the ingenious methods by which he "evolved" or composed his plots by shifting a series of large cards upon which were written catch words or brief scenes and dialogue.

I made a tour through former New England whaling ports that Fall, but was told, "in mournful numbers," that the romance of whaling had come to an end. Reference was not had to the private schools in which the birch is still used but to the time-honored search for whale oil. The leviathans of the

* "A Mad World and Its Inhabitants," Sampson, Low, Marston, Searl & Rivington, London, 1876; D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1877.

A month after the publication of my articles, I received the following letter: "Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge, London. 'Dear Sir: Your's is the way to work. A great battle is not to be won without self-sacrifice. Accept a tribute of respect from a brother writer interested in the same good cause, and may Heaven prosper your efforts. I am, sir, Your very faithful servant, CRIMINAL REVENUE.'"

* "The Mississippi and Its Wonderful Valley," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1910.

deep have been driven out of business as articles of commerce, by the petroleum discoveries of the past fifty years. "Oil that will burn in lamps" had been found deep down in the bosom of Mother Earth and a few men got control of it.

At New Bedford and in other harbors of New England, one saw old whaling ships of the prosperous days of America's supremacy upon the sea, going to rot, because whale oil had become a thing of the past. Electricity has since contributed its part to the relief from persecution that the whale had suffered from the earliest days in which men went to sea in ships. However grateful this change to the largest of aquatic mammals, a splendid and romantic industry that gave vigor and romance to such ports as Gloucester, Salem and New Bedford has ceased to exist.

Naturally, most of us who lament destruction of life of any kind are with the whale! Such is the thought in the mind of the writer. Much as he may deplore the rise of a monopoly that makes the need for whale oil insignificant, and, as a consequence, the search for it hardly necessary, there is a bond of sympathy between any man who has to struggle for the right of existence and the whale,—a creature that only wants to be let alone in harmless pursuit of happiness and subsistence.

We are confidently assured that the days of whale hunting are gone! Are we not to have any more of those marvelous tales of the sea, in which the catching of whales has played so large a part? Heaven forbid that this new inhibition should be placed upon the already narrowing horizon of earthly joys! Long ago the buccancer of fiction was taken from us. Then came "Buffalo Bill" and ravished us of the bison of the plains and of the Indian, waiting for an opportunity to die to make a good story. Now, alas, we are to lose the whale!

The memorable local incident of the November election of that year was witnessing the final appearance of William M. Tweed before a political assembly. A stand had been erected in the small triangular plaza at East Broadway and Canal street. The Shanley Association occupied a building facing the platform on the first-named thoroughfare. Its windows

were aglow with light and its roof sprouted like a portulaca garden, with rockets and balls of colored fires. I had a seat on the platform with half a dozen other reporters. There was a large gathering, made up of the previously cowed and tractable population of the locality. That night, however, there were mutterings among that standing audience that ought to have been ominous of trouble. But had not "The Great Boss" asked, only a few weeks earlier, "What are you going to do about it?"—meaning the stealing of the city's money.

The presiding officer, a local tool of the Ring, spoke a few moments and then introduced "the captain of us all." Tweed came forward from the back of the stage and happened to stand on my side of the platform, not one foot away. There was some cheering, but it was mostly from the stand and a clique that had gathered directly in front, where the Boss could see its members. Tweed had a naturally melodious voice and handled it well. My eyes were fastened upon that flabby face as it overtopped me. The eyes sparkled like a serpent's with malice and indifference. His first act was to place the thumb and fingers of his left hand upon the counter before him. His right hand was thrust into the bosom of his vest. He straightened himself into a position of self-assumed dignity, smiled again, bowed to the presiding officer and began:

"My Fellow Citizens, I am proud to be here to-night and to see that the outburst of calumny sweeping over this city has not caused you to lose confidence in your real friends. I am a proud man to know that you still believe in my integrity——"

From the crowd came hisses and cat calls. A moment later, a burly chap, not ten feet from the platform, shouted: "Jail for you, old thief!" He then drew from his blouse a cabbage and hurled it at the speaker, missing him. Tweed actually smiled. Raising his right arm with the hand open, a favorite gesture, Tweed good-humoredly said: "Don't be rude, my friend. If you're in need of a job, I'll see you get one."

At that moment, somebody threw a potato that struck Tweed squarely on the chest and burst, pieces of the vegetable falling upon the reporters' table. The "Boss" was of such

enormous bulk that he was not staggered; but he lost his temper and shouted:

"There are blackguards among you, enemies of the honest and upright administration that now rules this city——"

These were the last words "Boss" Tweed ever uttered in public, until he rose to plead to the indictment framed by Samuel J. Tilden and Charles O'Connor charging him with common, or uncommon, thieving. Quicker than it can be written, garbage, refuse, stones, sticks and cans were pouring upon that platform. Lanterns were broken and the place was in darkness. Swearing like a baffled pirate Bill Tweed was helped down the steps. He had a cab waiting at the nearest corner in Canal street, but the mob followed him, jeering and insulting him. When the big man tried to get into the vehicle, the crowd attacked it and broke everything that was perishable. A trace was cut. Tweed got out, and was hurried across the street by a policeman. He took refuge in a private house. A platoon of police arrived and formed in front of the discredited "boss's" refuge. It was easy to see that the policemen had no sympathy with the man, but had it not been for the presence of that posse, Tweed would have been killed that night by men who had been cheering for him when the campaign began a week before! A remarkable revulsion of sentiment had occurred.

Within five minutes, not one board of the stand remained in place. Urchins were carrying away some of them and other people, less frugal, formed a heap of the debris and lighted a bonfire! It was a far more savage demonstration than I had witnessed a year before in the square behind Brooklyn Navy Yard when a meeting in advocacy of the removal of the naval station to another city was broken up.

Tweed was indicted in two hundred counts before Christmas and in January, 1873, Lyman Tremain and Wheeler H. Peckham brought him to trial. I was in the court on many occasions under special orders to get interviews or work up features developed by the testimony. Especially was I present (then serving the *Herald*) when Judge Davis closed his charge, and I had every opportunity to observe Tweed after the jury had filed out. He

entertained such contempt for public opinion that he did not appear to fear disaster, yet he was within twenty-four hours of the end of personal liberty,—if I except the brief period of his flight as a fugitive from justice! A remarkable fact was his utter lack of competent legal advice! The offences with which he was charged were only misdemeanors; he was on moderate bail and after the jury retired, he could have crossed over to New Jersey where he would have been safe in the event of an adverse verdict. No requisition upon the Governor of that state would have been recognized for the offence for which he was convicted. Henry L. Clinton afterwards told me that Tweed was advised to do this very thing, but he laughingly retorted: "Don't worry about me; I'm all right!" I have been assured by a man close to Tweed that he had paid a large sum to "fix" one of the jurors. If so, some scoundrel cheated Tweed and kept the money. Next day, I saw the jury return and heard the verdict: "Guilty!" Tweed was present. He turned ghastly pale, from astonishment rather than fright. He was a convict and a prisoner! A man who for years had wielded more absolute power than half the monarchs of Europe collapsed into a vulgar crook! I watched particularly to see who would approach to condole with him. Harry Genet was the only one; and although matters went very harshly with Genet, when he was subsequently tried and convicted, I always harbored a kind thought of what was at the time a gallant, as well as courageous, act. It was much like Ruy Lopez whispering the solution of a difficult chess problem to Don Guzman, Prince of Caltrava, as the latter was mounting the scaffold!

Assistant District Attorney Allen had suggested to his colleagues of the prosecution the possibility of a cumulative sentence, and Judge Davis, taking the Tichborne case as a precedent, and after hearing elaborate argument, ruled that the court had power to inflict such punishment. Tweed was convicted on two hundred and four counts for "neglect of duty, as a member of the Board of Audit, in respect to claims against the county of New York." Judge Davis sentenced Tweed to one year's imprisonment, successively, on each of twelve

counts, a fine of \$250, on each in addition, and upon other counts to additional fines bringing the total to \$12,500. It was a staggering blow! After Tweed had escaped, been recaptured and had served a year at Blackwell's Island and paid his first fine of \$250, the question of the legality of the continuous sentence imposed by Judge Davis was attacked by lawyers in Tweed's interest. A *habeas corpus* was set aside by the Supreme Court at General Term, but when the appeal was carried to the highest court of the State that tribunal (June, 1875) decided unanimously that all the sentences, except one year's imprisonment and one fine, were illegal.*

This brought forth one of the most remarkable letters from the late Charles O'Connor ever written in criticism of the Court of Appeals. Only four years ago, a President of the United States cast reflections upon the Supreme Court of the United States; but had he known of or had read the letter of O'Connor to Judge Noah Davis, dated June 30, 1875, he would have felt at liberty to go as far as he liked in criticism. While Tweed was on Blackwell's Island, new suits charging him with obtaining city money by means of a fraudulent issue of \$6,000,000 Audit Bonds were instituted against him and on his discharge after the Court of Appeals' decision, he was immediately re-arrested and lodged in Ludlow street jail, his bail being fixed at \$3,000,000. On Dec. 4, 1875, Tweed left the jail in company with three of the Sheriff's deputies, drove to the house his family occupied (on the east side of Madison avenue, near Sixtieth street) and dined there. After Tweed had seated the deputies, he excused himself, saying he wished to talk with his family. After the dinner, the officers began to look for their prisoner. He was gone! The escape was a sensation! After hiding in New York for several weeks, Tweed went to Santiago de Cuba, where he was recognized and threatened with blackmail. Thence, he slipped away on a sailing vessel to Vigo, Spain, where the authorities were watching for him. He was arrested the moment he arrived and spent several weeks in the Vigo fortress, where he was not permitted to see anybody. This was in July, 1876.

* Readers curious to look up this opinion will find it in 60 New York Reports, page 559, Case of People *ex rel.* Tweed *vs.* Liscomb.

A curious story exists of his stay, *incommunicado*, in that fort. He could not talk with the Spanish prisoners, because of his ignorance of their language; but for diversion, he made a set of paper dominos, with which he played games. When Tweed was returned to this country, his yellow-paper dominos were sent to the Secret Service Bureau of the United States Treasury for decipherment, a theory being that they were a code by which he communicated with his former colleagues in New York. The extradition treaty with Spain did not cover Tweed's case; but General Caleb Cushing, the American Minister, was sufficiently potential to have the "Boss" sent back to the city he had robbed. He died in Ludlow street jail on April 12, 1878. I have anticipated time in relation to Tweed, because I wished to dispose of him. But, arch "grafter" as he was, it is impossible for the New Yorker of to-day to drive along the Riverside, more beautiful than the famed Cornice road that skirts the blue Mediterranean from Marseilles to Genoa, and not to remember that it was Tweed's idea! He did more for the embellishment of Central Park as we know it to-day than anybody who has come after him. The straightening of Broadway, mentioned earlier in this book, was another claim made upon posterity. His misfortune, from a "grafter's" viewpoint, was that he was ignorant of a system for getting the money of other people, utilized two decades later by cleverer men.

One Saturday night (Nov. 8, 1872), as we were going home, a large fire was reported in Boston, but not until the following day did the serious character of the conflagration become apparent. The way in which the news was handled is interesting as showing the value of a resourceful man like City Editor Shanks, who had succeeded Mr. Moore.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning when all New York learned that Boston, the pride of the nation and the cradle of American liberty, was in flames. Sunday morning journals of the metropolis contained reports of a disastrous conflagration. But it was not until church time of this charming day—a day so beautiful that every newspaper man then in harness remembers it well,—that the appalling character of the calamity was learned. The

fire burned all of that Sunday. Each New York journal sent its best correspondents to the crumbling city. Arriving, they found the telegraph service utterly disabled. No matter how cleverly they described the ravages of the flames, their despatches could not be sent.

In New York, anxiety in every newspaper office was maddening. Every Managing Editor was asking himself, "Who will have the best report on Monday morning?" There was no disputing the universal interest in the disaster. Every mercantile firm that sold goods to Boston was vitally interested, and the insurance companies of this city could realize that dividends for years to come were going up in flame and smoke.

Besides, a deeply rooted sentimental regard for Boston existed in every household of the New World. Chicago had well-nigh suffered obliteration the year before. Now the curse had passed to Boston! "Do we come next?" thought every New Yorker. The primal idea was that a city sacred to the American heart was doomed. The eastern part of the Continent responded. Fire bells were rung in every town between Portland and Providence. Special trains carried fire engines from Albany and Hartford.

The whole country awaited news of Boston's fate. Preachers spoke of the impending blight in their Sunday sermons; Beecher, with tears in his eyes, lamented the fate of the doomed city. People stood in groups on the streets of every American town solemnly discussing in whispers an impending national calamity. Must they give up the old State House, Faneuil Hall, the "old South Church," State street, in which occurred the "massacre," Christ Church, from the spire of which glittered the lantern that Paul Revere saw, and, seeing, "galloped off into the night to summon America?" These buildings and streets were not treasures of Boston alone: she was only their custodian! They belonged to the whole country. All were menaced! The ground on which stood the birthplace of Franklin, the church of Channing, the famous Roman Catholic cathedral had already been swept by the flames.

Who could do justice to such a theme in a newspaper article? But, conceding every

capacity in the human mind to describe what he saw, who could get his written matter through to New York when the wires were down? Ah! it is one thing to gather news and another to get it printed!

From a commercial viewpoint the information most desired was a list of the business firms destroyed. To get that seemed utterly hopeless, until the managing editor of the *Tribune* put his mind to the problem. He readily solved it. By nightfall of Sunday, the limits of the fire had been accurately ascertained to be Summer, Washington, Milk, Broad and State streets. The entire city staff, thirty men in all, were summoned and sat at their desks. Boston was two hundred and fifty-six miles away!

A large map lay upon the managing-editor's desk. With a red pencil, the fire area was outlined. A list of the streets and parts of streets destroyed was easily prepared. Two men expert in the use of a city directory and acquainted with Boston were able to decide what numbers the houses bore in each of the destroyed thoroughfares. Every one of my readers who has had occasion to consult the street index at the back of our New York directory will comprehend the method.

The fire was confined to the business portion of the city, therefore the harrowing scenes common to burning tenements or dwellings, with thrilling rescues of women and children, were not present. Loss of life was small but loss of property was enormous! Every New Yorker who did business with Boston was interested in pocket!

The latest Boston business directory had been obtained at an express office by the rank bribery of a night watchman. The precious volume was torn into thirty equal sections and apportioned among as many reporters. On long thoroughfares, like Washington street, although they extended far beyond the fire limits, it was easy to select the houses in the burned section. But the really artistic work was done on streets burned only on one side; it is quite easy to locate, from a directory and with the aid of a map, the side of the street on which are the odd and the even numbers. For example, only one side of State street was burned: it was quite easy to pick out from

the directory the names of the banks, insurance offices and lawyers that lined the burned side of that thoroughfare.

A complete list of streets inside the fire-area was set up and a proof slip furnished to each man. They may have read like this:

Juniper street, from No. 281 to 342. Both sides.
Puritan street, even numbers only, from No. 84 to 126.
State street, odd numbers only, from 19 to 97.
Devonshire street, odd numbers, 353 to 671; and so on.

With these proof-slips before him, each man went through his ten leaves of the directory and selected all names and occupations on any of the prescribed streets, within and including the numbers set down. There were forty thoroughfares more or less injured. Alert reporters placed a blue cross before each name as they detected it by its tell-tale address. These pages went direct to the printers, who set only the names that had the Morgiana's cross upon them! Then the sheets were returned to the reporters who marked with a red cross any new names to be added owing to a spread of the conflagration.

Classification by trades was necessarily alphabetical, because arranged by the directory; and under each business subdivision the list of names was likewise alphabetical, therefore ready of access. Excepting in cases where firms had failed or moved since the publication of the directory, there were no errors! This list of commercial sufferers as prepared in New York was more accurate than could have been compiled in Boston amid attendant excitement. It made a whole page of valuable information. It was a Managing-Editor's night!

One cold night, in December, 1872, I encountered Cesar Celso Mareno, an adventurous Italian, who gave to me the first exposure of the padroni system as practiced in New York. I wrote the first article on the subject and brought the matter to the attention of the Emigration Commissioners. For a time, the importation of Italian children as musicians and flower sellers was checked; but those were the days of the "Do-Nothing Presidents of the United States" and the infamous traffic was ere long resumed.

Not having any Napoleons to isolate, the British Government recently decided to with-

draw the detachment of troops that had garrisoned the lonely, desolate island of St. Helena for nearly a century. This announcement recalls an incident of the period with which I am now dealing:

A newspaper associate, MacKnight, broke down physically from overwork. Physicians agreed he had brain fag and insomnia, attended by other disorders that are supposed to bridge the gulf from neurasthenia to violent mania. Rest was imperative! He must cultivate lassitude. The St. Helena consulship was suggested, and General Grant, then President, who had known MacKnight's father during "the cru-el war," appointed him to the post. MacKnight came to me for congratulations and received them. In effect, I told him if St. Helena was the kind of a place he was seeking, it was just the sort of an island for him. Ascension, the nearest land, was 700 miles distant. It was 1,200 miles to Africa, by grapevine telegraph, and 1,800 to Brazil by the most direct pilot-fish route. The newspapers at Nenguela, South Guinea, were not sensational. A ship from Pernambuco might touch once a year with a few newspapers, printed in bad Portuguese. He'd find a real rest cure there.

Four years later, to a week, I was City Editor of the *Herald*. One afternoon a tall figure of a man darkened the door. His visage was antagonistic—like that of an angry husband of a soubrette whose name had not been mentioned among the leading characters in a first night's performance. Had I ever seen him before? I didn't like his appearance, and was about to tell him that I was only the office boy, occupying the city editor's chair while that person was at luncheon. Heaven be praised, it was Henry MacKnight! He was back and looking for a job! He was "cured" of desire for isolation. But he had returned, alive, a fact that appeared to astonish him more than me.

The unfortunate Napoleon had lasted at St. Helena almost six years (1815 to 1821), but MacKnight "could not understand how the old man stood it so long." Four years and six months were enough for any reasonable mortal—one who had only ten or a dozen mental troubles to wrestle with. Managing editors

who reach a mental stage when they have to sit in corners of darkened rooms for hours daily, cutting paper dolls, might find St. Helena's "silence treatment" salutary; but for an ordinary "star" reporter, such as he had been classified, four and a half revolutions of the earth 'round the sun were ample. I heard a story of exile, compared with which Alexander Selkirk's marooning on Juan Fernandez (disguised by Defoe under the title of "Robinson Crusoe") is airy persillage. Two years' pay had been consumed in getting himself and wife to Jamestown. MacKnight didn't sleep any better, although the silence on the island was of a sort one could literally feel. He soon longed for the clank of a street car or the noise of a morning milk cart "rattling o'er the stony streets." He wanted little old New York as child never wanted a mother. That's why he returned.

An episode associated with the defeat of the Orton-Collfax crowd, who tried to buy the *Tribune* after Greeley's death and to oust Whitelaw Reid, is a dinner given by the triumphant managing editor at Delmonico's on the night of December 28, 1872. Although the name of his financial backer was unknown at the time, Jay Gould had furnished the money to buy the paper. The dinner was an interesting affair. The two Greeley girls were there. Also, William Winter, L. N. Ford, J. B. Bishop and Greeley's brother-in-law, Cleveland. Kate Field, of jolly memory, sat near to me and directly opposite was John Hay. "Jim Bludsoe" had been printed, inconspicuously, on an inside page of the newspaper to which we were all allied; but on that night Hay recited "The Mystery of Gilgal," and on a recall gave "Little Breeches." I recall, likewise, Henry F. Keenan, afterwards the author of "The Money Makers, a Social Problem," which completely estranged him from John Hay, because the latter thought an incident therein referred to the death of his

father-in-law, Amasa Stone. During this period of Mr. Hay's editorial work on the *Tribune*, he wrote a quarter column one night that made talk in every part of this country. It was entitled "Did We Escape a Napoleon?" He briefly sketched the career of Col. Ellsworth, shot at a hotel in Alexandria while removing a Confederate flag. Hay described the marvellous popularity and personal magnetism of that young New Englander, who came to New York a stranger and raised a regiment of Zouaves in three weeks.

It is impossible for me to pass through West Forty-fifth street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, without having strange recollections awakened. Horace Greeley was buried from a narrow, cream-colored house in the middle of the block, on the north side. The body was taken from the dwelling of Samuel Sinclair, then publisher of the *Tribune*, to Dr. Chapin's church, at the lower corner of the avenue, where a jeweler's shop is to-day. At the service, Clara Louise Kellogg sang "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."

In the same block dwelt George Wilkes, who more narrowly escaped being a great man than any one of his New York contemporaries. He also had a fine bachelor's apartment in Twenty-first street, three doors east of Broadway, where I used to visit him.

Forty-fifth street was far uptown. New York and New Haven trains were drawn by horses, one car at a time, along Fourth avenue, from the station at Twenty-seventh street (where until recently stood the Madison Square Garden), to an open road at Forty-second street. There trains were made up. There wasn't any Madison avenue line. John Foley, of gold-pen fame, organized that later. Nearly all the country between Fiftieth street and Yorkville was open land. Not all streets were opened; where they were graded and sewered, vast holes indicated the squares, utilized as skating ponds during winter.

CHAPTER IV

A CHANGE OF BASE



THE year 1873 had opened auspiciously for me. An offer from the *Herald*, made in the midst of work on the Bloomingdale exposé and conditionally declined, for the reason that I could not honorably leave a task incomplected, was renewed. It had originally come from Mr. Bennett, personally, who had appreciated my position, and upon his return from Europe in the last week of January, 1873, I received an invitation, written upon one of his cards, to call upon him. I did so and was engaged. Earlier in this narrative, I have recounted the treatment received from my original employer when the announcement was made to him. The incident was not of importance but my young feelings were sorely hurt.

A remarkable man, about my age, joined the *Herald's* city staff from the *Sun* the same week, Albert Pulitzer. He was a handsome chap, and destined to create a wholly new type of the American Sunday newspapers, in connection with the *Morning Journal*. We had often met on similar assignments and I always found him "square"; he never became popular with other *Herald* reporters, however, owing to an air of mystery given to his work. He and I remained friends until his death, in Vienna, four years ago.

My first out-of-town assignment was a peculiar one. The "Credit Mobilier" scandal at Washington had convulsed the country. Mr. Oakes Ames's red note-book had destroyed half a hundred Congressional characters. Hardly had the Pennsylvania Legislature assembled, however, when two prominent members of that body joined in an uncalld-for and disgraceful attack upon the editor of the *Herald*, in which the name of the elder Bennett, who had died the previous Summer, was joined. The *Herald*, as the one great metro-

politan journal of that period, had many enemies and the slanderous remarks were sent far and wide and much printed. My recollection is that only one newspaper in New York quoted any of the language. Several decent members of the Pennsylvania State Senate, Col. A. K. McClure taking the initiative, had the language expunged from the records; but the publicity elsewhere justified a reprisal. One morning I received a message at my boarding-house from Tom Connery, managing editor, directing me not to come to the office but to meet him in a room he named at the Astor House. His first words were: "Are you known to anybody at Harrisburg,—town or Legislature?" I assured him to the contrary. Then he told me the story, gave me the names of the two offending members of the Senate and said: "Go over and buy those men; and a few others, if they come easy! I leave the method entirely to you, but get them. You can go as far as \$10,000 and all necessary expenses."

This was a bill to incorporate the "Consumers' Gas Company of Pittsburg" sprung ten days later upon a guileless Legislature, hungry for "graft." I went to a friend in Pine street, famous for organizing companies; secured the text of a charter, had some excellent copies engrossed (substituting the name I had chosen and using three of his relatives who lived in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the requisite number of dummies (clerks) in his office, as incorporators. I was on the list under the name of "Arthur Purcell." When all was ready here, I went to Harrisburg, registered at the Lochiel House and hunted up a lobbyist. He managed the matter so adroitly that I was on intimate terms with the men "wanted" in four days.

Events favored me. The Pennsylvania Railroad had a bill before the Legislature to increase its capital stock to \$100,000,000. This

was regarded as a lot of money in those days, and Thos. A. Scott, who was "looking after things" himself, was inclined to be liberal. After losing a few dollars at cards with my new acquaintances,—not because they "outdrew" me but because I did not want to win, each man did me the honor to call at my room for a first payment. They got some cash, but I was waiting for the moment in which I could give to them checks! The lobbyist must have been a constant spender, because he was "tapping me" once or twice daily. A member of the Committee on Corporations, whom I didn't need, was brought in. I thought money thrown away on him, at the moment; but the fellow finally achieved my success by carrying checks to the two men I really desired.

I had casually referred to a very sick relative at a sanitarium in Philadelphia, and when the bill was ready to report, I received a telegram (a copy of which I had forwarded to the *Herald* correspondent in the Quaker City) commanding my presence. It was so timed that the bank in which "Arthur Purcell" kept his account was closed. (I had been introduced at the bank by my lobby-man, who was *persona grata*.) I drew two checks for \$500 each to "my two coons" and one for \$100 to the order of the committeeman. I hurried to my hotel. I had hardly begun to pack my grip when Mr. Committeeman entered. I pointed to the open telegram on the table and said I would return at the earliest moment. He was satisfied. Then I appeared to recollect the checks. I told him I had promised his friends (all had been together in the rooms and talked frankly about what they expected for supporting the bill) their money that night and meant to keep my word. I had no recourse but to give checks to them. I hoped to be back before the following Thursday, when the bill would be reported, at which time, if our friends didn't want to put the checks through, I would take them up for cash. Next, I handed to him his check, with which he appeared satisfied.

I had hired a Pittsburg lawyer to come on as an opponent to granting a charter to the "Consumers," and his presence made my objective men greedier to get their money early, so they could be bought also by my "false-

alarm" attorney! My checks reached their respective destinations. The supposititious relative grew steadily worse for five days, until I was notified by wire that my checks had been cashed. Suspicion was disarmed at the bank by a fairy tale sent by mail to the cashier about a very costly surgical operation being necessary which rendered a statement of the amount of my cash balance imperatively desirable. My relative "passed away" that same afternoon and I reached Harrisburg at midnight! I "sat in" at a club-room over a drug-store and, I am ashamed to admit, won \$250. One of my "friends" was there but he was "bucking" faro-bank; I didn't get any of his money. Next day I secured the checks and disappeared.

Everything was ready, even to engraved *fac-similes* of the checks; but the reason that exposé was not made is another and a separate story, possessing elements of pathos and humanity. Its suppression did credit to a generally misunderstood man. The cost of the escapade, reduced as it was by my credit of \$250 won at poker, amounted to \$1,500. The charter for the "Consumers' Gas Company" never emerged from committee, but I had the men I wanted tight and fast.

An outbreak of the aviation mania occurred in the Summer of 1873. Aeronauts King and Donaldson were much in the public prints; that they did not occupy a large field in the public eye was due to the fact that they made few ascents. They "promised" well, but their performances were moderate. Professor King announced that he was ready to cross the ocean. As the only newspaper of ceaseless enterprise, the *Herald* arranged with King to take one of its correspondents with him.

There was a clever reporter on the city staff named James Coulson. Tom Connery, the managing editor, sent for him one day and said:

"I want you to get ready to leave for Europe at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

"How do I go?" asked Coulson.

"By balloon," retorted the editor, not looking up from his desk.

"I'll be ready," said the reporter.

"What shall you want?" asked Connery.

"A pair of blankets and a medicine chest."

"Correct."

"And my return steamer fare," suggested Coulson.

"That's right; here you are!" The editor wrote an order to the cashier! When "Jimmy" glanced at the memorandum, he saw it was good for \$250.

Returning to the city-room, Coulson selected a few trusted confidants and the crowd adjourned to "Tommy" Lynch's, a "sample-room" in the International Hotel, upon the present site of the Park Row building. After half a dozen drinks, Coulson boarded a Third avenue horse-car to travel as far north as Jones's Woods (near East river and Sixty-sixth street), from which point Professor King and his companion were to ascend.

The air-ship was fully inflated when Coulson arrived. He had forgotten the blankets; what medical supplies he carried were stored within his own anatomy. Prof. King entered the car and assisted the correspondent to a place by his side. The balloon was released and rose gracefully; but a strong breeze carried the big gas bag into a tree, the limbs of which tore a hole therein so large that the balloon collapsed and the basket, with its occupants, came to the ground, ingloriously. The men were uninjured and the projected European trip was abandoned.

Half an hour after reaching Jones's Woods, Coulson was on his way back to Ann street. The situation to him was quite appalling. He had \$246.85, which would have to be accounted for. He summoned a council of experienced mathematicians, including Dan. Kirwin, Jerold McKenny, and others; when "the bill of expenses" was rendered there was money coming to Coulson. It was a masterly afternoon's work.

One morning a policeman who had been leading "a double life" shot his mistress and himself in dingy lodgings on the upper West Side. Suicides make the dullest sort of reading and city editors never give them any space. A reporter was sent to get this "story." On his way to the scene, he noticed in the window of a shop a *papier-maché* figure of the Devil, stained red. It stood ten inches high. When the reporter entered the room where the two

bodies lay upon the floor, he was conscious something must be done to "make a story." He noticed a small altar in the bed-room. He hurried to the stationer's, bought the "red devil" for a quarter, returned with it under his coat and, unseen by anybody, planted it at the top of the little shrine, before which the infatuated woman had been wont to kneel in prayer!

When the Coroner and other reporters arrived, special attention was called to the Imp of Evil. The man who had placed it there wanted all his companions to mention the object, but he was sufficiently ingenious to make a three-column narrative of "Devil Worship" in the metropolis, tracing the murder and suicide to the influence of the "little red Satan."

It made excellent reading and that reporter won a prize. Several weeks passed before the facts came out.

Tammany Hall, under the reign of Boss John Kelly, was modest as became an organization that needed a character. The Americus Club, at Greenwich, had been sold out. Mr. Kelly had his office in two rooms at the rear of 117 Nassau street and could only be seen by politicians at "The Hall" at certain hours. Years later, Richard Croker established the National Democratic Club on Fifth avenue, near Fiftieth street, having for neighbors the Vanderbilts, Astors, Goellets and Mills. R. T. Wilson, who had inherited a few millions made in cotton by the Confederacy but never claimed by it, dwelt in Tweed's old house, at the corner of Forty-third street and Fifth avenue.

General Ryan, a tall, cadaverous Irish soldier of fortune, came to see me on July 10, 1873, with information that the filibuster steamer "Virginius" had safely landed a cargo of arms and munitions of war on the Cuban coast for use of the insurgents. He gave the following history of the ship, which differs essentially from that afterward told to me by Caleb Cushing at Madrid. As this vessel occupied so large a place in the history of the country, and her capture followed by the execution of about half the crew (General Ryan among the latter), I reproduce the Ryan narrative:

"The side-wheel steamer 'Virginius' was bought from the United States Government in 1870. Manuel Quesada sailed on her from New York to Venezuela October 4th of that year; a cargo of arms was landed in Cuba the following June, after which the 'Virginius' returned to Colon. There she was blockaded for a year by a Spanish cruiser. In 1872 she left under convoy of the United States corvette 'Kansas.' She ran away from a Spanish cruiser and went to Puerto Cabello, where she was blockaded by seven Spanish vessels until September, 1872. A bribe of \$10,000 was offered the captain of the 'Virginius' to run her ashore but he refused."

Then followed the Bolivar expedition, and the last one that so nearly involved Spain and the United States in war. The capture of the "Virginius" gave to me a winter in the West Indies and a subsequent mission to Madrid, each of which furnished its full quota of experiences. Perhaps "adventure" were a better word—for everything Spanish is an adventure.

The most amusing story of that Cuban insurrectionary period belongs to New York, — an episode of the Comedy of Journalism:

"I wish you would see this man in the reception-room and get his story," said City Editor Edward T. Flynn, handing to me a card bearing the name "Capitane Henrique Cantaro." He wants \$100, and it appears worth the money, if verified. You must decide."

A typical stage villain was awaiting me in the ante-room. He rose as I entered, placing a hand with noticeable caution upon a brown-paper parcel upon a table.

"I'd prefer to talk to you in private," said he.

I took him to the council-room, where we would not be interrupted.

"This is better," commented the visitor, as we faced each other across the council-table. "You comprehend, I hope, that my recent life has involved much personal hazard, and I have no wish to disclose my identity?"

"That is understood," was my reply, as I glanced at the card in my fingers.

"Of course, that's not my name," the stranger admitted, smiling.

"Very good; now, what's your story?"

"For the past year, I have been engaged in delivering dynamite to the Cuban insurgents," he began, like a heavy tragedian. "The people I represent have shipped many tons of the deadly material into Cuba. Not only has it gone to the 'Liberating Army' in the field, but much has been sent to Havana, hidden in fruit jars, boxed as 'groceries'."

"This is interesting," I admitted.

"We pressed the high explosive into cylinders, for the cans, or into blocks like this," continued the mysterious visitor, unwrapping the package he guarded so closely. A cube of inky blackness was disclosed, at which its owner gazed with awe.

"Is that dynamite?" I asked, breaking the silence.

"Yes; the most deadly agent employed in modern warfare. It is harmless, unless subjected to shock; but were I to drop it upon the floor, detonation would occur and this room and contents would utterly disappear. This building would be rended apart!" Saying which, this strange man, obviously inured to danger, took up the cube and offered it to me for inspection. In my hands the block had a greasy, crumbly feeling. I examined the solidified agent of death with grave caution.

"It resembles a compressed block of coal dust," I commented.

"Naturally," was the reply. "Coal dust and charcoal are used to give consistency to the dynamite,—to make it safe for transportation. The particles of carbon furnish flame for the deadly explosive and add a thousand-fold to its destructive qualities. It might be possible for a half-pound of dynamite (the quantity absorbed into this cube) to detonate without setting fire to a house; but the carbon supplies flame that will ignite all woodwork, torn to splinters as it will be. We experimented for months before deciding on the most portable shape in which this destructive agent could be handled, and, rejecting all others, chose this form. It lends itself to many kinds of death. Realize how easily a hero of our cause can mix one of these blocks with coal that goes into the bunkers of a Spanish cruiser!"

"Surely, you wouldn't do that?" I exclaimed.

"Why not?" in affected astonishment. "You recall what General Sherman said about war?"

"Yes."

"He knew what he was talking about; we make it exactly what he described it to be!" This was said with a scowl and a fierceness worthy of a pirate blood-drinker of the Spanish Main. For an hour this dreadful man spun his yarn of deeds of desperation. He told how he had replaced paving stones in front of the Tacon theatre, Havana, with cubes similar to the one before me. They had exploded the first time a horse trod upon them. He ran on,—

"Moral effect is the result aimed at. Death lies in wait for the Spaniard, everywhere!

But a friend was braver than I; he actually placed two of these blocks in the court-yard of Captain-General Jovillar's palace, so that if his carriage happens to pass over the spot he will be blown to the four winds of—"

Suiting action to his words, "Capitano Cantaro" waved his left arm so vigorously as to sweep the cube of dynamite from the table!

I was first upon my feet. The fall of the black cube had not produced even a jar! A small mound of coal-dust lay on the hardwood floor. The patriot never looked in my direction. He moved toward the door, but there he halted to ask:

"It *was* a good story, wasn't it? And cheap at a hundred, if I hadn't dropped that brick." Then he vanished.



CHAPTER V

ALERT, AT HOME AND ABROAD



THOSE were the days in which "star" men got their assignments at noon, wrote articles of prescribed length, attached the heads and sent the "copy" up the pipe to the composing-room. Not until I became City Editor, in November, 1876, was there any copy reading on the *Herald* except that done by the Night City Editor. J. I. C. Clarke was then given the job of reading city copy.

An active reportorial existence was interrupted by the capture of the "Virginus" by a Spanish cruiser, the summary execution of her captain and twenty-odd members of the crew and passengers. Among the latter was my friend General Ryan, and I have since stood at the spot in Santiago de Cuba where these men were shot. I was hurried to the West Indies, war being apparently inevitable.

The "Virginus" was "returned" to the United States government, although she was not entitled to fly the Stars and Stripes, and, taken in tow by the "Ossipee," was sunk in Florida strait. It has been a well-guarded secret that orders were issued at Washington to have the "disaster" occur.

That winter in Havana and Key West was crowded with experiences. The most interesting man I met was Commodore Foxhall Parker, Flag Officer during the naval drill in Florida Bay, in which I wasted about five weeks of my life. Those evolutions now seem very crude. Torpedoes were fired from spars a hundred feet long, supposed to be poked under an enemy's hull. When one thinks of the steel battle-ship of to-day that does effective work at a distance of three miles, the evolutions of the United States Navy in Florida Bay, in the Spring of 1874, were ridiculous. Rear-Admiral Kase was intolerably jealous of Commodore Parker, and resented any mention of his name in the newspapers. Because

one of the headlines in a New York journal announced the evolutions as those of "Commodore Parker's Fleet," every correspondent was sent ashore. It was idle to explain to Kase that the correspondents did not telegraph the headings. Ashore we all went, one day, on the arrival of the New York newspapers.

On my return to New York, after the "Virginus" episode, I was hurried to the wilderness of Elk County, Pa., to get an "interview" with one Harry English, a notorious desperado hidden somewhere in the mountains. He had been living with his family in a small village near Driftwood, when a sheriff's posse from the county seat had opened fire upon his house, in the middle of the night, and had wounded his wife and one of his children. English had returned the fire with a Winchester and had hit several members of the assaulting party, most of whom were loaded with backwoods courage. English was "a bad man" beyond dispute, but the obvious intent of the special sheriffs was to assassinate him first and to deliver his body to "justice" afterward.

That most charming trait of the American newspaper, the Philanthropy of Journalism, was aroused in the breast of Tom Convery, of the *Herald*, and he directed me to give to the hunted, obviously persecuted, man a "square deal."

At the village of Clairmont, I hired a guide to take me to the lair of the outlaw. Sympathy was with English. When he fitted out next morning for the long climb, I was advised to replace my pumps with cowhide boots, the legs of which reached to my knees. Much of the route lay through trackless forest and over hills, "alive with rattlers." I did not believe all that I heard; but one "rattler" to a square mile was sufficient to cause me to give \$6 for the boots.

When the "pack" was being made up for the journey I noticed that the outfit included a pint bottle of sweet oil and one gallon of whiskey.

"Do we need that much whiskey?" asked I.

"Sure!" exclaimed the guide. "It's the only antidote for rattlesnake bite! If you are 'struck,' I cut a 'cross' in the wound, like this"—and he suited action to speech by drawing out a large "Billy Barlow" knife, sharp as a razor, and making a "cross" upon the top of the shopkeeper's counter. "Then, I suck the wound. Next, I rub the cut full of sweet oil. Then, I give you one quart of the contents of this jug!"

"I hope to God I don't get bitten! The cutting and the sweet oil I wouldn't mind; but if that whiskey is anything like the stuff I tasted at the bar, half a glassful ought to neutralize any snake poison—even to that of a cobra or of a Gila monster. If you give me a quart of that liquor, I am a dead man!"

"It's the only remedy!" said the guide, shrugging his shoulders, to express his contempt for a "tenderfoot." "It's thet; or you go back to New York in a box, ef you're 'struck' by a diamon'-back!"

"And suppose you're bitten?" I asked, although I soon learned not to use any word for a snake bite but "struck."

"I'll do the same, with your help," he answered. "On'y watch thet I don't take all the whiskey. I bin 'struck' five times, an' nothin' but whiskey an' plenty of it saved me. The las' time, my right arm swelled bigger 'an thet demijohn, and turned purple, in spots."

We set out, after my credentials had been re-examined and I had submitted to search to prove that I was unarmed and was not a deputy sheriff, masquerading as a newspaper correspondent. On my part, I took the precaution of leaving what cash I had with the postmaster of the village—a consumptive chap, who disliked to take the responsibility and positively refused to give me a receipt.

English's hiding place was reached after a nine hours' painful walk in boots that did not fit me. At the "shaek," where the bandit and two companions were "intrenched," Eng-

lish's first act was to take a long pull at the snake antidote. He then showed to me four of the ugliest wounds I ever saw. He had been hit by bullets from the sheriff's posse when escaping from his house, as preparations were making to set the miserable dwelling on fire.

The version of his persecutions told that night saved English's life. The guide and I made the return journey without any "antidote."

Every drop thereof had been consumed by the "bandits," or rubbed into the wounds on English's body. When the last swallow had disappeared, English turned to my guide, and, in a peculiarly rhythmical voice—a voice with tones like those of *les courriers des bois* of the forest primeval—asked:

"Say, Bill, why in — did you bring so much sweet oil?"

In the Summer of 1874 occurred the mysterious disappearance of Charley Ross, a four-year-old son of a Market street merchant of Philadelphia. I went to the Quaker City the day following the announcement and for three weeks sent to the *Herald* from two to five thousand words every night. On the day of my arrival, I went to the Ross home, in Washington lane, Germantown, and walked from there to the point in Kensington where the boy was last seen in company with two men. The subject was then fresh, but inquiry at every house and shop along the many miles of roads and streets failed to elicit the slightest clue. According to the story of Walter Ross, elder brother of Charles and aged seven, the two boys had been playing in front of their home when two men passing in a light wagon asked them if they wanted a ride. They did. They were driven to a street corner seven miles distant, in the old part of the city, where the elder boy was given money and told to enter a candy store to buy sweets. When he returned to the street, the wagon, the men and his younger brother were gone.

A great deal of time, energy and money were expended by the New York and Philadelphia newspapers in seeking that unfortunate child. An entire volume could be written on the theme without exhausting its mysterious

features. Conduct of certain relatives of the distressed family remains inexplicable to me. Letters from alleged kidnappers began to be received by the parents of the boy, but they were jealously guarded from inspection. I was shown one of them, without being allowed to read it, and saw a small double sheet of note paper, the water-mark in the corner of which had been torn off. The handwriting was very memorable. I was authorized to offer \$1,000 for the letters, but a much larger sum was demanded by the custodian of the correspondence. I then put an advertisement in the *Herald* reading as follows:

PERSONAL.—A man of large wealth, whose wife has become a nervous wreck from brooding over the abduction of little Charley Ross, will pay the sum demanded for his return, provided the boy be delivered to him, alive and well, so that he may return the child to his parents. No questions will be asked. Send your lawyer to John D. Townsend, 256 Broadway, my counsel, who will communicate with me and arrange a meeting. Money will be in cash. A. P., Box 205.

As expected, this advertisement brought one of the curious letters by first mail. After unsuccessful attempts to bring about a meeting, I had the letter engraved and printed in *fac-simile*. Mr. John Norris, an editor of Philadelphia, worked for several years on this case. His quest extended as far West as Ohio and resulted in many strange incidents. "Charley Ross" became a bugbear to the police of every city in the land. New York's Chief of Police ended the hunt for the missing boy by "planting" the crime upon two burglars killed by Judge Van Brunt and a relative, as they were in the act of entering the home of the former at Bay Ridge. Mosier and Douglas were notorious thugs. One of them was shot dead; the other lived a few hours and was reported to have stated that he and his dead companion had carried off the Ross boy. He added that the child had died while in their custody. This seemed to close the book for ever.

The Winter of 1874-'75 I spent in Washington. The press gallery of that time contained some men of great ability, as I, its most inconspicuous member, fully appreciated. I personally recall Melville E. Stone, W. S. Walker, White and Ramsdell, of the *N. Y. Tribune*, who had covered themselves with glory by securing the text of the Treaty of Washington exclusively; George Adams, of

the *N. Y. World*, afterwards to become a large owner in the *Washington Star*; General H. V. Boynton and a score of others. The echoes of the Credit Mobilier scandal had not died away, and the Pacific Mail inquiry soon followed; but the feature of the Session was the passage of the Civil Rights Bill.

During the final hours of debate on that measure, I happened to be in the House Gallery when an historic attack on Benjamin F. Butler was made by John Young Brown, of Kentucky. Beck, of the same state, and Cox, of New York, evidently abetted. It came unexpectedly to the assemblage. Speaker Blaine was signing bills. Brown obtained the floor and in a clear voice that commanded attention began:

"In England, once upon a time, there was a man who earned a living by selling the bodies of the dead. His name was linked to his trade, which is known to this day as 'Burking.' Now, Mr. Speaker, I would wish to coin a new word for our language,—one that will comprehend all that is pusillanimous in peace, cowardly in war, and infamous in politics. That word is 'Butlering!'"

The House was in uproar! It was easy to see that Blaine was inwardly pleased. The burly figure of James A. Garfield came tumbling down the first aisle on the Republican side, with two fingers raised like a buyer upon the floor of an exchange. Blaine never lost an opportunity to snub Garfield; he paid not the slightest attention to him on this occasion. Dawes, of Massachusetts, made a formal motion that "the language be taken down and read for the action of the House,"—the usual form when a member is to be haled before the bar. Garfield hurried to Butler's side, but the latter literally pushed him away and got the Speaker's eye. He shouted:

"As the person most interested, I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts [Dawes] to withdraw his motion. I will, in that event, move for an immediate vote upon the bill before the House."

That speech was Brown's first and only appearance in Congressional vaudeville in a star part. He never would have been heard of had he not attacked Butler: the diatribe made him Governor of Kentucky. Butler

had been tried in a hundred posts of danger demanding courage and tact, and had always extricated himself. He possessed some traits of character not altogether admirable; but his individuality was the strongest that wide and varied observation ever presented to me. He could be the calmest of men amid general excitement, and a most violent, ill-tempered creature at times of popular rest but personal annoyance. I have recited this incident about General Butler for the purpose of showing a practical use to which I put it not long after, during a visit of the Essex statesman to New York.

The General arrived in New York from Washington, one afternoon, and I was sent to get a talk with him on a current news feature. Having met him several times, at the Capital and at his Lowell home, I felt confident of at least partial success. He was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When I asked the clerk to send up my card, he advised me against doing so. He explained that the General was in bad humor and would not see me. I insisted, however, and went up-stairs with the bell-boy. The boy knocked. In answer to a gruff "Come in!" I opened the door and stepped into the room. The General glared at me, furiously. I didn't give him a chance for a word, but blurted out:

"Close study of your career, General, has taught me that the man who does things must be aggressive. The clerk advised me against sending up my name, so I came personally to ask," etc. And, without delay, I delivered my orders from the city editor. General Butler's face was an interesting picture. When I had finished, a smile began to pucker one side of his mouth. He used several words that would not look well in print, but ended by telling me exactly what I wanted. He didn't sit down; I could not make any notes. But when I escaped into the corridor, I went to a writing-room nearby and wrote out his language. As I subsequently learned, other reporters who sent cards to the General's room were turned down.

My experience at Albany began with the Tilden period, when the Legislature sat in the brown-stone capitol. Congress came to an end on March 4, 1875. I was hustled to

Albany. Governor Tilden had sprung the Canal Ring investigation, which came as an echo of the Credit Mobilier and Pacific Mail scandals at Washington.

In the Assembly chamber echoes of Timothy Campbell's voice were still heard, enacting the same drama under Speaker Jerry McGuire that he had played so successfully during the easy days of "Boss" Tweed. The latter "statesman" was in jail and the Court of Appeals was getting ready to declare Judge Noah Davis' cumulative sentence unconstitutional. John Kelly, at the head of Tammany, was reaching for control of the state. Speaker McGuire was annoyed at Kelly's activity in the upper part of New York. He and "Old Salt" Alvord were forming a combination to "do" both Tilden and Kelly. McGuire was pounding his desk and threatening Kelly with "*lex talionis*!" It was a pet phrase of Jerry's and everybody had looked it up in the dictionary—"the law of revenge." When the exposure of the canal ringsters was sprung, Jarvis Lord, Wood, Woodin and others assumed an injured innocence defense.

"Tilden has destroyed the great Democratic party!" said the members of his political faith; but Democratic and Republican ringsters held their heads aloft and feared no evil. Tilden did not appear to be a man of force. When the newspaper boys went to see him he was generally standing in his office with his back to a log fire and his hands under his coat-tails. He was so diminutive in stature and so guileless in face that nobody could mark him as a man of stern resolution. Like Benjamin F. Butler, something was wrong with one of his eyes and he carried on much of his conversation with that defective optic. In all my experience with public men, I never knew one who would talk so readily as Governor Tilden. He adopted the Bismarck policy of telling so much that his hearer never believed all he heard.

The more the Senate and Assembly stormed, the stiffer Tilden's backbone became. There were as many "crooked" members of one party as the other in that Legislature. The Tweed system was still in vogue. Tweed was a "fair divider," and Republicans, like Wood-

in, had been "let into good things," because there were enough good things to go 'round. While the legislative body was rending itself asunder in attempts to nullify Tilden's canal attack, the Governor tossed into the scrambling bunch what he described to me as "An Exegetis on the Historical, Philosophical, Moral and Mechanical System of Home Rule." His message of May 12, in which he aired at length his fancies regarding municipal government, was a remarkable document. It was "a tough job," according to Virgil, to establish the Roman state; but Governor Tilden showed wherein lay the difficulties.

Members of that Legislature did not read

the message, having other anxieties to deal with; but it contained fully forty yards of first-class (clipping) editorial matter for country editors who dislike to write, and they gave it ample circulation, week after week. Tilden, like a true Knight of the Leopard, seized on the cry of "Municipal Independence" that echoed through the streets of New York City.

At the close of the Legislative session at Albany, 1875, I returned to grapple with reporting. William H. Wickham was Mayor and reformation in city politics was complete. Several members of the Committee of Seventy had used it to climb into office; the organization had worn itself out and had disintegrated.



CHAPTER VI

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN QUEST OF NEWS



MY NEXT step, in the line of advancement, was to the London bureau of the *Herald*, which occurred in July, 1875. At Queenstown, I learned of the "clean sweep" made by the oarsmen of Cornell University at Saratoga Lake while we had been on the sea. It was the first of a long series of aquatic triumphs for my *Alma Mater*. The original Germanie made an eight-day voyage to Liverpool, regarded as fair time; the steamer train by the Midland railway landed me in London late at night. Reporting for duty next morning, I was sent to Aldershot, to report the rifle match between the American team that had won a few days before at Dollymount, Ireland, and a team selected from the Army. The *Herald* was very enterprising at that time. A *fac-simile* of the target was divided into squares an eighteenth of an inch in size; each square was numbered and each number had a code word. By this means, the location of every shot was reproduced in New York next morning! It seemed natural for the *Herald* to do extraordinary things in those days.

Next day, I had an interview with Mr. Bennett at Long's Hotel, a quaint old place on Bond street, only recently closed. All that recommended it was its high charges. While I was waiting to be summoned, a "B. and S." cost me two-and-sixpence, in addition to a tip. A curious interview followed. Mr. Bennett was leaving for New York. He said to me, without ceremony: "I want you to write a personal letter to me every week. In it, you are to tell me what your associates are doing; what you suggest and what they suggest—all the news of the office, you understand?"

I had heard of espionage, but never had given it serious consideration; therefore, the suggestion that I was to play the spy upon

my fellow workers gave to me a shock. I asked if I was to inform Mr. Jackson, Mr. Huyshe, Mr. O'Conner (T. P.) and others of what I had written, so they could explain? That inquiry discomfited my chief and, tugging at his mustache, he retorted, "No; not at all."

"I'm not suited for this job, Mr. Bennett," was my slow reply. "If a part of my duty is keeping watch and reporting upon my companions, I had best return to New York." The fact was not mentioned, but I had taken the precaution to buy, with my own money, a prepaid return ticket. I had heard of men being arbitrarily discharged on the other side and left to get home as best they could.

My employer abruptly closed the interview: I expected discharge. Since then, I have learned that it was one act in my career that attracted me to my chief—with whom I remained fifteen years and then left, of my own accord, while occupying the highest position in his gift. "The Commodore" felt the same contempt for employes who would serve him in the capacities of spies that I did.

In later years, when occupying posts of authority, this incident taught me to deal with frank fairness to subordinates. If an editor or reporter had to be suspended, discharged or reported to his employer for dereliction of duty, my invariable rule was to send for the offending man and say to him: "Here is what I am writing to Mr. Bennett about your conduct (or failure)." After the text had been read, I always added: "This letter will go by to-morrow's steamer. If you desire, you can send an explanation by the same mail; or you can hand it to me and I will inclose it with my letter. In fact, you can do both." During all the time I was in London, not a sneaking letter crossed the sea from me!

When John P. Jackson returned to the Continent, I was placed in charge of the

Bureau. J. A. MacGahan, who in 1873 had crossed the Kizil Kum desert—over the caravan route east of the Aral Sea—to overtake General Kauffman's army, returned from the Arctic seas, where he had been on the "Pandora" with Captain Allen Young. This steamer had penetrated into Peel Strait, hoping to discover traces of the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin. Nothing of value was added to Arctic research; but MacGahan's book, "Under the Northern Lights," was the outcome. I had met this remarkable young man at Key West, during the "Virginius" episode, and was afterwards to encounter him in Madrid, under curious circumstances. During his stay in London, we were much together and at one of the dinner parties we were fond of holding at the Café Royal, on Regent street, I met "Jack" Burnaby, who imitated and repeated MacGahan's "Ride to Khiva." Burnaby admired the American as devotedly as did General Skobeloff.

Among the incidents of that Summer and Fall was witnessing Captain Webb's first attempt to swim the English Channel, from Dover to Calais. He was unsuccessful, but subsequently performed the remarkable feat. I attended a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the first trip of Stephenson's locomotive, at Darlington, and saw the original engine, raised upon blocks, in operation. Among other interviews secured [was one with Benjamin Disraeli, then Premier; Gladstone, leader of the Opposition; Commander Cameron, R.N., on his return from a walk across Central Africa, and C. H. Spurgeon, who resented the title of "Reverend." Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, were convulsing the British capital and I had talks with them. The most valued of all my acquaintances in London was Charles Reade, whom I came to know well and at whose house, in Knightsbridge Terrace, I had luncheon and dinner several times.

Although I often attended the Houses of Lords and Commons, the most memorable recollection I have of the chief man of the Empire was seeing him emerge afoot from Downing street, in the company of Earl Russell, bound for Parliament House. Disraeli, with his stooping shoulders, was much the

less impressive of the two men. They had just left "No. 10 Downing," where a meeting of the Ministry had occurred. In Downing street, the "Commoner" was master, there he could create noblemen; but in the corridors of Westminster Palace, Earl Russell separated



JAMES GORDON BENNETT
(The famous caricature in *Vanity Fair*)

from his chief and proceeded to the House of Lords.

Downing street is the smallest and yet the most important street in all this world! It is a dark, alley-like passage; but "No. 10" is

the official residence of the Prime Minister of the British Empire and has been since the time of Sir Robert Walpole—200 years. This building more resembles a middle-class boarding-house, such as usually kept by widows of army officers, than a place of national importance. Many Americans respect this dingy almost repellant lodge of diplomacy and national ambition, because Sir George Downing, who laid out the street and built the house therein, was of American ancestry; his mother belonged to the Winthrops of Massachusetts Bay Colony and he is the second graduate on the roster of Harvard College! After getting an American education, he went to England and, seizing opportunity when it offered, became Oliver Cromwell's ambassador at the Hague. He grew so rich that Charles II did not displace him. Those were the days in which "graft" was permitted to public officials. He invested his money in a strip of land on the western side of Whitehall and built houses on two sides of the short street that cuts through it. One often reads in the letters of Americans making their first visit to London that the tall Nelson monument, in Trafalgar Square, is the center of the great British Empire. They mistake the point from which all distances are calculated for the strategical center of the English world. Were they to walk down Whitehall, toward Westminster Abbey, a few hundred yards they would pass the entrance to Downing street, absolutely the most important place in London.

When one speaks of "the official residence" of a foreign minister of state, he is not to be understood as intimating that the personage lives there. It is the place to which his mail should be addressed; the location of the council room at which, surrounded by the members of his cabinet, he decides upon the national policy. No. 10 Downing street is the place, so far as the destinies of Imperial Britain are concerned. England has gone through many political upheavals, not to mention its changes of dynasty, since Sir George developed the street that bears his name; but No. 10 does not exhibit any improvement. I never fail to take a look at the old house when in London, and on my last inspection its external appearance indicated that the woodwork of its doors

and windows hasn't known fresh paint for a quarter century. When one inspects the low and narrow doorway he is bound to feel that he is rubbing against about all the history (except Japanese) that has been made in the past 200 years. His ears may hear the echoes of the footsteps of Walpole, Pulteney, Pelham, Grafton, North, Pitt, Fox, Perceval, Liverpool, Canning, Wellington, Grey, Peel, Melbourne, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Russell, Derby, Disraeli (commoner and earl); Gladstone, Rosebery, Marquis of Salisbury, Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, the latest premier. Naturally, hundreds of other men have passed and repassed that portal who were known to the world.

Meanwhile, complications growing out of the "Virginius episode" had developed new phases. Spain had not paid the promised indemnities to the wives and orphans of prisoners shot at Santiago de Cuba and General Caleb Cushing was directed to "put on the screws." In November, I was rushed to Madrid. A brief stop was made in Paris, during which Mr. Ryan, *Herald* representative in the French capital, took me to call on Emilio Castelar, ex-President of the brief Spanish Republic, then in exile. I found him a most genial man. He gave to me six letters of introduction to his friends in Madrid. Here is a copy of the only one undelivered, owing to the absence of Señor Carvajal from the city:

Paris 27 de Noviembre de 1875.

Exmo. Sr. Dr. Jose Carvajal:

Querido Amigo Mio: Le recomendo á V. vivamente al dador, M. Julius Chambers, joven publicista Americano, corresponsal del New York *Herald*, primer periodico hoy quiras de toda la tierra y que pasa p esa con animo de informar á suis pais sobre nuestra politica. Fraterlo V. con toda atencion y todo carino, pues sin duda alguna lo merece y tenga V. la seguridad de que cuanto haga en su obsequio lo considerari como un favor personal. Sabe V. que le quiere mucho su amigo.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

General Cushing received me cordially and, after my official call, sent to me the following letter:

Fuente Castellano, 7, Madrid, 30 Nov., 1875.

Dear Mr. Chambers: Pray come and dine with me to-day at 6.30 o'clock, that we may talk over your plans at ease and see what I can do in aid of them.

C. CUSHING.

In December, 1875, Secretary Hamilton Fish sent through General Cushing, to all the governments of Europe (except Spain), a

circular note asking if the American government would be justified in intervention in Cuba. It was one of the monumental, tactical blunders of the second Grant administration. Of course, Spain was soon supplied with a copy of that note, and, through the aid of a woman in Madrid, I secured the gist thereof, mailed it to my friend, Leopold A. Price, then Consul at Bordeaux, who wired it to New York. To save General Cushing embarrassment, I dated the cablegram from Vienna—incidentally causing Minister Kasson serious trouble.

An urgent request had been added at the end of the news message that Secretary Fish be asked about the "circular"; and, if he denied its existence, that Representative S. S. Cox, of New York, offer a resolution calling for all papers in the "Virginius" case. As anticipated, Mr. Fish denied that such a letter had been sent. Mr. Cox introduced his resolution; three days later the text of the "circular" was read to the House. It was printed next morning, with Mr. Fish's denial in black letter at its top, and the "leader," written by John Russell Young, was entitled "Lying and Diplomacy." Thus did a young correspondent, with a powerful journal at his back, "get even" with a Secretary of State. (See page 58.)

Spain was sure to make rejoinder and I devoted my energies to capturing its text. Engaging a clerk in the Foreign Office, under the pretext of teaching me the language, I had him breakfast with me daily until one morning he brought to me a "brief" of the anticipated reply. I had in my possession the most valuable current news in all the world! But, how could it be got out of the country, past the censor? I might take train and steamer for Bayonne or Bordeaux; but during the interval the Spanish Minister would be likely to give out the rejoinder. The risk of delay was serious! It must go that night! But how?

The Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII) was about starting on his return from India. Much had been printed in the Madrid newspapers about a visit to Spain en route. The interest was intense. Seizing upon that slender subterfuge, I prepared a code and

sent the following message to the London office of my journal:

Add letter mailed about Prince of Wales' visit to Spain. Prospective coming Wales received with great public favor. His return from East adds interest to special private advices from Alexandria regarding re-opening of diplomatic controversy between Italy and Egypt. Have just ascertained Italian government has issued rejoinder to Egypt's circular regarding Suez question, replying in unmistakable language to propositions stated by Egyptian minister of state that continued troubles at Suakin necessitate Egyptian intervention in name of humanity. In tone, reply is quite belligerent, takes high ground on question raised. Impression at Alexandria is that it completely counteracts effect produced by previous document. In substance it declares existing commerce between Egypt and Suakin has not suffered to appreciable extent by troubles in Abyssinia. Instead of trade having diminished, it has actually prospered and is growing. Therefore, no grounds of complaint and no tenable justification for proposed drastic action. Statement is also boldly made that Egypt's commerce is not her own, and little prospect of any in future. Attention is asked to fact that many citizens of British India and Arabia, as well as of Egypt, have established themselves at the commercial center of Suakin, where, unmolested by the government, they have amassed large individual fortunes, adding no wealth to country, because trade is in foreign hands. Further asserted that Arabian territory is constant refuge for outlaws from Suakin, who are there permitted to hatch conspiracies to detriment and injury of home government, thus outraging law of nations. Besides, all just and equitable claims between Egypt and Abyssinia have been amicably and fully satisfied, or are before courts for adjudication. Therefore, no just complaint exists. Style of paper is argumentative, yet fully dignified, as becomes occasion. Alleged to have been written by Minister of War. Don't forward this until letter arrives, but acknowledge receipt immediately.

John P. Jackson, at the London office, wired back: "Prince of Wales' dispatch arrived safely." The code, hastily prepared, had been arranged in triplicates for greater diversity and here's a copy of it from my notebook, as written that night:

Cuba.	Suakin, Suez, Abyssinia.
United States.	India, Arabia, Egypt.
Spain.	Italy, England, Tunis.
Madrid.	Alexandria, Rome, Calcutta.
Havana.	Cairo, Bombay, Naples.
Washington.	Madras, Aden, Venice.

As will be seen, many of the words were unused. I then prepared the following message, which W. E. Addis, an agent of the Winchester Arms Company, resident at my hotel, sent to Jackson's private address in order that it might not be identified with my previous message:

Jackson, Dane's Inn, London: In letter forwarded regarding Prince of Wales in East, caured first twenty-six words. Then correct India, Arabia, Egypt to United States; Italy to Spain; Suakin and Abyssinia to Cuba; Alexandria to Madrid. Answer, if understand.

Several hours of anxiety followed, until this telegram was put into my hands: "Prince sailed for America to-night, in perfect health." This message can be found in the early part of January, 1876 (*N. Y. Herald*). Behold

how clear it becomes, beginning with the twenty-seventh word:

Private advices from Madrid (are at hand) regarding the reopening of the diplomatic controversy between Spain and the United States. Our Madrid correspondent has just ascertained that the Spanish Government has issued a rejoinder to Secretary Fish's circular letter regarding the Cuban question, replying in unmistakable terms to propositions set forth by the Secretary of State of the United States that continued troubles at (in) Cuba necessitate American intervention in the name of humanity." In tone, reply is quite belligerent; takes high ground in the discussion. The impression at Madrid is that it completely counteracts effect produced by previous document (the circular letter of Secretary Fish, called for in the House of Representatives by S. S. Cox, of New York, two weeks ago and finally sent to Congress, despite many denials of its existence). In substance the rejoinder declares that existing commerce between the United States and Cuba has not suffered appreciably owing to troubles in Cuba. * * * Attention is asked to fact that many citizens of the United States have established themselves in the commercial centers of Cuba, where, unmolested by Spain, they have grown rich—adding no wealth to the country because they are aliens and send their money to the United States as fast as accumulated. The rejoinder further asserts that United States territory is a constant refuge for Cuban outlaws, who are there permitted to hatch conspiracies (to fit out privateers like the "Virginians," to buy and ship arms to insurgents), to detriment and injury of the Spanish Government, thus outrageously violating the law of nations, etc.

According to W. F. G. Shanks, a long-while special correspondent and editor, this was the first time in the history of journalism a code message was sent in advance of its key. Its success was complete.

One rainy night in the British capital, after my return from Spain, the bell of the *Herald* bureau, 46 Fleet street, rang violently. A moment later, an attendant ushered in a slender brunette; she was young and pretty, but her eyes were filled with tears. I was preparing my cablegram of the night; but the sight of a young woman, in trouble, caused an interruption of my work. She carried a copy of *The Sun*, which she had received from friends in New York. It contained on its front page an attack upon the conduct of a Miss Emma Abbott, of whom I never had heard.

The stranger explained that she was Miss Abbott and that the article would ruin her career, unless disproved. I read the two columns, which denounced Miss Abbott because she had married and abandoned a musical career, upon which her American friends, in Dr. Chapin's church, had spent a lot of money. The article charged that the beneficiary had been untrue to her trust and ungrateful to her patrons. Most prominent was an allegation that Miss Abbott's chief European patroness, the Baronne Rothschild, of Paris, had disproved of the marriage and

had rebuked her protégé for taking the step. When I asked for all the facts, the visitor said:

"I was ill and in despair in Paris, due to the loss of my voice. I couldn't sing a note; my voice was gone—I feared, for ever! This calamity was so appalling to me that I dared not confess it to my closest friends. One day, in utter wretchedness, I threw myself upon the mercy of the good Baronne, told to her the terrible truth and closed by recounting Eugene Wetherell's devotion to me and my rejection of his offer of marriage. I then added that Mr. Wetherell had counselled me to call upon him, should misfortune overtake me and he would renew his offer. The sweet lady comforted me; she advised marriage, in the hope that I would find in a new happiness solace for my bitter disappointment at the wreck of a professional career. I cabled Mr. Wetherell that night; he took a steamer the next day! So we were married in Paris.

"A month's rest in Northern Italy restored my health. One glorious morning, my voice came back to me! I could sing! The first train carried us to Paris. I was heard at the Conservatoire, and on the strength of that performance secured an engagement with Carl Rosa in New York, which I am about to fill. This article will ruin my prospects. It is unjust and bears the ear-marks of a jealous rival's inspiration. Can you set me right?"

"These charges stand or fall upon the allegation that the Baronne Rothschild regarded your marriage as a breach of good faith to her and to your American friends, who, by their pecuniary aid, enabled you to attain a musical education," I replied, conservatively. "What proof have you that this charge is untrue?"

"I have here a letter from the Baronne saying far more strongly than I have done that she advised me to marry, had met my husband and approved my choice."

As she spoke, Miss Abbott opened a reticule and began a search therein.

"Please let me see it!" I demanded.

In another moment, the letter was in my hand. The Rothschild crest was there! In forty lines of dainty French script, the pa-

troness of this American girl said everything that a tender, sympathetic heart could express. A complete vindication!

"Your act in handing to me this letter to read, Madame, constitutes a legal 'publication,' under the English common law," I explained, speaking with enthusiasm, because I recognized the power of the document, if properly used. "The vindication of your course by your noble patroness has been *published* in London to-night. I shall at once cable its substance to New York; it will be on

the breakfast-tables of your friends and enemies to-morrow. Your career is saved!"

The lady was shown to her cab and returned to her hotel, much relieved in mind.

What I predicted occurred, and Emma Abbott began a career of remarkable financial success. She died in Salt Lake City fourteen years later worth a million dollars, which she left principally to small Western churches—failing to endow even a single free bed in a hospital for ailing members of her own or the newspaper profession.



CHAPTER VII

NINE PRESIDENTS I HAVE KNOWN



SINCE going to Washington in December, 1874, I have personally known every President of the United States after Lincoln. Although General Grant was serving his second term at that time, Andrew Johnson came to Washington as a Senator from Tennessee. I went to his hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue, as a *Herald* correspondent, to interview Johnson and was received by him in his room. He was in his shirt-sleeves, but welcomed me without apology and gave to me a cordial shake from a damp hand. Before I describe what to me was one of the most dramatic and historic incidents witnessed during many long years' experience at the Capital, namely, Johnson's reëntrance to public life, among a body of men containing many of his bitterest critics and enemies, I will speak of President Grant as he appeared in those days.

Conditions at that time were not favorable for a *Herald* representative to meet the President. Mr. Bennett was agitating the subject of "Caesarism" in his usually vigorous manner. Indications had appeared of a desire by the large army following of the Grant fortunes to renominate him for a third term. Mr. Bennett was bitterly hostile and never allowed his paper to go to press without a leading article denunciatory of the cabal then urging a second reëlection upon the incumbent of the White House. There was no proof at that time that General Grant seriously entertained such a desire, although in 1880 he yielded to sentiment and would have welcomed another term.

One of my first experiences with a member of the Cabinet had been a call upon Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, who had treated me with rudeness, because I came as a *Herald* representative, although he had the impudence

to say that I "appeared to be a gentleman, although in the employ of a blackguard." As has been seen in these "Recollections," I squared that account with Secretary Fish from Madrid, one year later. Owing to this and other incidents, I was quite disinclined to call upon General Grant, although I had seen him several times and had been formally presented to him at one of his receptions.

One afternoon, it became imperative for somebody in the *Herald's* Washington office to see the President. I walked from the F street office to the White House, climbed the steps to General Babcock's room and laid the matter before the President's Secretary with the best grace I could summon. Babcock on several occasions had been extremely courteous to me, but he balked at sending in the card of a *Herald* man. At that moment, John P. Foley, then editor of the *National Republican*, the official organ of the President, entered. He greeted me warmly and when I told him I was trying to see President Grant, he said, "Come with me!" Almost before I could comprehend what had occurred, we were in the Cabinet Room and I had been presented to the Chief Executive. General Grant held an unlighted cigar in his teeth, and when I stated the object of my mission, he motioned me to walk with him to a window overlooking the White Lot and told me everything I wanted to know. Of course, I was informed regarding the etiquette on such occasions and knew that the President must never be quoted as giving information to a correspondent. The friendly relations established at that time continued up to the last. I met the General many times thereafter, especially at Long Branch, at the house of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and, at the General's suggestion, once rode at his side from Philadelphia to New York, hearing for two hours, his vivid memories of the Mexi-

can War and frontier soldier life. Never at any time did I hear him utter a sentence about friend or foe in connection with the Civil War.

Grant's position in history as a commander is unalterably fixed. What place he will have in the political chronicles of his country is difficult to determine. The opinion of future historians will probably be that the defeat of his Santo Domingo annexation scheme, under the conditions then inevitable,—namely, the possession of the acquired territory by a band of hungry Federal "grafters,"—was a fortunate event, although the sincerity of its opponents, such as Sumner and Stevens, was doubtful.

General Grant belonged to the Do-Nothing Presidents, was founder of the dynasty! He was not corrupt but he was surrounded by a gang of the most unscrupulous political scoundrels this country has known since the days of Aaron Burr.

The two Houses of Congress were dominated by Malice and Money! The persecutions heaped upon the Southern people, still staggering under direst misfortune, although self-invoked, were continuous, vindictive, relentless and intended to repress instead of uplift. General Grant was dominated by Congress; and was ruled by a few political tyrants as heartless as Persian satraps. Had he not said, "Let us have peace!" No doubt he meant what he uttered; but fresh in mind must have been the treatment his predecessor, Andrew Johnson, had received at the hands of Congress. The influence of that example doubtless was potent! History will censure Grant for the Reconstruction period and the heaped-up miseries of a defeated people; but the course of the Legislative branch of the Government was abhorrent to Grant's own views. Hero worship was repugnant to him; but he lacked sufficient firmness to antagonize a few strong men, in the Senate and House, who would have destroyed him had he opposed them. He had not forgotten what they tried to do to Johnson; many of the same men had shown their fangs in 1872. Sumner and "Thad." Stevens were dead, but there were many of the survivors left, as I shall show when I speak of Andrew Johnson.

When the Marine Bank failed in 1884, it carried down with it the firm of Grant & Ward, the head of the house being a son of General Grant. The latter borrowed \$150,000 from William H. Vanderbilt to avert the collapse and lost it, with all his savings. The Grants had much sympathy. The General mortgaged all his property, declining Mr. Vanderbilt's offer to cancel his loan. The "frenzied financiers," who had brought on the disaster, James D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, and Ferdinand Ward, active member of Grant & Ward, were arrested for fraud, tried, convicted and each man was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor at Sing Sing prison. It was a crushing blow to the methods of Ward, but similar practices were revived after a few years and trusts bloomed in the State of New Jersey,—a forcing house for more than a hundred such organizations.

The last hours of the Forty-third Congress (March, 1875) were approaching,—a session made historic by the enactment of the Civil Rights bill. Senators, as well as Members of the House, were chiefly intent upon the final passage of bills in which they were personally interested. Under such conditions, a short, broad-shouldered and aged man entered the main door of the Senate Chamber one afternoon, alone. He gazed about the room; then, with a sneer upon his shaven face, he walked to a sofa at the rear. Nobody appeared to know this stranger. Obviously, he had a right to the floor. I had seen him for the first time on the preceding night at his hotel. Therefore, I recognized the Senator-elect from Tennessee,—a man who had sat in the Lower House in the forties, had presided over the Upper House and as President of the United States had been arraigned before the bar of this same Senate, charged with high crimes and misdemeanors! By the narrow margin of one vote, he had escaped becoming the victim of a political persecution as vindictive as any since the time of Warren Hastings.

Here was the small, stoop-shouldered man who had the nation by the ears in 1868, Andrew Johnson!

A hurried glance about the Chamber discovered Senators who had voted to degrade

this man, types of unbending will or slaves to party. How many, many things had happened in seven years! The revolt of the Independent Republicans in 1872, for example, led by the denoumeers of Johnson,—statesmen who so soon forgot their own intolerance. And public opinion, too, had reversed itself. The American people had mentally effaced the Johnson who uttered wild harangues and "swung 'round the circle," and had installed in their hearts the face and figure of him who had been a sturdy, steadfast loyalist when the Federal Union needed friends.

The presence of that neglected old man, at the rear of the Chamber, conjured up a picture of that same legislative hall on March 13, 1868 (not witnessed by me), when the social and diplomatic world assembled to see the baiting of a President who had become useless to his party. In that very room, the menace of impeachment and eternal disgrace had been confronted. The *indictment* was prepared by seven partisans, every one of whom, remaining alive and in Congress, afterwards participated in filching \$1,250,000 from the American people under the pretext of "back pay." The *summons and complaint* was signed by Schuyler Colfax, whose character, on investigation, disqualified him for passing judgment even upon an habitual criminal. The presiding Chief Justice was plotting for the presidency, assisted by a "reptile fund" as vile as any ever got together in France or Germany: the names of newly rich members of the Whiskey Ring, who supplied the money, and of the corrupted newspaper correspondents who received it, were known to the silent man. Was it strange that he was cynical? Could he forget the undue haste with which his case was forced to trial. Never was felon given shorter shrift! His counsel, Stanbury, Black and Evarts, asked forty days to prepare the defence; they were grudgingly allowed ten, two of which were Sundays.

The trial was a farce, a mockery of legal procedure. The Senate Chamber was a scene of social carnival, like an intellectual debauch of "profane history." Women of high estate intrigued, coaxed and fought for tickets. Ambassadors were not then accredited at this court; but the ministerial spy of every petty

monarch was present to gloat over the final disgrace of a Republic that had barely survived a bloody Civil War. There wasn't any White House coterie; therefore, a daughter of the chief justice and wife of a Senatorial juror monopolized the Executive box, to enjoy the humiliation of its rightful occupant. The Montague-Spragues and the Capulet-Anthonys, two rival Rhode Island families, headed the social factions and reigned at different ends of the Senate gallery. The crush was tremendous. Historians, artists, diplomats jostled one another. The sergeant-at-arms made proclamation, as if he were garter king-at-arms. The respondent appeared by attorneys. He did not come in person to bend the knee before the high chief justice who was scheming for his job, or Senator Wade, who, as President of the Senate, expected to fill out the Presidential term. He continued to scorn the Fortieth Congress.

Then the charges were read,—eleven articles that soon simmered to two! Three sets of speeches made by Johnson at Cleveland and St. Louis were offered in evidence. None of the reports agreed in text. A violation of the Tenure of Office act was made out, because Johnson had removed Stanton, who, with Chase, was scheming against him. A very grave accusation (at the time) was Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill,—a bureau that afterwards became so corrupt that the very men who had condemned Johnson abolished it! And so on, to the end. Intolerant, contemptuous to counsel for the respondent, the mock tribunal held fifteen sessions. Then it took a vote on Article XI (the ousting of the insubordinate Stanton), and the verdict was: Guilty, 35; not guilty, 19. The impeachment failed because the prosecution had not secured the requisite two-thirds.

Charles Sumner, after violently opposing all expressions of personal opinions by Senatorial jurors, talked thirty-four printed pages of a report in explanation of his own vote. A calm reading to-day shows its insufferable egotism. George H. Williams, afterwards known as "Landaulet" Williams and dismissed and disgraced by Grant, concluded five pages of talk with the assertion: "I believe Andrew Johnson to be dangerous to the country."

While thinking of all these things, I had been watching the old man on the sofa whose mind probably had been following a similar channel. He beckoned to a page and sent the boy to the only Senator present among the nineteen who had voted "Not Guilty!" The moment Mr. McCreery was aware of Senator-elect Johnson's presence, he hastened to welcome him. The fine Kentucky gentleman was arrayed in immaculate linen and a swallow-tail coat of perfect fit. The greeting was frank and hearty. By this time, people in the gallery "took notice," and the incident became the dominating one in the Chamber. The big Kentuckian towered head and shoulders over the stocky, stooping, tailorman from Tennessee. Still clasping hands, they turned and overlooked the Senators between them and the rostrum upon which Vice-President Wilson was enthroned. And Wilson had voted "Guilty!"

An eye-stroke of the Chamber showed Johnson that of the thirty-five who had condemned him, thirteen were still there! Senator Brownlow, whom Johnson was to succeed, kept out of sight: the Senator-elect was not on speaking terms with his prospective colleague, Mr. Cooper, because of alleged duplicity in the legislative election at which Johnson had been defeated two years previously.

Johnson tried to appear unconscious of the glances directed upon him from all parts of the Chamber. Morton, of Indiana, had a front seat on the main aisle. A look of defiance blazed in his face; lame as he was, he thought himself Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert of the Senate, always ready for the lists of oratory. His long black hair crackled with magnetism; but the man near the door took no notice of the menace of the "War Governor."

Mr. Anthony's face assumed a far-away look. Simon Cameron, just returned from the glamour of Russian court life, began to totter about, affecting to be unusually busy. Mr. Cragin kept his eyes on the floor. Mr. Edmunds, known as "St. Jerome" in the press gallery, was making an objection to a ruling; but when he caught sight of a group of Democratic Senators gathering about the former President, he abruptly sat down. In his abstraction, like the barber's brother in

the Arabian tale, he kicked over a row of law books on shelves at the front of his desk. His colleague, Mr. Morrill, of the "moral tariff" was travelling afar on a train of thought! Senator Morton glanced at Morrill and sneered. When I asked him, days after, why he had done so, the Indianian answered: "Because Morrill thinks he looks like Charles Sumner, but he doesn't."

Roscoe Conkling's figure was one that never could remain out of a picture. His desk was on the left side of the main aisle, in front of that occupied for so many years by Stewart, of Nevada. Conkling was aware of Johnson's presence, and taking up a letter pretended to read. In reality, he was watching from his left eye the attention bestowed upon the rehabilitated politician.

A deep hush fell upon the Senate Chamber. Mr. Johnson, on the arm of Mr. McCreery, began to move down the centre aisle towards the high altar where sat Vice-President Wilson. Mr. Cooper appeared at the top of the centre aisle, bowed stiffly, and attended his colleague. Amid impressive silence, the three men walked down the broad steps. Johnson had grown much paler. Several of the younger members, memorably Carl Schurz, rose to do honor to Johnson's former greatness,—as the House of Commons uncovered to Warren Hastings on his final visit.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, one of "the thirteen apostles of reform," was on his knees, seeking a book or—a hatchet? Morrill, of Maine, and Ferry, of Connecticut, pretended to be chatting together and affected a sympathy for the man they had once condemned. John Sherman stared the newcomer frankly in the face! I was watching them closely from the front row of the press gallery. Their eyes met; in his glance, Johnson forgave Sherman. The two men afterwards became friends. Senator Hamlin, who hadn't censured Johnson, nudged Boutwell and pointed to the ceiling. The Massachusetts man didn't appreciate this reference to his speech in the House, during which he had described "a hole in the sky" through which alone the (then) President could escape punishment.

In a grave and sonorous voice, Henry Wilson read to the man before him the obligation

of a United States Senator. Wilson was standing, an unusual thing for him. I wondered whether the act was a tribute to the candidate, or an atonement for wrong? On every side, recognition of irreparable injustice was shown. The scene suggested one in which a jury had condemned a man to death and afterward repented of its action.

Half an hour later, I met Senator Johnson in the corridor, still walking on the arm of the sturdy McCreery. There were tears in his eyes as I lifted my hat and greeted him and in answer to my inquiry regarding his absent friends, he said with the frankness of a child:

"I feel very badly. I would wish to shake hands with Bayard (meaning the father of the then Senator from Delaware), Buckalew of Pennsylvania, Davis of Kentucky, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Dickson of Connecticut, Fessenden of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Fowler of Tennessee, Hendricks of Indiana, Johnson and Vickers of Maryland, Norton of Minnesota, Ross of Kansas, Saulsbury of Delaware, Trumble of Illinois and Van Winkle of West Virginia. I cannot forget that they were steadfast when—when my own party had repudiated me and I needed friends."

President Hayes had served in the House of Representatives before I went to Washington and although I was a native of Ohio, I did not meet him until near the end of his first year at the White House. Governor Tilden, whom he had defeated, technically, was well known to me,—first from his connection with the Tweed trial and, later, at Albany when he was Governor. Tilden, small as he was in stature, possessed a distinct personality; but the countryman from Ohio, Hayes, who got the White House job, travelled entirely upon his record as a capable soldier. Nothing discreditable could be said about his career in the army. He never had been trapped, although he had encountered several of the cleverest tacticians of the Confederacy. I was told by men who had been in Congress at the time that Hayes was rarely listened to with attention.

Entering office with a clouded title, since universally believed to have been purchased corruptly (probably without his knowledge), President Hayes should have devoted sleep-

less nights to squaring his dubious position by specific performance of great deeds. Instead, he supinely took his place as second of the Do-Nothing Presidents. Already large corporations were grabbing everything in sight! Railroads were putting bills through Congress giving to them many hundred thousand acres of public lands, at the same time that they were defaulting in payment of interest upon money already advanced or bonds guaranteed by the Government. Nine men out of every ten in politics were so occupied for the purpose of enriching themselves, or giving public money to other people who would divide with them! President Hayes heard nothing, saw nothing, did nothing! True, his Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, who had left his native land for the cause of liberty, had fought valiantly in the Federal army for the salvation of the Union, did strive to check thefts of vast timber regions; but his efforts were abortive. President Hayes was more interested in a patent incubator he daily visited in a corner of the White House conservatory than he was in the welfare of the masses of the American people.

Garfield I had come to know well during heated days of the Civil Rights Bill debate. General Butler, "the Holy Terror," dominated the House at that time so completely that it is well-nigh impossible to think of anybody else in connection therewith. One of his favorite pastimes was belittling Garfield. Whether the latter ever thought himself an orator or not is difficult to say. He dressed like a parson and swaggered like Don Cesar de Bazan! Garfield was a victim of indolence, bad advice and physical infirmity. That he was without moral principle as regards his fellowmen was proven by the Rosencrans correspondence with Secretary Chase, which was given to Charles A. Dana by John W. Shuchers, Chase's private secretary, and published in *The Sun*. His futile effort, as President, to curb the dictation of Senators and Representatives was merely part of a plan to secure control of the Empire State for James G. Blaine, in order to select its delegation in the next Republican National Convention.

The issue upon which Conkling and Platt

went down, apparently forever (true in the case of Mr. Conkling), was what is variously termed "the Congressional Rule" in the House and "Senatorial Courtesy" in the Chamber. Although an unwritten code, it had been recognized since the days of President Jackson and was so firmly established that Senators and Representatives of the dominant party insisted upon its observance. Andrew Jackson had uttered the dictum, "To the victor belongs the spoils" and he always lived up to it. The right of individual members of Congress to be consulted by the President regarding all appointments made in their states and districts owed its origin to this claim. Although Garfield pretended a desire to overthrow it, subsequent disclosures indicated that he merely wanted to overturn the party machine in the Empire State and to pave the way for James G. Blaine's nomination in 1884. Whitelaw Reid became the President's chief advisor and a long telegram that he sent to the late John Hay, to be read to the President, found its way into the columns of the *Herald* by some mysterious channel and precipitated a national split in the party. The perils of telegraphy never were more obvious. It is doubtful if a despatch so filled with personalities ever went over the wires between New York and Washington. Robertson, an up-state politician, was appointed to the Collectorship of this port, in opposition to the wishes of the two Senators, causing their resignations. The acrimony and fevered condition that followed developed a crank, Guiteau, who shot the President and who was hanged for the infamous act. From that time until the second term of Theodore Roosevelt, no attempt was made by any Chief Magistrate to challenge the monstrous usurpation that had well-nigh destroyed the appointing power of the President,—except of a few cadets to West Point and Annapolis.

To the hour of his death, in health or in suffering from his wound, Garfield was a Do-Nothing President and will be so taken by posterity.

Of General Arthur, I would wish to speak with affectionate kindness. We had known each other at the Custom House on Wall street, when he was Collector,—had together

eaten pumpkin pie, made by an aged Vermont woman who kept a stall in one of the corridors. Arthur came into the presidential office under a very different cloud from that which had enveloped Hayes. He was a politician of narrow vision; easy in his views on politics, religion and morality. During his incumbency of three years and almost a half, Congress did exactly as it pleased. There were no great scandals, simply because there were no serious Congressional investigations. The "Trusties" were "sawing wood," just as they had been under Hayes and Garfield.

The name of Grover Cleveland first came to my ears in a peculiar manner. I was sent from New York to a hanging in Pennsylvania and the sheriff whose oath compelled him to execute the condemned man was in such a state of hysteria that he told me he had sent to the sheriff of Erie County, New York, a man named Cleveland, to engage the services of one of his assistants who had had experience in hanging people. This imported executioner showed to me two nooses he had brought with him from Buffalo. This was during the winter of 1873.

The next mention of Grover Cleveland was made to me in the winter of 1881 by Governor Alonzo B. Cornell at a dinner of the New York Alumni of Cornell University.

"There is a remarkable man in Buffalo," began the Governor. "His name is Cleveland, and although he is mayor of the city, he recently came to see me in a legal capacity on behalf of a convicted murderer, under sentence of death. His appeal to me for executive clemency was totally unlike any I heretofore have received. It was without sentiment. It was a cold, dispassionate presentation of the unfortunate circumstances under which the killing was done, the provocation and the shadow of presumptive justification, from the view-point of the man who committed the act. Although the brief which he left with me contained numerous citations of precedents, I was so impressed with the sincerity and the legal cock-sureness of the man that I commuted the sentence. I hope some of my successors will pardon him." He was talking about his own successor, although he did not know it! Many years afterwards, at another Cornell



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, IN 1895

(A pen and ink sketch given to me by Valerien Gribayedoff)

dinner, attended by ex-Governor Cornell and ex-President Cleveland, I publicly repeated this episode, much to the astonishment of both guests. After the dinner, Mr. Cleveland confirmed the story to me. He did not pardon the man; one of his successors did so.

Daniel S. Lamont had been known to me as a member of the Albany *Argus* staff. As happened, I was not sent to Albany on any mission during Governor Cleveland's term, but I was present at Washington on March 4, 1885, as one of the *Herald* staff, to report the Inauguration of the new President. From the stand at the south side of the capitol, I saw President Arthur drive up with his successor by his side, heard the oath administered by Chief Justice Waite, saw Mr. Cleveland kiss a small, ribbon-tied Bible (said to have been a gift of the President-elect's mother), and I listened with rapt attention to the inaugural address. In December of the same year, I returned to Washington as *Herald* corre-

spondent and remained until the close of the session the following Summer.

Col. Lamont, owing his title to service on the staff of Governor Cleveland, was the President's private secretary and through him I had easy access to the Chief Executive. William C. Whitney, well known to me when in the Corporation Counsel's office, at New York, was Secretary of the Navy, and was a valuable friend.

An army officer (on May 17, 1886) whispered to me that President Cleveland had bought a country place on the Green Mill road. The real estate broker's name was unknown to him. Going to the White House, I asked Lamont if my information were true. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "No, it is incorrect." Further, he would not speak. The President could not be seen. It was a complete throwdown! I was leaving the White House, believing the rumor unfounded. On the stairs, I encountered Secretary Whitney. He remarked about my dejected look. I told him what had happened; I had hoped for a "scoop," but Lamont had disillusioned me. A merry twinkle appeared in the Secretary's eyes as he cross-examined me, lawyer-like.

"Tell me exactly what you asked him?" said he.

"Has the President bought a country place on the Green Mill road?" was my language," I replied.

Whitney laughed heartily. "He told you the truth, because the place is on the Tennytown road. See Bennett, a broker on F street, opposite the Masonic Temple. Good luck to you!"

I hired a team, drove to the real estate office, got the address of the President's new property, "Red Top;" drove the five miles, entered the grounds, gave money to the caretaker, thoroughly explored the building, made plans of its two floors, returned in the carriage, caught "the Congressional Limited" for New York at 3.50, wrote my "story" on the train, delivered the copy at Broadway and Ann Street about eleven o'clock, took a soda water with old John Graham, at Hudnut's, jumped into a hack, caught the twelve o'clock ferryboat at Cortland street, went to bed in

a Pullman at Jersey City and woke up in Washington next morning. The trip to New York was necessary, for two reasons: one cannot telegraph diagrams and wires have been known to "leak." It was a fine "scoop."

From a professional view-point, the most important event in President Cleveland's first term was Miss Folsom's marriage to him on June 2, 1886. I was held responsible for the *Herald's* account of the wedding. It proved to be a difficult assignment, involving labor necessary to produce six columns of printed matter, in addition to securing the information. The Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who officiated, gave to me the original text of the service. This curious paper is still in my possession. Ralph Meeker, who had known the Folsom family, was sent to the honeymoon retreat in the Blue Ridge. I attended the reception given by President and Mrs. Cleveland on their return from the mountains.

The unfortunate incident of Mr. Cleveland's first term,—for which he was loudly praised by the "Interests" at the time,—was the sending of United States troops to quell a strike in Chicago. Had he been appealed to by the Governor, he would have been within his prerogative. Governor Altgelt, like men since his day who have regard for the many instead of the few, was described as "an anarchist," by corporation-controlled Senators and Representatives. He was misunderstood, just as were western farmers who revolted against exactions of the railroads. He was quite capable of handling the situation. Interference of the Chief Executive at Washington and the subsequent calumny heaped upon Altgelt crushed his sensitive nature and caused his death. I knew Governor Altgelt reasonably well, understood his views in opposition to the growing monopolies and thoroughly credited his sincerity.

While it is hardly fair to class Mr. Cleveland with the Do-Nothing Presidents, because he tried to accomplish some things, his achievements were not equal to his courage and the disasters that grew out of the Wilson tariff legislation set back the cause of tariff reform a generation.

Senator Benjamin Harrison was well known to me in 1886, when I was at Washington. I

frequently met him at Charles Nordhoff's house on K street. Once I was invited to his modest residence, adjacent to the large property of R. R. Hitt. The Harrisons were simple-minded people; the Senator's wife kept a cow, which she milked. I remember telling a ghost story at Nordhoff's one night about which Senator Harrison expressed much interest. At another time, when I reminded the Senator that his grandfather had been an Indian fighter and President of the United States, he said: "I never felt much interest in my ancestors. I never received anything from them except an education and that was sufficient. My father died poor. I married young and my wife and I lived in a house of three rooms. We had six knives, six two-pronged forks and six plates. Mrs. Harrison did her own work and never since have we been happier."

After Benjamin Harrison became President, I met him probably fifty times. Despite the fact that he was always courteous, duty compels me to assign him to a niche in the gallery of Do-Nothing Presidents. He had a fine legal mind, was inclined to be independent, and had in the person of James G. Blaine the most brilliant and far-seeing coadjutor possessed by any President since the days of Jefferson. Much was possible for Harrison. He was a worker, unentangled by any alliances; as he told Ingersoll, he believed himself a selection of Almighty God; he had been a soldier and had won a brevet for bravery in the face of the enemy at Atlanta; he knew of the methods employed by lobbyists and their masters to influence legislation, although his own hands were perfectly clean. Unlike his predecessor, he did not lack experience in Washington methods. He could have put his medical finger upon every disease that infected national affairs! Alas, he did nothing! He hampered Blaine; was jealous of him. The broad views regarding reciprocity and especially the development of South American trade held by his Secretary of State were repudiated by Harrison. I know these facts to be true, because of conversations had with Mr. Blaine at Cape May Point and later at Bar Harbor. Harrison believed what he said to Ingersoll, but the

latter's retort was what made the incident immortal. "I have said some pretty hard things about the Almighty, but never anything equal to that," was Ingersoll's rejoinder.

As I was about to enter a train for New York at the old Sixth street station in Washington (1891), I saw ex-President Cleveland's face at a window of a Pullman car and stepped in for a moment to pay my respects. He was coming north from Louisiana, where he had been visiting his friend, Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Jefferson's plantation was in the parish so admirably described in George W. Cable's "Bonaventure." Mr. Cleveland did not travel in a private car, but nobody intruded upon his privacy. He volunteered to me the information that the fishing and shooting were of the best. I was about to proceed to the far end of the parlor car, where my seat was located, when Mr. Cleveland asked if I played "California Jack." I confessed it was my enthusiasm when in college. The porter produced a table and a pack of cards, but the Ex-President's memory was so far superior to mine that I was outclassed. He played a really superior game.

I desire to say little about Mr. Cleveland's second term. The Venezuela message will be referred to elsewhere. Mr. Cleveland was sound on the money question, but he did not, in message or speech, utter a protest against the constantly increasing arrogance of the "protected" monopolies! He placed one very large loan in Wall Street that gladly would have been taken by the people of the United States. Proof of this assertion was furnished, near the end of his term, when Mr. Pulitzer forced the President to throw open the sale of a second bond issue to public subscription. The proprietor of the *World* took a million dollars' worth of the bonds himself. The issue was greatly over-subscribed, at much higher prices than Wall Street would have offered.

William McKinley made his first appearance in Washington as a Representative in December, 1877. He was a gawky, pink-cheeked, serious countryman from Ohio. He attracted little attention. He was generally addressed as "Major." And, to the day of his death, he preferred that title to any other.

I first met him in the second session of that Congress.

At first, he didn't appear to have any "long suit" to play; but he began to study the tariff and had the courage to make a speech thereon before adjournment. He was soon given a place on the Committee of Ways and Means. Ultimately becoming chairman of that committee, he reported, in 1890, the tariff bill which has gone down in history associated with his name. It was the beginning of extravagance on the part of Congress, because it supplied much more money than was needed for the wants of the country. Although "The Billion-Dollar Congress" did not occur until Thomas B. Reed became Speaker and the Dingley Tariff had taken the place of that ascribed to Major McKinley—actually framed by each branch of the corporate interests in manner that best suited its wishes,—money flowed freely into the treasury in such large quantities that it was squandered by Congress.

President McKinley delivered his address of acceptance to the notification committee on the front porch of his Canton home late in July, 1896. I was present and heard him read the paper in his solemn, eloquent voice. After the Chicago Convention of 1896, which had nominated Bryan so dramatically, I had gone to Lincoln with the successful candidate so suddenly sprung into prominence; but I arrived in Canton the day before the Notification Committee. I remained there until the following March, when the President-elect came to Washington to be inaugurated into office. During all those months I saw the candidate and after his election in November, the President-elect, two to four times every day.

Major McKinley was very sociable with the newspaper men. Late at night, when he had a strong cigar well aglow, he talked about everything except his part in the Civil War and the struggles of the Cubans for freedom. Never at any time did President McKinley evince any sympathy with the Cubans. Several curious incidents occurred during that Winter. The President-elect frequently wrote editorial articles for a Cleveland newspaper. The theme generally was the Cuban insurrec-

tion. Before long, I established underground means by which I was able on the following morning to distinguish the prospective President's work in the Cleveland newspaper. Two years later, when General Weyler had created his inhuman reconcentrado camps in Cuba, I visited that Island and with the assistance of Mr. Bryson and others had about 500 photographs made of starving Cubans, which were enlarged and personally shown to President McKinley. Those pictures were sufficiently pitiful to have drawn tears from the stony heartedest specimen of mankind. President McKinley was not impressed; no action was taken. Children and adults were dying in the various camps at the rate of a thousand daily. Bubonic plague existed in all parts of Cuba. The Battleship "Maine" was blown up on February 15, 1898, but even then war was not declared until April.

McKinley was a "Do-Nothing President," the last, let us hope. He had entered office with so many obligations to repay that two full terms at the White House, had he been spared to fill them, would hardly have sufficed to wipe off the slate. His liabilities, largely incurred by his faithful friend, Mark Hanna, were as far-reaching as notes given for money loaned to pay off debts of \$100,000 incurred in business enterprises that turned out badly.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna was in most respects the most creditable associate with the McKinley régime. He became a politician late in life, but he was a firm believer in the power of money and purchased delegates, just as he would have bought votes had it been necessary. He was not a hypocrite. Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, of Philadelphia, has written a book paying proper tribute to Senator Hanna as an associate. I made a trip with Hanna in his private car through the State of Ohio and a more amiable traveling companion I never knew. Mr. Bryan was his equal.

Mr. Hanna directed the McKinley Administration as absolutely as any Mayor of the Palace ever conducted the affairs of a Merovingian King of France. President McKinley did not possess sufficient political acumen to foresee the coming revolt against trusts and other vast corporate interests; but Senator Hanna scented the coming upheaval and was

getting his house in order to separate from the so-called "Old Guard." Were he alive today, Senator Hanna would be in line with La Follette and his party.

The death of President McKinley was deplorable; but Theodore Roosevelt, his successor *ex-officio*, committed a regrettable error when he undertook to temporize with the corporate interests during the rest of the period that would have belonged to McKinley. He had said he would "follow McKinley lines" and this is an explanation for the acceptance of campaign contributions from E. H. Harriman and large corporations. McKinley had acceded to the same sort of thing by Hanna. Politically, Roosevelt was shrewd, because three years of radicalism, such as he subsequently developed with sublime heroism, when past occurrences were considered, probably would have caused his defeat for renomination and deprived him of the four years' leadership in an active reform campaign that characterized his second term in office.

It is an undeniable fact that many men close to McKinley grew rich out of the Spanish-American War. To my personal knowledge, there was a certain series of offices on Broad street through which most of the transports procured abroad were bought. Names of all the members of that firm did not appear upon its front door. Very few visitors ever reached the rear suite—a far away, mystical, generally unattainable goal, wherein sat a gross, flabby-cheeked, old man, always chewing a cigar, whose word was final regarding most of the ships and equipment purchased abroad.

The rise of Theodore Roosevelt was not due to luck but to persistent activity in his own interests. He felt himself destined for a brilliant career and never lost sight of that hope. He believed himself capable of being useful to his fellow countrymen in a way not wholly selfish. When recently asked how he would be classified, as to his livelihood, Roosevelt is said to have replied, "Ranchman and author." Apparently, the Twenty-sixth President of the United States has little desire to go down in history as a "politician," in the general acceptance of the word, although he lost no time in getting into political life after

his graduation at Harvard. He left college in 1880, and entered a contest for Assemblyman in the fall of the following year. His services in the New York Legislature were earnest but not remarkable; at the close of the second session he went to his ranch in North Dakota, stopping at Chicago, *en route*, to serve as a delegate to the Republican National Convention that nominated James G. Blaine for the Presidency. Two years of open-air life followed. His health never had been good up to that time and the young man, then about 26,—for he was born in New York, Oct. 27, 1858,—passed whole days in the saddle. This brief period of ranch life had a marked effect upon his subsequent career. He became fond of hunting and whenever a few weeks of vacation offered during later years he hurried to the Rocky Mountains to shoot big game. The ranchman had just married his second wife and the experience of frontier life was exceedingly novel to husband and wife.

The Republican nomination as Mayor of New York was offered to Theodore Roosevelt in the Autumn of 1886 and he returned to make the canvas. The contest was a remarkable one in several ways. Abram S. Hewitt was the regular Tammany candidate, but Henry George accepted the nomination of the Labor party. Hewitt was elected. For six years, Roosevelt served in the tiresome and humdrum office of Civil Service Commissioner, when another turn of the wheel landed him as President of the Police Commission in the City of New York. One of the remarkable peculiarities about the career of Theodore Roosevelt is that on several occasions he has found himself in a political *cul de sac* from which further progress along the road toward distinction seemed absolutely impossible. His defeat for the Mayoralty was well-nigh crushing and ended his availability, from the viewpoint of any party leader. His isolation in the Civil Service Board was complete,—he was in a fair way to have the procession pass him. So in the Police Department, he seemed to be out of place engaged in the suppression of crime. The next step, into the post of Assistant Secretary of War, under McKinley, appeared to be the finishing blow to his ambi-

tion. And yet, in that position of duty, as in others, he rendered the most valuable services given by any subordinate official connected with the executive arm of the Government. He it was who secretly prepared for the equipment of the United States Asiatic Squadron by despatching two trainloads of powder and shell to San Francisco, whence the material was shipped direct to Hong Kong and stowed aboard ship before the official declaration of war.

When the Spanish war burst upon the country, Theodore Roosevelt stepped out of the narrow environment of the Navy Department and called about him men of the open air,—the "rough riders of the plains!" The response was immediate. When the First Volunteer Cavalry regiment was raised, he asked Dr. Leonard Wood to take command, and served under him as Lieutenant-Colonel.

The first noteworthy event of the campaign was the recognition of the utter incompetency of the commissary and medical departments of the Army service. The tainted food furnished to the soldiers was denounced by Roosevelt in a letter sent over the heads of his superior officers to President McKinley direct. Two years in the Police Department of New York had taught the volunteer officer that "tainted money" was back of rotten food. Had Generals Miles, Brooke or Shafter acted with the same energy, several men at the head of the Beef Trust would have gone to prison. Gen. Miles knew all the facts and his negligence in bringing the criminals to justice formed the basis of an enduring displeasure toward him on the part of the man who was to succeed to the Presidency and who lost no time in showing his contempt for a timid Lieutenant-General.

The landing of the First Volunteer Cavalry upon the Cuban coast east of Santiago was immediately followed by the sharp skirmish at Las Guasimas, in which several of the Roosevelt troopers were killed. Although few members of the "Rough Riders" had ever been in battle, most of them had been "under fire." The exigencies of life on the plains as cow-boys, deputies-sheriff and administrators of frontier justice had made them fearless. The participation of the "Rough Riders" in



THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN 1897

(From a steel engraving)

the general engagement on San Juan Hill was unimportant, and nobody connected with the troop ever has claimed any glory for that day's event. Theodore Roosevelt was promoted to be Colonel of his regiment for gallant service, and returned with his men to Montauk Point. His name was upon every lip and as early as August of 1898 he was suggested for the Governorship of New York. He had escaped from the *cul de sac* in which he constantly appeared to find himself!

While at Montauk Point and a member of Colonel Roosevelt's mess, I attempted to render a signal service to the "Rough Riders" and their commander. Mayor Van Wyck had distinctly declined to invite the body to parade in front of the City Hall that he might review it. Knowing the Mayor, I undertook to ob-

tain his consent. At my own expense, I came to New York and saw Robert A. Van Wyck. When I mentioned the object of my visit, he said: "Do you think I am going to help Roosevelt to get the Republican nomination for Governor?" I answered that such a contingency had nothing to do with my request. I suggested that more depended upon Mr. Platt than on any act of the Mayor. I enlarged upon the desire of New Yorkers, without regard to party, to see the "Rough Riders." Van Wyck would not consent.

Despite the opposition of Mr. Platt, the Republican "boss" of this state, who had other plans, the popularity of Colonel Roosevelt compelled his selection by the Saratoga convention and he was elected Governor. The plurality wasn't as large as expected:

its smallness was due to bad blood engendered by the miscarriage of prearranged plans for the party "slate" caused by Roosevelt's candidacy. Taking office on January 1, 1899, Governor Roosevelt began to play national politics seriously. He did several remarkable things during his chieftainship at Albany.

What kind of man is this Roosevelt? Napoleon tells in one of his letters of a rambler, *incognito*, among the hills near Tarare, a manufacturing town not far from Lyons, during which tramp he met an old woman climbing a steep stretch of road with a bundle of fagots on her back. The First Consul relieved her of her load to the top of the hill and then asked:

"And this fellow Napoleon; he's a tyrant like all the others, isn't he?"

"It may be," answered the crone; "but the others have been the kings of the nobility, while he is one of us. We chose him ourselves!"

This little story describes the career of Theodore Roosevelt. He was schooled in both elective and appointed office. Inclined as he was to prove unruly and to take the same measure of Congressional integrity as do most citizens, we, Democrats and Republicans, chose him to be President by an overwhelming plurality. He was not made President by politicians. He was the first Republican since Lincoln to be chosen over the heads of cabals of railroad managers, bankers, "Captains of Protected Industries" and political bosses.

Roosevelt's last four years were in such contrast to the McKinley administration that this period of his career must always be regarded as typical. Every hour thereof exhibited sturdy efforts to break the fetters that custom and tradition had forged upon the Chief Executive. A trust-owned Senate was defied, although such contention for the masses as against the few were followed by cloak-room threats of impeachment and humiliation. The resolute man at the White House went straight ahead. He made mistakes; but the people trusted him, if politicians did not.

The old fagot gatherer stated the situation: "He was one of us; we chose him ourselves!"

My first meeting with Theodore Roosevelt

was during the heat of the mayoralty campaign of 1886. He looked much younger than he really was, almost boyish. After that disastrous experience, young Roosevelt became a plainsman. Our next meeting was at a dinner given to Whitelaw Reid at the D. K. E. Club in the fall of 1889, when we sat together. He made a speech possessing the elemental vigor characteristic of his subsequent addresses. Thereafter, he again disappeared from public view for a brief space.

When the troops returned from the Spanish War to camp at Montauk Point, I was specially engaged to interview General Shafter on his return,—the troops having preceded him. Through the acquaintance of Major Jerome, who had campaigned with "Pecos Bill," as Shafter was known in the Army, I became a member of the mess of the First Volunteer Cavalry. I slept in a tent provided by the *New York World*, but took my meals at the same table with Colonel Roosevelt and Lieutenant Colonel Brodie. As my stay lasted a week, before the arrival of the "Mohawk" with Gen. Shafter, an acquaintance of twelve years' standing was renewed.

I owed my success in getting aboard the "Mohawk" and securing an exclusive full front page interview with General Shafter to my friend, Captain William H. Stayton, a former United States Naval officer then in command of one of the despatch boats, who put me aboard with General Shafter's mail. Stayton was too modest to permit me to acknowledge the obligation at the time, as I wished, and this is the first opportunity I have had to express my gratitude. Mr. Stayton left the service for the legal profession—as did a comrade of the "Virginian" campaign, the late "Jack" Soley—and is now a successful member of the New York bar.

One episode of those Montauk days is very memorable. Anxiety regarding the success of my assignment made me a poor sleeper. One beautiful morning, soon after sunrise, I arose and in my pajamas set out for the beach, to take a plunge in the ocean. Far away, I heard *reveille* sounded! Turning my gaze shoreward, I saw a figure in khaki, mounted upon a horse running at full gallop, coming toward me over the sand dunes. The horse and rider

appeared and disappeared at intervals. Not within the range of my vision was there a moving object, except this horseman. He was Theodore Roosevelt, bound toward the beach for his morning dip! He was in the water almost as soon as I was.

Already at Montank, the young Colonel was addressed as "Governor"; but he treated the matter as a joke. It was not thought that Mr. Platt would sanction his nomination. He was, however, chosen Governor of New York, not by a thrilling majority but by a sufficiently large vote to show that he was the only Republican who could have been elected.

While at Albany, Governor Roosevelt materially assisted in the agitation I started for the return to this country of the body of John Paul Jones. I had drawn a joint resolution which Senator Boies Penrose introduced in the Senate and Representative Harry H. Bingham presented to the House. The text of that resolution was as follows:

For the removal of the bones of John Paul Jones from Paris, France, and their reinterment in the United States:

Whereas, the bones of John Paul Jones, our first great sea captain, rest in a neglected grave in Paris, the locality of which is now established; be it

Resolved, That the Ambassador of the United States to France be directed by the President to promptly secure necessary permission to open the grave and to have the remains of the naval hero of the American Revolution properly prepared for removal to the United States.

Resolved, That a ship-of-war be detailed to receive the remains at a French port, with all the honors due to the body of an Admiral, and they be brought to the port of New York, or such port as the Secretary of the Navy may designate.

Resolved, That a sufficient sum is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to meet the expenses of disinterment in France, transfer to the United States and final entombment.

These resolutions were introduced on December 4th and 6th, 1899, were adopted soon after and received President McKinley's signature. The agitation that followed this proposition swept the country. This honor to Paul Jones had been one of the dreams of my life, somewhat on a par with my trip to the headwaters of the Mississippi. At my personal expense, I had employed a friend in Paris to search the Parisian newspapers contemporary with the funeral of Admiral Jones, and had located the grave beyond question in the Protestant cemetery as it existed in 1792. On the corner nearest to the Gare du Nord, a four-story brick tenement stood, the basement of which was a wine shop. To the right thereof was a two-story stucco and wooden

structure occupied by a frame maker. It covered the original entrance to the ancient cemetery and the body of the first Admiral of the United States Navy was located at a point forty feet inside the pavement line. I sent Charles Heikel, a photographer at No. 136 Faubourg Saint Honoré, to make a picture of the site as it is to-day.

Elsewhere, in talking about Mr. Platt, I describe the nomination of Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency and the strong disinclination he had to accept it. Had he not done so, his political career probably would have ended with his Gubernatorial term. President McKinley was assassinated in September, 1901, and therefore, Vice-President Roosevelt never presided over the Senate. During his incumbency of the White House, President Roosevelt was readily accessible to old friends.

I went to New Haven on the final day's celebration of Yale's 200th anniversary in October, 1901, to witness the conferring of honors upon President Roosevelt. Youth, in colleges as in men, may be joyous, but age is grand and glorious! Around Old Eli were gathered her children of the last half of her second century to rejoice with her. *Alma Mater* welcomed them and the world beside. Atmosphere of a college town was gone; one might believe a national convention to be in session. Medals of bronze and rosettes of deep azure silk adorned every coat in sight. The day began with the arrival of President Roosevelt and his party from Farmington, among the Connecticut hills, where he had passed a restful night aboard his private car. President Roosevelt was in fine spirits. He had climbed the stone walls and crossed the meadows afoot. Most characteristic of all, he had helped a strange farmer, far from the village, round up his herd of cows at milking time.

After its run down the valley, the special train of two Pullman cars had arrived on time. The President sprang lightly off the rear platform, which had been surrounded by a squad of blue jackets. A national salute was fired somewhere in the neighborhood. Two companies of State militia immediately surrounded the cars.

The President was the Roosevelt of old;

the broad smile and laughing eyes, the rosy lips and glistening teeth. He was a picture of good health and happiness. He looked younger, if anything, than during the campaign.

The presence of the armed militia was clearly repugnant to Roosevelt but he passed at once to an open landau in waiting and seated himself at the rear, right hand. Mayor Studley got in beside him, because the President was the city's guest until he was landed at Phelps Hall gate, on university territory. The front seat was occupied by President Hadley, of Yale. The President had dressed for the ceremony aboard his car. He wore a long walking coat and silk hat. It was the first time I have ever seen him wear gloves. They were of tan.

When the carriage moved off to the music of a band, a grand popular demonstration occurred. The streets along the route had been packed with people since early morning. Curiosity to see the young President appeared to be universal.

When turning into Chapel street an incident caused the President to spring to his feet and raise his hat. An aged veteran appeared in an upper window, wearing the uniform of '61 and holding an old army musket at "Present arms!" It was like a picture from an old print; but Roosevelt recognized its genuineness. He stood proudly erect, waved his hat as if to cheer, and the crowd promptly gave voice to his suggestion. A similar incident, though not so dramatic, occurred at Trinity Church, on Chapel street. As the carriages approached, the chimes in Trinity tower were playing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The instant the notes caught the President's ear he again rose and reverently stood uncovered until the ivy-clad church was passed. It was a graceful and evidently an impulsive act—an incident thoroughly Rooseveltian. A few moments later the first carriage entered the college grounds and drew up at the gateway to Phelps Hall. This portal is a grained arch of Gothic architecture. Its material is old red sandstone. Roosevelt sprang from the landau, up a slight acclivity that rose from the curb and, with President Hadley on one side and Colonel Bingham on the other, passed into the Yale campus, where at

least five thousand people had formed in double line to greet him. Again the silk hat was raised; again that typical smile that has become a part of our national life! Cheer upon cheer arose. The college men were assembled in classes; their greetings were in old and familiar form. "Breck-kekekex, Brekekex; coax, coax!" was the Aristophanean welcome; "Rah! rah! rah! Yale!" the college cry of Old Eli.

Between this double line of boisterous students the President's party passed rapidly afoot across the breadth of the campus to Alumni Hall. Handing his hat to a relative, who stood near him, the President donned his mortar-board cap and his black silken gown. The cap was of black, with a violet-colored tassel. The gown bore three broad black velvet bars across each sleeve. No sooner was His Excellency gowned than many old friends pressed forward to greet him.

"Who could have dreamed that the blue of old Yale would ever wave in honor of me?" said Roosevelt, in my hearing. He spoke of his own *Alma Mater*, Harvard, with loving pride, but evinced every sign of delight at the honor Yale was about to bestow. It was a pretty episode and served to pass a pleasant quarter hour. Then the procession toward the gateway through Vanderbilt Hall to the Hyperion Theatre was quickly formed. Police cleared the path. Here and there secret service men in broadcloth and duly rosetted in blue fell into the line. It was a mistake of them not to have worn the mortar board; the tall silk hats made them look like English mutes at a funeral.

The rapid tramp through Durfee Gateway and past old South College to Vanderbilt Hall was a scene of continuous ovation. Cap and gown had so transformed the young and sprightly President of the United States that his best friend would hardly have recognized him. His hands were gravely clasped across his stomach, and the eyes, that are oftenest alertly cast upward and everywhere, were solemnly upon the ground. He was as grave as a monk from the Abbey of Eli in the time of King Canute.

In the Summer of 1905, Theodore Roosevelt induced two great nations at war, Japan and

Russia, to send commissioners to Portsmouth, N. H., where a peace was arranged that brought to an end the bloodiest conflict in all history. The morning sun of sincerity and fact dispelled the fog of personal detraction and political jealousy then rising over the President's conduct as a radical. He has been described as "the man militant"; he loomed up before all the world as a practical peace-maker.

My acquaintance with William H. Taft began while he was Secretary of War. I had seen him before but had not met him. When he became President of the Red Cross Society of the United States, he took an active part in extending the work of that splendid organization and his name was a tower of strength thereto. At the Ohio Society dinner in New York, after his election to the Presidency of the United States, I heard him reiterate his pledges to carry out "the Roosevelt policies," as he described the correction of abuses under which the country was suffering. That he has tried to keep that pledge, no one can doubt. His administration is one of great promise, although he has not escaped criticism. It is too early to take the measure of his activities. Next to Roosevelt's, his name will be indissolubly associated with the creation of the Panama Canal, the pacification of the Philippines and the inauguration of a Colonial policy for the United States.

Forensic ability has secured nominations in badly divided national conventions; but never has a man famous as an orator attained the White House.

Not going beyond our own memories, most of us can recall Stephen A. Douglas. He was a much more finished orator than Lincoln. He had studied Webster and Clay, who had staked their fates on oratory. They had failed of success in their ambitions. Edward Everett had tried for the Vice-Presidency. But the plain "rail-splitter" of his own state swept Douglas out of public life. A. K. McClure said that "Lincoln was nominated by a convention in which two-thirds of the delegates were for Seward." In Lincoln's second contest, McClellan wasn't an orator.

In the struggle between Grant and Seymour, the oratory of the Democratic candidate was

of a mild character; but he had a fine presence on the rostrum and spoke with readiness.

Horace Greeley would have been a fine orator had he possessed a voice; but the high falsetto key in which he always spoke at first amused and then annoyed his hearers. The silent man of Appomattox was elected.

Tilden was a fine speaker before a court of judges sitting *in banc*, despite his insignificant figure. Whether or not he thought himself an orator would be hard to guess. But a countryman from Ohio, named Hayes, got the White House job from him. He was rarely listened to with attention when in the House of Representatives. Ben. Butler, "the holy terror," dominated that legislative body most of the time Hayes was there, and long after. He "sat upon" Garfield and Hayes as if he didn't know they were there. Blaine had been suggested at Cincinnati, by Ingersoll, but failed of nomination.

Garfield thought himself an orator, but he wasn't. He could talk, as could Benjamin Harrison; but there were half a dozen cleverer men on the floor of Congress. Hancock was a soldier and never made a speech during the campaign. The New York *Sun* disposed of him by announcing his weight as 250 pounds.

The Cleveland-Blaine contest of 1884 brought to the front the most magnetic orator in public life this generation has known. Webster may have been more ponderous. Clay may have been more logical and scholarly; but Blaine had a voice that delighted the ear. He was keen at fence, quick to divine a thrust and to anticipate it; popular in the same sense as Clay—an all-round brilliant character. And yet he was defeated on the very ground where he ought to have been invulnerable. A lot of fussy parsons secured an appointment for an audience; their spokesman interjected into his "few remarks" a passing reference to "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" which Blaine didn't hear. A *World* reporter was the only scribe who caught the words and printed them. That the language was used never was denied; but Blaine was caught napping and failed to denounce the speaker's attack upon a faith to which his own family belonged. He could and would have rebuked Burchard in a way

that would have made capital for the candidature had he been up to his usual mental alertness; but splendid oratory during that campaign didn't save Blaine. Cleveland, who couldn't be described as an orator by his wildest admirer, was chosen President by a narrow popular plurality of 23,005. The Electoral College stood 219 to 185. But the orator was bowled out, which is what I set out to show.

Benjamin Harrison probably was the nearest approach to an orator of any man who has gone to the White House in our day. He was not regarded as a brilliant talker in the Senate, for he was overshadowed by the traditions of the place. Conkling had left the Chamber, yet he was remembered. So was Ingalls. But Harrison while in the Senate never attempted an oratorical flight; he did not "raise his voice" or speak with impassioned fervor. He was cold, calm, calculating as a ratchet wheel! He was the same when President, and after his retirement to private life. Ingersoll understood him and told Harrison the steely truth about himself. Thurman, who was on the ticket with Cleveland, had a record for oratory of the old school, but he went down to defeat. Candidates were reversed in 1892, when Cleveland was chosen over Harrison, renominated, but oratory, such as it was, got a black eye that time.

William McKinley wasn't an orator in any of the senses that Ingersoll, Blaine and Conkling were. He prepared his speeches with elaborate care and when addressing the House always clung to his notes. In my press gallery experience between 1877 and 1896, I probably heard McKinley speak at length a dozen times. He always impressed a listener with his earnestness and that is the best to be said for his oratory.

But opposed to him was a born orator. This country hasn't known, in our generation, anything exactly like Bryan's wonderful mastery of the human voice. Ingersoll had spurts of eloquence; Blaine had much of the sympathetic quality of voice as Bryan, but neither man could stand comparison with the orator of the North Platte. I listened to the "Crown of Thorns" speech at Chicago—a memorable

outburst from a dull sky that drove nearly every delegate in the Convention Hall to him, as a shower in an open field sends a crowd scurrying to the nearest shed for shelter. And yet, during a trip made with Bryan in his car, I heard many finer specimens of true and emotional oratory than was that wonderful and compelling rampage at Chicago. I would prize as one of my choicest possessions a stenographic copy of a ten-minute speech Bryan made from a store box at Logan, O.—a wretched mining town in the southeastern section of the Buckeye State. It touched the heart of every man, woman and child in the crowd.

But Bryan the orator has thrice walked the political plank!

President Roosevelt is a speechmaker, beyond question; but it is improbable he'd call himself an orator. He speaks with extreme, energized force. His gestures are tremendously forceful. His speech at Philadelphia, seconding McKinley's nomination, was marred by the fact that he read most of it. Had he memorized it, that address might have been described as oratory.

The list of orators who aspired to the Presidency hasn't been exhausted by any means; but with the exceptions of Clay, Webster and Lincoln, I have only talked about men I have heard speak or have personally known. To this class must be added the ponderous, jolly, aggressive Thomas B. Reed. Reed thought he could hammer himself into the White House. He didn't give dinners to get votes,—as did Vice-President Fairbanks eight years later,—because he hadn't any confidence in a culinary campaign. But Joe Manley never could convince him he couldn't get delegates by dragging the House of Representatives or by putting another man in his Speaker's chair so that he might go upon the floor and "slam things" with his ponderous voice and not less terrifying fist.

Reed got his lesson at St. Louis, on June 16, 1896, when Warwick Hanna "allowed" 64½ votes to be cast for Reed, after McKinley's nomination on the first ballot was assured. It is doubtful if Reed ever knew how Hanna did the McKinley trick. Oratory didn't do it.

CHAPTER VIII

CITY EDITOR AND FOREIGN EDITOR



ON MY return from an assignment one afternoon, I was notified I had been appointed City Editor. This was in November, 1876, and I was not 26 years of age. One never was

astonished at good or bad fortune on the *Herald*: all came "in the day's work." I took charge at once, succeeding Edward Flynn, with W. J. C. Meighan as my assistant. The Brooklyn theatre fire occurred that night, an event I am never likely to forget. It serves to illustrate the difficulties of gathering news at that time, compared with the present day—when telephones, taxicabs, bridges, subways and rapidly-moving trolleys are at the service of a city editor and his reporters. The fire had been burning an hour before I could learn where it was and judge its importance. From the roof of the *Herald* building—unobstructed in view by skyscrapers—the conflagration appeared to be in one of the warehouses on the opposite side of the river. The Williamsburg man, who had come to the office on a ferry-boat, corroborated that assumption. If he were right, the Brooklyn staff was competent to take care of the fire. Finally, owing to personal anxiety, I sent my assistant, Mr. Meighan, across to Brooklyn. The ferry ran at quarter-hour intervals and thirty precious minutes elapsed before Meighan reached the scene. Gathering what facts he could, he hastened back knowing, by experience, that the important use of news is to get it printed. His two-column report was masterly. Although the police assured him everybody had escaped, he wrote his account in the subjunctive mood, so that if dead were discovered he would have predicted the calamity. I made the heading and ventured a line "Sad Loss of Life!" Next day the discovery came that more than three hundred people had been burned or suffocated! City

Editor Shanks, of the *Tribune*, who lived in Brooklyn and was bound homeward, was first upon the ground and had rather the best report in any newspaper. He had an hour longer to work but did not positively announce loss of life! Meighan's work that night caused him to be appointed my successor, when I was transferred to the Foreign Desk, on the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war, in the following year. It was a just reward to him.

The World's Fair at Philadelphia was of inestimable benefit to New York. It brought a million visitors during that Summer,—Western people who never had seen the East. It marked the first impulse toward the cultivation of a national taste for art. Although rude "hayseeds" mutilated valuable statues in their curiosity to see whether they were stone or plaster, and a few holes were poked in rare canvasses by equally crude human atoms, the paintings and marbles in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, had an enduring influence upon the American people. At that time, there was nothing like a serious collection of art work anywhere in this country. Boston had an art museum and New York had the quaint Venetian building at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, where a few good pictures were to be seen; the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on West Fourteenth street, was a joke, although endowed with statuary and canvasses from the private collections of John Taylor Johnson and Henry Marquand. It occupied a building adjoining the present site of Salvation Army Headquarters. Modest as was its beginning, it was the progenitor of the splendid museum in Central Park, which promises to develop into one of the great institutions of the world.

Another artistic impulse that the metropolis received from Philadelphia in that year was the general use of wall papering. Interior walls of the houses of the wealthy had been

painted or covered with satin; but New Yorkers found the homes of the Quaker City, poor and rich alike, decorated with paper. There are many qualities of wall paper; some of the decorative attempts were failures; but the eternal white walls to which New Yorkers were accustomed gradually disappeared. The poor of New York began to paper their own walls, a reform that extended even to the tenements. Personally, I have always believed painted walls and ceilings are best for tenants not naturally cleanly, because they can be washed and germs of contagious diseases removed. However, in 1876, comparatively little was known about parasitic diseases,—not until 1883 did Dr. Koch discover the bacillus of consumption and the spirillum of cholera.

Among the many incidents of my city editorship, a few may be told. One evening my assistant was late in arriving. The hour was seven and I was alone at the city desk when a tall figure appeared and gazed at me across an iron railing.

"Do you recognize me?" the stranger asked.

"Yes; you are Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Assurance Company."

"Correct; you can do me a favor. I require identification at the advertising window, downstairs, where a young man will not take my check."

"I will go down with you," I replied.

In the counting-room, a chunky, red-headed clerk refused to take Mr. Hyde's check for a half-page advertisement—something like \$300; but he concluded that he "would take a risk if Mr. Chambers would indorse the check." He reasoned that I might be discharged the next day and if the check came back he might have to pay it. Thus did I, on one occasion, make one of Mr. Hyde's checks current! In later years, I was a guest of James H. Hyde, son of the founder of the Equitable, on a coach run from New York to Lakewood and heard him tell of the episode.

Mr. H. B. Hyde wrote all his own advertisements and personally attended to placing them; the *Herald* in those days gave credit to nobody and a clerk who received a check in payment did so at his own risk. To me, as I mentally recur to it, the incident is decidedly humorous. Times have changed.

Another incident of my incumbency of the city desk was the re-publication by Appleton of the London edition of "A Mad World" and the bitter controversy its appearance provoked with Dr. Brown and the Asylum management. In this matter, Mr. Bennett came to my support as valiantly as St. Clair McKelway had done in the *Eagle* four years previously. He authorized me to print a rejoinder under my official title—an unmistakable evidence of good will.

During this period, I became acquainted with Theodore N. Vail, then taking his first interest in the Bell telephone, of which he is to-day the master spirit. If Professor S. F. B. Morse and Judge Alfred Vail "put all the world on the wire," Theodore N. Vail, by developing the telephone of Prof. Bell into a commercial magnitude that compelled a consolidation therewith of the largest telegraph corporation of this country, has put most of the world on speaking terms. He was recently made President of the mightiest commercial corporation in the world, with the single exception of the United States Steel Company. Here's a man I like to talk about! Two generations of Vails have witnessed and cooperated in the creation of the most profitable and ingenious scientific means of making capital earn dividends that the human mind has devised. Second only to the development of the steel industry, the telegraph-telephone wizardry must long remain the symbol of Aladdin's lamp for conjuring fabulous wealth from an idea.

Theodore N. Vail, at the age of 62, absolute master of this second mechanical industry of the world, had the humble beginning of an Ohio farmer's lad; but he enjoyed an excellent academic education and his preëminence has been attained by gradual but never uncertain steps. The secret of triumph in whatever he attempted was that he early comprehended that his mind had a mechanical, rather than professional, bent. Whatever he did was executed with enthusiasm, as if existence depended upon his efficiency.

The Vails originally came from New England, but there was a colony of the family at Morristown, N. J. Theodore's parents separated from that group and migrated to Carroll

county, Ohio, where, on a farm miles from town, July 16, 1845, this boy was born. The Morristown Vails thought so highly of the public schools in their own aristocratic community, among the beautiful New Jersey hills, that they induced Theodore's parents to send the youngster from Ohio to gather what education was to be had.

After a subsequent academic course, Theodore began reading medicine under the direction of an uncle; but Judge Alfred Vail's influence upon the young man caused him to abandon medicine and enter upon the comparatively new branch of electrical science. In the same way in which young Judge Vail had been of service to Morse, Theodore N. Vail was destined to aid Bell and Hubbard at a time when help was needed.

Somewhat similar to the careers of Carnegie and Edison, we next hear of young Vail at work as telegraphist in New York. So efficient was he that when the Union Pacific railroad began business, he was offered a position as station master and telegraph operator at one of the towns on the new line. It was not anything to turn the head of a man of 20, but Vail went West. When the Government began to utilize the new mail route to the Pacific coast, transition from telegraphic work to railway mail service was natural. For six years, with his home in Omaha, young Vail made the run as mail clerk between the Missouri river and Ogden. The efficiency of his work attracted attention at Washington. Mail by this route was often delivered one or two days ahead of that sacked by other clerks, because Vail thoroughly informed himself regarding the proper places at which to put it off his car for best connections. He was taken into the office of the General Superintendent of Railway Mails and in a year's time rose to be chief assistant.

During this period, in November, 1874, I first met Theodore N. Vail in the office of Postmaster George Fairman, at Philadelphia. He was engaged on an investigation of importance; but my long-while friend Fairman made us acquainted and friendship has existed ever since.

The Philadelphia Exposition proved to be the turning point in many an American career.

Mr. Vail saw the interesting device of Prof. Bell, just as a million other visitors did; but, unlike nearly everybody else, he comprehended its future possibilities, if its mechanism could be perfected. Herein appeared the value of his inherited passion for electrical science and he began a serious study of the imperfect "toy," as it was then playfully described.

Several men in this country, especially in Boston and Lowell, literally stumbled into vast fortunes by "taking chances" in Bell Telephone stock about 1876, when its shares



THEODORE N. VAIL

were going begging; but Mr. Vail was not one of those persons. He studied his subject carefully. He foresaw the boundless possibilities of such an invention; he invested every dollar he had saved in the West and held on to his shares with grim determination. One of his earliest purchases, for about \$2,400, was a block of stock for which he was ultimately offered two round million dollars! Much courage was required to hold on. He associated himself with Bell and the inventor's father-in-law, Hubbard, and increased his holdings in the parent and subordinate companies. He left the Railway Mail service,

after introducing numerous improvements in the handling of letters *en route*. Many features in use to-day are due to Mr. Vail's thorough study of the demands, carried out before he was thirty years of age. First among other things, the postal clerks were made to study geography. Examinations were held, every little while, and ignorance was followed by dismissal. Mr. Vail disclaims credit for the introduction of the first fast mail trains between New York and Chicago, but there is good reason for crediting him with the awakening that ultimately developed special trains, exclusively of mail cars, making the distance inside 24 hours. "The Limited White Mail" it was called, because all its cars were white.

When the experimental stages were past, and a reorganization of the Bell corporations was effected in 1878, Mr. Vail undertook the general management of the company. His duties chiefly involved the installation of exchange service in a score of the larger cities of this country. The exchange system was undeveloped and nine years of such work sprinkled Vail's leonine head with gray hairs; but, at the end of that time, the telephone became a commercial success, although the mechanism left much to be desired. Connections, few as the calls were, in comparison with to-day, were slow and often indistinct. During this time, a discovery was made that copper could be drawn into wire cold and its conductivity greatly increased thereby. Mr. Vail immediately adopted the use of copper instead of iron wire and reached the turning point in the problem. Emile Berliner, who first used induction coils; Thomas B. Doolittle, discoverer of the possibilities of cold drawn copper wire, making "long distance" feasible; John Carty, of the "bridging bell," and Prof. Bell himself all contributed to the development of the marvellous device now so familiar to every man, woman and child. Personally, I can remember that when in Paris, in the summer of 1887, one had to talk against a thin pine shaving for a transmitter. All these discouraging obstacles had to be and were overcome. By 1890, the Bell telephone had acquired reliability and constancy; it had ceased to have freaks of non-transmissibility, alternating with complete satisfaction in wholly unaccountable ways.

The story of the Bell Telephone for the first twenty-five years is wholly one of building and re-building; of pulling down machinery not worn out to set in its place something better and more expensive. The entire New York plant was rebuilt three times in sixteen years. By 1887 there was no difficulty in securing the necessary capital. It responded easily, whereas in the early days it was difficult to find. As late as 1896, when an apparently final type of apparatus was in use, an entire revolution in the methods of operating appeared. The common battery switch-board was installed; one central battery superseded hundreds of tiny local batteries, but the art of operating had to be relearned! In 1887, New York had talked to Boston over a \$70,000 line of copper wire; by 1892 talking was in progress between Chicago and the metropolis over 1,000 miles of wire. To-day the average number of daily calls in Greater New York is 1,500,000!

Theodore N. Vail, who had become president in 1885, was the first efficient organizer of the telephone business. To him more than to any other man is due the creation of the immense Bell system with its 7,000,000 'phones and its 11,000,000 miles of wire. In New York, he established the first successful company, raised the capital, developed the suburbs and put the wires under ground. The value of the telephone to business had been demonstrated. It now became a question of building machines with sufficient rapidity and expanding the exchanges. Trade had monopolized its use, but society began to demand its installation in residences.

Having an ample fortune, vast beyond the wildest dream of an Ohio farmer's son, Mr. Vail retired from the general management and devoted several years to travel. Especially was he delighted with a long stay in Italy. After enjoying Europe thoroughly, he crossed the Atlantic at its narrowest point to Buenos Aires, and, then visiting, *en route*, the chief cities of Brazil, returned to New York.

While in Argentina, however, he had done two characteristic things. His mind naturally saw everything through eyes of electrical possibility. Visiting the inland city of Cordoba, he beheld an immense reservoir built by

damming up a valley, for the irrigation of an arid plain; but over the crest of this dam thousands of tons of water power were running to waste every hour. Mr. Vail had no difficulty in leasing the use of the waste water and, installing turbines sufficient to consume it, he built a station for dynamos at the reservoir. In a few months, he was supplying light, traction and power for manufacturing uses to the neighboring city! This was one of the earliest revelations to South Americans of the capacities of "white coal." Their minds comprehended that what they had been wasting was sufficient to light their houses and streets, to draw their street-cars and to turn the wheels of their manufactories! When he returned to the capital of Argentina, Mr. Vail bought a wretched little horse-car line, traversing some of the principal thoroughfares. He secured it for a trifle, to him, but he could see that it was the key to the entire future trolley system of Buenos Aires. As a matter of fact, he forgot this purchase for nearly two years, so completely satisfied was he with the Cordoba experiment. He bought a farm near Lyndenville, Vt., on his return to the United States, and settled down to enjoy the life of a country farmer. Thus did early environment assert its influence over a brain of unusual activity. He kept adding to the original 700 acres, until to-day the Vail ranch is nearly 11 square miles in area and contains 7,000 acres. But that is another story.

The retired capitalist had three years' experience raising corn at \$5 per ear and keeping cows that gave milk worth a dollar a quart. He enjoyed it, and often drove his fine horses across the Canadian frontier as far as good roads lasted; but one night, seated in his library reading "On a Margin," the "old feeling" came over him. He remembered the little horse-railroad in Buenos Aires! Next day he was on a train for New York. He sent for a few friends. A pool was arranged, and on the steamer which sailed for the River Plate, a week later, was Theodore N. Vail, full of enthusiasm of youth. He arrived unostentatiously. He appeared not to have any business on his mind; but in a month's time he had either bought, or effected a traffic agreement with, ten other small roads in the big

city. These he consolidated and electrified. Time was necessary, but it passed pleasantly. Mr. Vail formed the acquaintance of all the financially strong Britons in the city, having in mind a future utilization of their wealth. All the dynamos, rails and cars were ordered by cable from sources that could supply them with greatest promptitude. In eighteen months, the traction system of Buenos Aires had been revolutionized. The earning capabilities of the consolidated companies were obvious. Their manager did not have to wait long until he was approached by English capitalists, and at a big, round profit to all original stockholders, especially to the promoter, they were allowed to purchase.

Again back to the farm, with three-quarters of a million more funds than before leaving. This time he was bound to stay out of business! Everything that mortal man could desire was his. But sad days were in store for him. His only son, who had completed a course at Harvard and was the pride of his father, sickened and died. In 1904, the devoted wife who had married him in 1869, when he was a station agent at a desolate post on the North Platte, and had shared his travels as well as his successes, was taken from him. These two blows shook the strong man terribly. When, therefore, the American Telephone Company, in which Mr. Vail's interests were large, had become so overgrown that complete overhauling was necessary, the directors and stockholders, headed by United States Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, asked Theodore N. Vail to again take the laboring oar. He exacted many conditions. One of his earliest *coups* was a consolidation of many telegraphic and telephone interests into one gigantic corporation, which in amount of capital is only exceeded by the United States Steel Company. There he is to-day, dividing his time between the New York and Boston offices and his Vermont farm, — with which he is connected by a special copper wire that hasn't a "cut in" anywhere in its 400 miles.

Who can say that the telephone doesn't make talk? A special report issued recently by the Bureau of the Census shows that in 1910 about 14,500,000 miles of telephone wires in the United States were used in the transmis-

sion of more than 12,000,000,000 messages or "talks." The growth of the telephone has been the most prodigious spectacle in modern science. In 1880 there were in use only 34,305 miles of telephone wire; in 1890 the mileage had increased to 240,412. These figures are approximate only. Improvement in mechanism and the demonstrated usefulness of the now familiar and indispensable instrument resulted in an increase in wire mileage to 4,900,451 in 1902. Five years witnessed a growth to 8,098,918 miles. The number of communicating instruments in use, 1907, were 6,118,578. A near guess estimates the amount paid by the American people alone for the use of telephone service last year at \$235,000,000. Of the six million 'phones in use in 1907, 685,512 were in New York State. That number has been increased 50 per cent. within the past four years. This showing does not represent the extent of the use to which the wonderful machine is put. Thousands of systems are installed in hotels, apartment houses, clubs, factories, offices and large private houses, for use exclusively within their confines. Police telephone boxes are familiar objects upon the streets of most cities. Many railways are operated by telephone orders instead of by telegraph. Thirty-five years ago the telephone was regarded as an interesting scientific toy; to-day it has become a commercial and household necessity.

The combination of the American Telephone Company with the Western Union Telegraph Company was a very natural one. Electricity is the active agent in both enterprises. No student of electrical science in this country can give instruction to President Vail in this marvellous branch of modern science. He has been nurtured on that current since boyhood.

The aim of President Vail is to supply universal service. As a first step he is bending every energy toward giving Transcontinental communication, that is, speech between New York and San Francisco. The New York-Denver circuit, opened about two years ago, has a length of over 2,000 miles; that is to say, it is more than twice the length of the line to New York or St. Louis. When the Denver circuit was opened, it was regarded as

the limit of telephonic communication; but to-day the human voice can be distinguished as readily at that distance as between this city and Washington. It was a long step from Chicago to Denver; an even longer stride of 1,350 miles is required to carry the service into the city at the Golden Gate.

Mr. Bennett's yachting experience was of value to him, as an incident will show.

"What's the most important news tonight?" he asked, one evening, when I was on the city desk.

"A National Line steamer has arrived with the captain, crew and passengers of 'L'Amérique'—nobody lost," I replied.

"What are the circumstances?" he asked, with animation.

"The engines of the French boat broke down; Captain Lamaria, her commander, hoisted signals of distress, and, when the British steamer came along, abandoned his ship. Captain Queen, of the British boat, put a prize crew aboard the derelict with orders to sail her to Queenstown. Then the Frenchman wanted to return to his ship and resume command; but the Britisher wouldn't permit him to do so. So 'Frenchy' is hot mad and swears he'll have the Englishman's commission taken from him."

"That's a good story!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett, having listened, attentively. "Now, what do you think about it? Did the Englishman do right in stopping Lamaria's return? Will he be sustained?"

Here was a perilous question of commercial as well as international law, but I took an even chance and boldly replied:

"Captain Queen is undoubtedly right; the sea belongs to no man, and property once abandoned thereon goes to the finder."

"You're right!" exclaimed Mr. Bennett; "and I'll tell you why I know——" and he told the following characteristic story:

"I had a party of friends on the 'Dauntless.' Becalmed off the Isle of Wight, we drifted on a bar. Tide was at the ebb and we were due to stay there for several hours. Somebody suggested we could shoot snipe ashore; and, taking guns, we left the yacht in the cutter. The sailing master asked to go ashore in the

dingy also, as he wanted to make some purchases. The yacht was virtually in charge of the steward. This fellow thought a lot of me and wanted to do me a good turn; so, when he saw a tug coming up the Solent, he hailed her, took a line and had my boat pulled off the bar into deep water. The captain of that tug at once libelled the yacht for salvage; the good intentions of my steward cost me 1,200 pounds! That's why I know your opinion is correct. The *Herald* must stand by the Englishman, because he's right. Have an editorial written saying this —" and he outlined the leading article for the night.

It is impossible to omit mention of the encounter between Bennett and May. A young Marylander, named Fred. May, nursing a real or fancied affront, lay in wait for the editor in front of the Union Club and when Bennett appeared, struck him with a whip. Mr. Bennett's valor on the occasion never was questioned. A meeting was arranged, but accurate details of the affair did not become public until many months later. I was city editor at the time, and after the managing editor, Tom Connery, had declined to give any orders, I reported the arrest and trial of the seconds, exactly as if the editor of the journal had not been concerned.

With that encounter at Delmar, on the Delaware and Maryland line, Mr. Bennett's American career terminated. He returns to

his native land occasionally, but his life is lived in Paris, where he is universally popular with the French people.

A few days before the final preparations for blowing up the Hell Gate reef, I visited the workings under the river with a party of engineers. At the completion of the trip, a group of wet and chilled enthusiasts assembled in the office of Chief-Engineer Newton at Hallet's Point, Astoria. Several kinds of restoratives were offered. General Shaler stood at one side of me and General McClellan on the other. As happened, General Newton set a bottle before me and I was about to pour out a dose of medicine when the former Commander of the Army of the Potomac spoke:

"Put the cork in the bottle and turn it upside down; then shake it!"

"Wherein is the philosophy?" I asked.

"The best whiskey has some fusil oil," answered General McClellan. "It is a poison and floats upon the top. Unless you shake a bottle that has been standing, as this one has, you get most of it. If you shake it, you divide with the next man."

When the great mass of water and rock rose high into the air, on the memorable Sunday of the blast, I witnessed it from the lower end of Ward's Island. A tremendous wave was created that I narrowly escaped by running to higher ground. Many sightseers were thoroughly wet.



CHAPTER IX

AN ERA OF WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT



THE acquisition of money is the business of the world.

Wall street was well known to me. I had served an apprenticeship there, as a *Tribune* reporter, during which time—by a most unusual courtesy of the Board of Governors—I was given a card that admitted me to the floor of the Stock Exchange. Due to this experience, in the years that followed, upon the *Herald*, I was assigned to describe nearly all the panics that occurred in the financial centre—beginning with the Jay Cooke failure of 1873 and including several that were wholly local in their effects. Nearly every prominent broker of that period was personally known to me. When Summer came I received invitations from yacht owners like the Osgoods, William Garner, William P. Douglas, Captain Loper, and several others to make the annual cruise on their boats—all impossible to accept. I recall the Harriman of those days and did not foresee that he would become even a mightier financial giant than Jay Gould or Henry N. Smith. The introduction of the stock ticker, a crude affair at first, revolutionized the business of Wall street. The stock list, as printed in the daily papers, began to increase in length, but it grew downward, like the rank and noxious upas tree. Daily transactions rarely exceeded a quarter million shares. With the ticker, as finally developed, record of sales were simultaneously conveyed directly into a hundred brokers' offices, where customers could see them and make their wagers. The banks were developing strength. They loaned money to brokers, taking listed stocks as collateral for repayment.

The New York Stock Exchange celebrated its centenary on May 17, 1892. Twenty-five residents of New York had met on that same day, 1792, under a tall buttonwood tree, stand-

ing where 60 Wall street now is and agreed thus: "We do hereby solemnly promise and pledge ourselves to each other that we will not buy or sell from this day for any person whatsoever, any kinds of public stocks at less than one-quarter of one per cent. commission on the specie value thereof, and that we will give a preference to each other in our negotiations." The price of a seat on that exchange in 1823 was \$25; in 1863, \$3,000; in 1892, \$35,000; and in 1909, \$90,000.

During the Summer of 1877, a slim, healthy skinned man of medium height, alert and wary, if one might judge from his eyes, came across the Continent in a private car. He was 39 years of age and had been born in England. When 14 years old, his parents had taken him to California, where he had grown up amid the excitement of the days succeeding the gold fever of 1849. Whether the journey to the Golden Gate was made by Panama or across the plains, I never have known, but young James Robert Keene early developed a passion for commercial life. He tried practical mining in California and Nevada, but the early Seventies found him employed in a brokerage house of San Francisco. What capital he had accumulated as a miner and as a speculator, he held in readiness for the great *coup* that offered when the Bonanza mines were discovered in Nevada. With the same courage he has ever since displayed, young Keene, then little more than 30, hazarded his entire capital on Virginia, Hale & Norcross and Ophir shares. When these stocks began to soar toward high prices, Keene disregarded all advice to take moderate profits. Not only did he hold on, but borrowing upon his already appreciated possessions, bought more shares. He closed out very near top prices and found himself the possessor of more than \$6,000,000 cash. He then rested for a time, making a voyage to Japan, by way

of Hawaii. On his return, he was chosen President of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. When he thought the time ripe, he transferred his money to New York, and, harkening to the call of the American metropolis, took train for the East.

Remarkable success achieved by this man, previously unknown to New York, made him an object of exceptionable solicitude. He was "interviewed," willy nilly, at every large city through which his train passed. His efforts to escape publicity were ignored, because, in 1877, six millions in cash were tenfold greater in amount than they would be thought to-day! With the exception of the Astors and Vanderbilts, few men in the East possessed anything like such an amount of money. Eight years after that time, when Moses Taylor died and left \$10,000,000, the commercial world stood aghast. One can easily understand, therefore, why this comparatively young Anglo-American was an object of interest. The large operators of Wall street, men who had amassed big bunches of money by "doing" each other, regarded the new comer as lawful prey. Several of them said so. Others, less talkative, were not less hopeful or willing to relieve him of his money.

Things went smoothly for the man from the Golden Gate at first. He made several fine "turns" that would have done credit to Henry N. Smith or Mr. Gould. For ten years, Mr. Keene held his own against the cleverest of his rivals on that "Barbary Coast." Sometimes he grappled with them single handed; at other times he met them in echelon or in platoon,—euphemisms for "cabal" or "syndicate." In May, 1884, a combination of nearly a score of the wildest financial buccanners on the coast, said without intentional offence,—caught Keene in a grain deal and "trimmed him proper," according to the ethics of the locality.

About this time, I came to know James R. Keene. By curious fatality, although I had been well acquainted with "bare-headed" Harriman, as the afterward monarch of the Street was known during the Seventies, because he rarely wore a hat when "hustling" between the board-room and his office, I had not encountered "The Man from California."

I met him in the days of his adversity. I had known Stockwell when he was the heaviest trader in the market and after he had been "done." But here was a very different kind of man. If ever any human creature, deceived by false friends who gloated over his downfall, were entitled to inscribe as his motto, "*felix adverso*" (happy in adversity), that man is James R. Keene. No mortal creature knew exactly how badly he was crippled. Most



JAMES R. KEENE

people thought him "down and out." His former cronies, for many of whom he had made moderate fortunes, had no further use for him. I have seen him sitting alone in the Broadway corner of the Delmonico café, then at Twenty-sixth street, when not a man who had known him appeared to be conscious of the fact. Those must have been terrible years.

Once or twice, when I had the candor to approach and sit with him a few minutes, I left Mr. Keene with a doubt as to whether my sincere good will was desired or understood. But he became to me an ideal hero of commercial life. During this darkest period I published a column describing the courage necessary for a Fabian policy such as this man obviously was playing. Without mentioning him, I told how his schemes had been ambushed by misleading information; how the bugle had sounded for the charge, wound by a close associate that afterward claimed a personal triumph. I told how this man had ridden into the valley of financial death, only to escape alive with the utter destruction of his fortune.

Every operator in the Street understood the metaphors and the allegories. I received a note from Mr. Keene expressing sincere appreciation. A tie was formed that no influence has been able to weaken in the twenty years that have followed. Another human bond between us cropped out in the discovery that I had been with Commodore Foxhall Parker during the five weeks' Naval drill in Florida Bay, Spring of 1874. Commodore Parker was Mr. Keene's uncle; his only son is named Foxhall in honor of that distinguished officer.

James R. Keene began his new and far more brilliant career about 1896. His commanding genius as a manipulator of the market brought to him several of the mightiest financial combinations in America. The Standard Oil Company employed him to sell its copper properties. J. P. Morgan called upon him in some of his greatest emergencies. While other large operators were buying stocks in thousand share lots, Keene would trade daily in fifty to one hundred thousand shares through a dozen brokers! I used to call at his office occasionally, to find him in a darkened room on the sixth floor of the Johnston building giving cipher orders over half a dozen telephone wires. A glance at the tape, from time to time, serves to keep him thoroughly informed regarding the course of the market. If his blow is not being properly delivered, the ticker warns him. It speaks a language he understands. Then the lover of literature

becomes a man of action. Orders to buy are doubled, or doubled again. If he be "a bear," stocks are poured into the Exchange as from a hopper! Such is the story of five hours of five days in the week. Saturday is almost no day, being only two hours long, commercially.

But the time to enjoy meeting James R. Keene is in the evening, after he has dined and while he is converting a large cigar into smoke. Then he is as thoroughly divorced from business as if he were on a yacht in midocean. In a room on the tenth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria, surrounded by every luxury that money can supply, and with direct telephonic connection to all the centers of trade and information, sits this remarkable man, whose name is upon thousands of tongues every day and who is credited with influencing the most enormous financial policies. He is inaccessible to those unknown to him, but always within reach of people he trusts.

Mr. Keene loves speculation as a bull-dog loves fight. He handled the gigantic Amalgamated Copper *coup* for the Standard Oil speculators; and on that desperate day when Harriman and Hill fought for control of the Northern Pacific and Wall Street went mad, it was J. P. Morgan who threw Keene into the inferno and brought out a victory for the Hill forces. Mr. Keene more than regained his fortune in that famous "bull panic" of May, 1901, when the titanic struggle for the control of the Northern Pacific occurred between E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill. Shares of the railroad that had "broken" Jay Cooke & Co. in 1873, and had sold in open market as low as \$3, soared to \$1,000. The "Bonanza" experience was repeated! Mr. Keene had plenty of long stock and did not hesitate to let it go. But this financier has a very human side. One Winter, when laid up in his apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria with a broken knee-cap, he conducted a good campaign. The day was bitterly cold and the whistling winds at times drowned the sound of the ticker. He looked out his window and saw a poorly clad woman shivering on the street. Turning to his secretary he said, abruptly:

"Spend \$20,000 in the next twenty-four hours on people who are cold and hungry!"

He then added: "And tell the boys not to ask any fool questions when they give the money."

Mr. Keene is intensely fond of politics, an ardent admirer of President Roosevelt and a believer in the future value of the Philippines. Speaking of the results of the war in the Far East, he said among many other things:

"The triumph of Japan over Russia in Manchuria will change commercial and financial conditions throughout the civilized world. Japan will ultimately become one of the wealthy nations of the earth. Having risen in two years to the place accorded a power of the first class, her Mikado and Counsellors know that eternal vigilance alone can maintain the splendid preëminence achieved by their Army and Navy. Their energy will not abate.

"Naturally, the Japanese are intoxicated with ambition. They will extend Japan's sphere of influence along the entire Asian coast. Japan will solve the problem of China's future. Although the density of the population in the Flowery Kingdom may be exaggerated, there are more than 200,000,000 Chinese. In its large cities are stores of wealth that have been accumulating for centuries. These riches will now find outlet, and a large share of the money received therefor will be employed under Japan's direction, for China's betterment. Railroads, cotton- and woolen-mills will be built by Japanese engineers and architects and machinists. Before many years, a lethargic, moody race of mankind will be converted into a nation of manufacturers, tradesmen and mechanics. The possibilities of agriculture in the Middle Kingdom are endless. Almost every nameable cereal, fruit and vegetable can be grown somewhere in the broad expanse of the Chinese Empire. Cotton, coffee, tea and rice flourish in the southern provinces. China will not need any prompting from Japan to ask: 'Why should our people buy cotton or woolen goods from England or the United States?' That's what the 'Boycott' we hear so much talked about means. 'China has already awakened. The example of Japan's rise to a position of dignity among nations has not been lost upon the teeming millions of China. If a 'Yellow Peril' ever develop for us, owing to our ownership of the Philippines, it will be

equally grave to France, England and Germany, because of their possessions upon the eastern coast of Asia."

Love of the thoroughbred horse has been one of James R. Keene's most marked characteristics. When the racing season was on, he would leave a rising or a falling market to hurry to Sheephead Bay, Gravesend, or, later, Belmont Park to witness performances of his horses. For more than a decade, he maintained the largest racing stable in the United States. He was Vice-President of the Westchester Racing Association that managed Morris Park, before it was abandoned to the growth of the city. To this day Mr. Keene has a splendid stud farm at Castleton in the "blue-grass region" of Kentucky, which he frequently visits for rest and recreation. Mr. Keene has owned several monarchs of the American turf, among them probably the greatest horse ever bred in this country, the unforgettable Sysonby. This great animal, with an unbeaten record of two seasons, died of a sudden illness. Other famous horses belonging to the Keene stable were: Foxhall, bred in Kentucky and bought as a yearling for \$650, sent abroad and won the Grand Prix at Longchamps in 1881. In the same year, this horse ran second in England to the great Ben d'Or at the City and Suburban; also in the Cezarewitch, carrying 121 pounds. Domino won \$191,780 in 1893; Mr. Keene's stable winnings that year were \$279,458, an amount unprecedented on the American turf. Also may be mentioned Disguise, Cap and Bells, Commando, Charonac, Colin, Peter Pan, Superman, Celt, Pope Joan and Veil. In his early racing days, Mr. Keene owned Spendthrift, Dan Sparling and Dutch Roller.

During the year of the war in the Far East, Mr. Keene named his colts after Japanese warriors and diplomats. "Kuroki" was one of the yearlings. "Togo" was another. There was sentiment in this matter. Few people knew that Mr. Keene had lived about a year in Japan and found his stay beneficial to his health. The visit was made after his amazing *coup* in Bonanza mining stock and before he came East to live. In other respects, beside his love of horses, Mr. Keene is exceptional among Wall Street men. He is a great

reader, I might say, a constant student. Calling at his hotel suite during the Russo-Japanese War, I found him immersed in a study of Russian history. He felt a deep interest in the two countries, then at each other's throats, beyond any effect the conflict might have upon the stock market. He followed every step of Marshal Oyama's advance into Manchuria on a large map, fixing the locations of each division of the two great armies by white- and black-headed pins.

A bull movement of 1894 never has been explained until now. The Cherokee Nation sold its lands to the Government, in order that they be thrown open for settlement; the Cherokee Strip, as this reservation was known, was purchased for \$8,000,000, payable in twenty-year bonds. A committee of their people brought these bonds to New York to convert them into cash. The Cherokees, dwindled under the drastic erosion of civilization from a mighty nation to a few thousand, became homeless! They were poor in land, but wondrously rich in pocket! In the future, the chase would be a thing unknown; the tepee and the wigwam only a nebulous mental vision.

The Cherokees, literally driven into civilization, were better prepared for such a fate than any other native people; they had been a self-governing nation for a century and a half. During all those years, in their native simplicity, they escaped the sordid side of human life, never knew the sleepless nights entailed by anxieties of trade. Theirs had been a quiet, peaceful existence, but now, like other members of the Indian races, they were no longer to starve on reservations, to be defrauded by Government agents, robbed by post traders and physically injured by bad whiskey and other accompaniments of our civilization. They had had enough of these things. They did not kill agents or destroy homes of the whites, but sought retributive justice in a more potent and effective manner. Just as the Romans, at the end of the 18th century, set out to reconquer Gaul—as Napoleon with his Italian followers redeemed France from herself; as the artists, poets, litterateurs and statesmen of Southern France (nearly all Italian in blood and sympathy)

invaded Paris, giving to French statesmanship Leon Gambetta, to prose literature Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant and to poetry Mistral—so came the Cherokees to the financial centre of the continent, loaded with wealth and firm of purpose, to grapple with the commerce of the world! Would it not be a strange ethnological picture if the former owners of the Cherokee Strip, pushed to the wall and robbed of their rights, dominated the trade of the East and reestablished the supremacy of the red race on this continent?

Their whole history has been marked by the courage of forbearance. Patience, in the supreme effort to maintain good fellowship with white neighbors, has been the dominating characteristic of their history. Aye, they have a history which is readily traceable as far back as the end of the thirteenth century.

Dr. Brinton, the best living authority on the Indian races, identifies the Lenapes with the Cherokees. He declares that Cherokee history goes back to the Mound Builders. The Cherokees were driven from the Delaware to the Alleghanies, where they dwelt about 1540; thence west to the Ohio, whence they were forced in 1700; thence southward to North Carolina and Georgia, and then expatriated to a dreary reservation in the unexplored Western wilderness. They left behind them, all along their trail, evidence of their gentle and relatively humane character. Their tumuli abound in soapstone pipes, showing that the Cherokees belonged to the noble army of smokers—were the precursors of all followers in the wake of Sir Walter Raleigh. That they dwelt in Central Ohio is evident from the fact that the name Cherokee is fastened upon many villages and streams therein. Perhaps this is one reason why their fate and their future appeal so strongly to me. As a boy I knew their graves, I swam in a Cherokee creek and often visited one of the many villages named "Cherokee."

The system of government enjoyed by the Cherokee Nation always was democratic. As early as 1730, Sir Alexander Cumming, a special commissioner sent by King George, found the Cherokee Nation (then established in Georgia), a government of seven Mother Towns, each of which chose a chief to preside

over its people. This local ruler was elected out of certain families by popular ballot, and the descent was always on the mother's side. These Mother Towns sent a deputation to London on His British Majesty's ship "Fox," in May of that year. With them went the crown of the Cherokee Nation, an emblematic evidence of their national organization, and it was tangibly laid at the feet of the British King in token of complete submission to the then Home Government across the sea. In June, 1830, one hundred years afterward to a month, another delegation of the Cherokees visited Washington to protest against the laws that the State Legislature of Georgia had imposed upon them. This body of intelligent native Americans consulted Chief Justice Marshall, Chancellor William Wirt, Justice McLane, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay—all immortal names—and Mr. Wirt took their case before the United States Supreme Court. He made one of the greatest speeches of his life on the Cherokee question, in which occurred the memorable words, often quoted:

"We may gather laurels on the field of battle and trophies on the ocean, but they will never hide this foul blot on our national escutcheon. 'Remember the Cherokee Nation!' will be answer enough by any foreign rival to the largest boast we can make."

It is history that the Government treated these Indians just as it has other natives. It jockeyed them, just as a gypsy horse trainer might have done. The expatriation of the Cherokees soon followed, and on March 14, 1836—against a written request signed by 15,000 out of the 18,000 Cherokees—this noble and peaceful people were sent far beyond the Mississippi to a land of desolation and starvation, so distant from all existing channels of communication with the rest of humanity that it was doubtful if they would ever again emerge. A great race appeared to have ended its career in despair and gloom!

But the end had not come. With them they took a civilization infinitely superior to that existing among the whites of the frontier. In their Georgia homes, which they had left in tears and under protest, they enjoyed the benefits of schools; they had set up a native press, and, as early as 1828, had published *The*

Cherokee Phoenix. This journal was printed in a syllabic language, invented by one of their own people. We have only to read Foster's charming biography of this unlettered savage, who invented an alphabet and started the Cherokee people on the way to their present high state of civilization, to realize how far in advance they were of the border ruffians and Mexican bandits among whom they were thrown, to survive or perish as fate might decree.

But the Cherokees did not perish! They became an agricultural people: they converted thousands of square miles of sage brush and sunburned heather into green and smiling meadows and productive farms. They re-established schools. Under the leadership of Boudinot and Bushyhead, they organized a thoroughly equipped representative government, with its Senate and Lower House, sitting at Talequah, and over it they chose the able Bushyhead as President Chief. *The Phoenix* rose from its ashes and was edited by Elias Boudinot, one of the most charming and lovable men it has ever been my fortune to meet.

Every old Washington correspondent remembers his tall figure, his beautifully modeled features, his long and carefully kept hair. The late Edward King has made him a part of our literature in his delightful novel entitled "A Gentle Savage." For years, at regular intervals, he was a well-known figure at Willard's, admired and respected by everybody who enjoyed his acquaintance. He was familiar with all the methods of legislation at Washington, and so long as he acted for the Cherokee Nation its interests were thoroughly protected.

Of the legislation culminating in the purchase of the Cherokee Strip I dislike to speak. Beyond question, that peace-loving and industrious people were forced to part with their lands. It is an insufficient answer to this sad fact to assert that they received a fair price for their property, and to argue that the greatest good to the greatest number justifies the final extinction of this people as an independent nation. It is true that land can be bought in other sections of the West, notably along the lines of transcontinental travel, at a less price than \$1.25 per acre, but the Cherokees were

virtually forced to take that sum or have their lands forcibly intruded upon by squatters, who would have maintained possession with knife and gun. For good or for ill, they finally accepted the terms offered by the Government. The sum in bonds was \$8,000,000 for more than 6,000,000 acres! A deputation from the Cherokee Nation discounted these bonds in New York for \$6,800,000, most of which went into Wall Street. Notoriously,

the natives were enormous winners; they nearly doubled their money. That vast sum is well invested, according to the romance-history of Wall Street, and will reappear in the market one of these days; handled by a mind like that of a Keene or a Rockefeller, it will make of the defrauded Cherokees the financial rulers of this country.

Ah! That would be an aboriginal reconquest of the East!



CHAPTER X

AMONG THE FORGOTTEN



OW many of us have visited a poor farm in the country?

When I lived in a traveling bag, so to speak, and was hurried to all sorts of places at every hour of the day or night, I went on a rush order to Schoharie. There had been a revolt among the inmates of the poor-farm of that county—a paupers' rebellion, almost. The forsaken dwellers in that land of the forgotten had, in some manner, communicated with the State Commissioner of Charities and he had asked the *Herald* to investigate the complaints, instead of doing the work himself. (Only another instance of the manner in which the large-hearted editor is constantly made use of by the public official. Ye Gods! What a theme is "The Chivalry of the Press!")

A night on the train to Albany, a forenoon's ride on the Albany and Susquehanna road and I was landed at Schoharie Station. The little town was nestled among hills, and a gurgling creek, that looked fish-wise, ran through it. To this day I can recall a quaint old bridge over which I was driven. The village was well supplied with churches, but I could not learn that any of their pastors ever visited the exiled paupers, three miles from the county seat. The distance seemed longer; a full hour was used in driving it. The ride was a pretty one—a traveler would have thought he was bound to a bit of Eden. There was water in the landscape, because the road skirted the brow of a range of hills, and, far below, was the creek that gives name to county and town.

At last, we, the driver and I, reached the object of my quest. It was a two-story brick structure, fronting valley-ward. We drove through a gateless entrance into the Potter's Field, placed on the high road where passersby could notice every newly-made grave and

wonder which of their former neighbors had gone to a more hospitable world than this one! Not a headstone! Oblivion!

How characteristic of cold clarity to place the pauper's burying ground at the entrance to their last earthly home! How Dante would have appreciated the thought had he ridden that road, even in spirit form. He would have revised the legend over the gate to hell! The thought of the Schoharie poor directors was more poetic and quite as effective as the words: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

The deputy keeper welcomed me and asked me to make myself at home with a cordiality that implied the possibility of doing so. He told me Schoharie County fed her paupers at a cost of a dollar a head per week. He seemed proud of the economies he practiced.

I spent an hour among the forlorn men and women waiting to die, the socially condemned! Not a particle of reading matter did I see, except a torn and greasy Bible upon the cover of which was the announcement in letters so large that the title to the Word of God was over-shadowed: "Presented by the Schoharie Bible Society." Weren't there boxes at the post office or the railroad station in which papers, magazines and books might be deposited for these lonely, friendless people? Nobody had thought of that. The beds were terrible to look upon. Provisions made for midnight "drunks" in our city police stations are much better. Only one sad incident of many comes to mind. In an upstairs room were eight aged women. One of them, doddering in a broken rocking chair, looked up as we entered and exclaimed:

"Ah! are you a doctor? There's something the matter with this poor old head of mine."

I told her that there was much the matter with mine, also—that it ached for her. This appeared to comfort, much as did the assurance of my grandmother when I stubbed a toe: "It will feel better when it quits hurting." What a freemasonry is human wretchedness! The woman was made happy by the thought that I, too, was miserable.

When I had seen every nook and corner of the place, I was driven back to town—past the outcasts' graves, past the farmers' homes, over the picturesque bridge—and halted before a new county court house, the seat of justice. What a contrast to mercy's seat that I had left among the hills! In front of the latter, a graveyard; behind the former, a jail. Alas! Mercy had been exhausted in tempering Justice. It was a comfortable jail. Its keeper told me that the county paid \$2.36 per week to feed his charges. Little enough; but why the contrast?

The ethics are easy to puzzle out. The law-breaker must be conciliated. Does not he come into court and has not he, by counsel, the last word to a jury of his peers? He is the ward of Justice! But the broken of heart, of body and of mind. Whose wards are they?

Yes, one can hear the answer afar off. We've all heard it until it sounds sacrilegious to utter that Holy Name. But, on earth, God's creatures who have been stricken with misfortune dire are without judge, or counsel. Even the sacred writ of *habeas corpus* is not operative in their behalf.

At the poor-house of Essex county, located in the hills beyond Whallonsburg, I passed through the wards for the aged men and women and crossed an open yard, deep with mud, to visit the children's quarters. While there, a small, red-haired, bare-headed urchin attracted my notice. I patted him upon the shoulder and asked his name. He gave it promptly, told me he was 10 years old and mother and fatherless. He hadn't any relatives, so had to live at the poor farm! I felt deeply touched by the boy's words. When I left the miserable shed in which these children were herded and started across the muddy yard, I felt a tug at my coat. My little friend stood behind me. His eyes looked up to mine so pitifully that I asked:

"What can I do for you, dear little chap?"

"I want you to kiss me," he answered.

"Certainly; but why?"

"I never was kissed in my life!"

When I sat down to write that incident for the *Herald*, I developed its pathos, describing the friendless lad. As a result, the little fellow was adopted by a childless family near Saratoga; he has been well raised, given an education and will be heir to considerable property. His "ship came in that day." Hail to the Philanthropy of Journalism!

During this winter of 1879 '80, Benjamin F. Butler, then Governor of Massachusetts, instituted a series of reforms in prison and asylum management in that state. At his request, I went to Boston in February, 1880, to address a meeting held in Tremont Temple. The hall was packed even to the rear seats of the gallery. To my amazement, on seeing a programme, I found that Wendell Phillips, the war-horse of Abolitionism and most famous of all living American orators, was to follow me. I thanked Heaven he was not to precede me! His presence on the platform explained the packed house. The wonderful old man showed his mastery over a crowd before the meeting had thoroughly got under way. A Boston lawyer made the opening address and uttered language that started an agitation at the front of the house. The keeper of a "private sanitarium" had sent a score of demented women with their keepers to the meeting in the hope of creating a scene. A mentally unbalanced woman got on her feet and began a rambling talk about a relative who had been unjustly locked up in a mad-house. The assemblage of more than two thousand people was in turmoil. Mr. Phillips stepped to the front of the platform and with a motion of his hand stilled the murmurs of insubordination aroused by the woman's language. He said:

"This good lady is quite right in everything she says, I haven't a doubt; I have in mind a case exactly similar of which I might tell you."

He "might have" told it, but he didn't. The woman sat down. The audience was hushed and Mr. Phillips at once turned the platform

over to the next speaker. He put an indescribable spell upon every listener. He sat down close to me and as he did so commented upon the size of the audience. "I am surprised to see so many people here," said he. "Everybody has forgotten the Indians and the insane." His was the speech of the night and made me feel as if my poor effort were a school-boy's recitation. His methods showed the sublimity of that art which captures unwilling listeners and commands attention. Wendell Phillips had had an experience of more than a generation's length in dealing with turbulent assemblages. He had been hissed and pelted with bad eggs when advocating the cause of the negro. Therefore, I had the advantage of learning in five minutes what he had acquired by the hardest and most cruel experiences. Great as is the art of oratory, it leaves behind only a memory! While the sculptor, painter or author bequeathes to posterity something more or less enduring, the orator works not upon canvas,

or white paper or in clay, but upon himself to vitalize his thoughts. His statues fall with him! I have spoken of oratory elsewhere. Like the actor's art, that of the orator dies when he does.

Mention of Wendell Phillips recalls one of the last acts of Horace Greeley's editorial career before he plunged into the mad vortex of a presidential campaign. Mr. Phillips had spoken slightly of Greeley's acceptance of a Democratic endorsement. A few weeks thereafter the Boston orator came to New York to deliver his famous address on "The Lost Arts." Mr. Greeley sent the best stenographer on his staff to Steiway Hall and printed the oration in full next morning, thereby destroying its availability for further use on the lecture platform. Since that time, laws have been enacted that protect the rights of lecturers and dramatic authors. It was "a complete revenge in one act," as Dumas once said.

CHAPTER XI

A CRUSADE TO THE QUAKER CITY



IN the Fall of 1879 I was sent to Philadelphia with instructions from James Gordon Bennett to expose corruption in the Republican organization that dominated that city. It was thought to be the work of a few weeks, or months, at most. Political power was centered in "the Gas Trust," an organization invested with the management of the municipal plant for lighting the Quaker City. Its members were chosen by Select and Common Councils, a large majority of the members of which owed their places to the gas trustees. Having created the sources of their appointment, these trustees virtually chose themselves. Never in the palmiest days of Tweed was a small cabal of politicians so securely intrenched. Its members had the employment of more than 11,000 workmen in various branches of gas production and supply. These men were chattels. They were moved about from ward to ward, whenever need arose to maintain dominance in any particular locality. Not a ton of gas coal was brought to the city on which the railroads did not surrender a rebate to persons unknown. Not a foot of gas pipe was purchased without an overcharge. Lime, coke, retorts, wagons, machinery of all kinds were gorged with "graft!" The chief of this secret, all-powerful cabal was a tall, mild-mannered Irishman, far along in years, who came to this country as a weaver and began work in Philadelphia at a loom in a cellar. He wielded the power of millions when the *Herald* went up against him! A long fight developed. Not a friendly word did I have from any newspaper in the town. Rufus E. Shapley, who had fallen out with the ringsters, was a staunch coadjutor. He wrote a satire called "Solid for Mulhooley" that materially advanced the agitation.

A young lawyer named Pattison, in the office of Lewis C. Cassidy, secured the democratic nomination for City Comptroller. He wasn't well known and the fact that he was a Democrat caused the Republican leaders to ignore him; but the reform agitation was growing and to the amazement of everybody, Robert E. Pattison was elected. He began at once to perform the true offices of a City Comptroller by demanding vouchers for all bills and throwing out those for which none existed. On November 6, 1880, E. Dunbar Lockwood sent out a call for a meeting at his office on the 15th, to organize a committee to grapple with the ring. Out of this meeting, to which I was invited, grew the Committee of One Hundred,—by comparison a far more effective and unselfish popular organization than had been our much-vaunted Committee of Seventy in New York. As time proved, there were less than half a dozen office-seekers in the whole bunch! In this fight, the *Herald* led from the beginning. Frequently, when its issue contained an exposure of convincing character, Mr. Bennett sent 10,000 extra copies to the Quaker City and distributed them at his own expense. The crusade was a costly one and attended with much perplexity, discouragement and perhaps some personal danger. Hardly a mail but failed to bring to me a threatening letter from some servant of the cabal. Although I never assumed that these threats were inspired at headquarters, I afterwards learned that attempts were made to reach my proprietor abroad and to convince him I was actuated by motives of spite or failure to obtain political favors demanded! Non-possession of the fact that Mr. Bennett had inspired the campaign was the weak point of my enemies. I received from him a letter dated at Pau, saying: "I approve of everything you have done and

am not influenced by any letters I receive." A desperate character, affiliated with the Gas Trust, although a Democrat, "Billy" McMullen, was reported to me as swearing personal vengeance if the "persecution" of his friends did not cease.

The cabal then tried another method to cause my removal. On an order from the *Herald* office to get an interview with an adventurer, named Mantrop, for the use of a member of a Congressional committee investigating charges that certain Senators were connected with a scheme to compel payment of claims against Peru, I secured the material, forwarded it to New York on the assumption that it would be transmitted therefrom to Washington. To my amazement, the matter was printed the following morning, owing to the condition of the night editor on the previous evening. A firm of shyster lawyers affiliated with the ringsters immediately communicated with one of the Senators mentioned by Mantrop, induced him to come to Philadelphia and cause my arrest on a charge of criminal libel. I avoided arrest by hurrying to a magistrate's office with a bondsman and giving bail. The Senator disclaimed unfriendliness to me when the facts were stated, but persisted in what he was pleased to call his "vindication." The Gas Trust cabal was jubilant! Senator McPherson was not permitted to be satisfied with a "vindication" in a magistrate's court, because an opportunity offered to send the obnoxious *Herald* correspondent to jail and thus to stop the exposures. Like Tweed and his associates, the Gas Trust corruptionists "only wanted to be let alone." The trial was unimportant and resulted in a fine, which was promptly paid, and the campaign continued.

Among all the men who came to the forefront in this crusade was S. Davis Page, a prominent lawyer and a member of the Common Council. He was elected from a downtown ward. He lived in a fine old house on Fourth street, where his father, an eminent physician, had resided before him. Mr. Page was born in the Quaker City in 1840, was graduated from Yale in 1859, and, after reading law in the office of Peter McCall, completed his studies at Harvard Law School in

1864. He at once began practice on his own account and it was not until twenty-odd years later that he formed the firm of Page, Allison & Penrose. The latter being the present United States Senator. When corruption in the management of the City's gas-works became so evident that public action had to be taken, a committee of the City Council was appointed and on this committee Mr. Page soon took the laboring oar. Day by day the *Herald* hammered away, its correspondent generally knowing in advance what witnesses would be called and often suggesting the line of examination. An incident occurred one day that recalled the conduct of the Tweed ringsters in this city, when they broke a glass door in the court house and abstracted many documents. Mr. Page carried a green bag, as does nearly every lawyer in the Quaker City. He placed it in front of him upon a table and while he was conducting an examination of one of the gas trustees, some servant of the cabal stole his bag, supposed to contain incriminating evidence. The theft had no effect upon the investigation which went straight along and was followed by a political upheaval the like of which never has been seen in so strongly partisan a community. The reformation spread throughout the state and with the assistance of an "insurgent" Republican, named Wolff, Robert E. Pattison, the faithful City Comptroller, was chosen Governor of Pennsylvania, — a Commonwealth with a normal Republican plurality of 150,000!

Mr. Pattison's retirement from the Comptrollership was followed in 1883 by the advent of S. Davis Page to that office. Although he served only one term, he fully completed the house-cleaning so well begun by his predecessor. Having a large legal practice, Mr. Page was not desirous of continuing longer in politics, but with the advent of President Cleveland he was appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Philadelphia and administered that office with entire satisfaction until 1890. A year later he was one of the Commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the accounts of John Bardsley, a derelict City Treasurer, with the Keystone National Bank. I had known Bardsley when

HARMAN YERKES

THOS. DEWITT CUYLER



JOHN C. BELL

P. F. ROTHERMEL, JR.

A GROUP OF PROMINENT PHILADELPHIANS

he was a common councilman and had regarded him as the least grasping member of the McMaues cabal. He had played his cards so well that many thousands of staunch reformers were induced to vote for him when he received the nomination for City Treasurer, to succeed a weak occupant of that office who had risen on the reform wave. When the crash of the Keystone Bank came, Bardsley was found to have unduly favored it, because its vaults held more city money than they should have had in them. Exactly what was the loss to the city, I never knew. Counsellor Page brought out every fact and sent the wretched "Godly-good-bulb" Bardsley to state prison.

The personality of Boies Penrose, whom I knew in those days, is a delightful one. He has been everywhere, seen everything, always a creature of luxury but never of foolish wealth, and is, therefore, one of the best-equipped companions any man who seeks true sociability could hope to meet. Penrose possesses a most equable temperament. He is one of the best listeners; his mentality is far beyond average. True, he lacks the divine gift of oratory. The man who can say the right thing at the proper moment more nearly belongs to the inspired of heaven than any human creature since the days of alleged prophets.

When I first met Boies Penrose, son of the distinguished Dr. Richard A. F. Penrose, he was a young member of the bar of Philadelphia, associated with S. Davis Page. That was about 1883. Senator Penrose was born in Philadelphia, 1860, and was graduated from Harvard in 1881. He was an athletic, healthy specimen of manhood when he returned to his home city and began the study of his profession. He read law with Wayne MacVeagh and George Tucker Bispham, but after his admission to the bar he entered politics and was elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives in the Eighth Philadelphia district. Two years later he was sent to the State Senate, was reelected in 1890 and again in 1894, acting as president pro tempore of that body in 1889 and 1891. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1900 and 1904; was Chairman

of the Republican State Committee for two years; was Pennsylvania's representative on the National Republican Committee, 1904. He was elected United States Senator to succeed J. Donald Cameron, for the term beginning March 4, 1897, and has twice been reelected, his term of service to expire in 1915.

Although Boies Penrose is the inheritor of the mantle of the "Clan Cameron," never in any respect identified with reform measures, his own record began with brilliancy in a



BOIES PENROSE

memorable contest made by him in his native city as a candidate for mayor. At the request of Johns Hopkins University, and in collaboration with Edward P. Allinson, an associate in the law office of S. Davis Page, he wrote "A History of the City Government of Philadelphia," a large octavo volume, which cut to the root of municipal corruption and showed how trusteeships like that which operated the gas works of the city were abused. The work was intended as a text-book for university study in historical and political science and served its purpose so vigorously that it led to political agitation wherever it was used. Associated as Mr. Penrose was with Matthew

Stanley Quay, his Senatorial colleague, he acquired by direct heritage from the Camerons all the arts of political finesse that had given to that family complete political domination of the great state for more than a generation. He is to-day leader of his party in the United States Senate, absolute chieftain of the second state in the Union and has before him a career of great prominence. Barely fifty years of age, with a small but ample fortune, general popularity, much suavity of manner, a fine voice and capacity to use it when necessary, commanding the respect of the tremendous Republican majority in his state, there is no reason why Boies Penrose should not retain to hale old age the distinguished position in national affairs he now occupies. He has developed with his years; has become an excellent Constitutional lawyer, a fair debater and an admirable political tactician. I have referred to his ability as a speaker, which I am frank to say he has not displayed notably since entering the Senate Chamber. My opinion is based upon his speeches during an exciting municipal contest, in which he formed so large a part. Many people marvelled at the forensic ability Senator Aldrich, a plain grocery-man, ultimately developed. Senator Penrose has a fine education, is well equipped in legal knowledge, and as the leader of his party in the Chamber, will rise to the demands of the place. He belongs to one of the old families of the Quaker City, and, as I have said, his father was a distinguished member of a profession that ranks preëminently high in Philadelphia, known as a city of doctors and lawyers.

Another experience with a threatened libel suit occurred during my stay in the Quaker City. Although it belongs to the Comedy of Journalism, I relate it here as a foil to the McPherson incident. In searching through a mass of vouchers and letters that I had obtained in an underground manner from the office of the Gas Trust, I encountered the name of Cornelius Walburn, referred to in letters as "Coonie." I made mention of him, although he was not in any way involved in irregularity. Next day, a short, red-faced man of middle age came into the *Herald* bureau and announced his intention to bring a suit for

libel against the newspaper because his name had been mentioned in connection with "the rascals of the Gas Trust."

A clerk was seated at the other side of the room and I pretended to give him some instructions. Then I returned to my visitor and asked:

"Why have I libelled you by mentioning your association with the people at the gas office?"

"Why?" he fairly shouted; "because — is a thief, I know him to be. He wanted me to certify a crooked bill for goods I supplied; when I refused to do so, he said: 'No matter, Coonie; we can fix the bill afterwards.' And I suppose he did. There's —, he is just as much of a 'crook.' I can put him in jail. And, as for the boss himself, I don't fear him; I know how he got rich——"

"Please wait a moment," said I, looking over at the clerk. "Have you got that all down, Joe?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"What's that?" exclaimed Walburn. "You don't mean you are going to print what I have just said?"

"Certainly not; but we shall find it valuable in the suit you intend to bring."

"Oh! see here; I'll call that suit off if you will give to me those notes."

"Just put them in the safe, Joe," I said, as the visitor departed.

Many interesting incidents occurred during my stay in Philadelphia. From a small gathering of journalists and theatrical managers the Clover Club, one of the most famous institutions of the kind ever known in this country, became a national affair. It had its origin at a dinner given to John B. Schoeffel, at the Continental Hotel, in the spring of 1880. The party included James H. Alexander, William R. Balch, Royal Merrill, Edward Bedloe, Erastus Brainerd, John L. Carnecross, John Donnelly, Moses P. Handy, Albert H. Hoeckley, Thomas L. Jackson, Charles A. Mendum, Julius Chambers, William Anderson, Charles R. Deacon, and J. Fred Zimmerman. Mr. Handy presided. Near the small hours, Mr. Balch, then fresh from Boston, proposed the formation of a social club.

It was a Thursday night and the name of "Thursday Club" was chosen. The organization took shape at once and for many months the meetings continued. A year later the name of the coterie was changed to "Clover Club." When a dinner was given by this club, special trains were run from Washington and New York, bringing as its guests distinguished men of the nation. The Clover Club was the making of G. C. Boldt.

While at Philadelphia I knew John W. Shuckers, who had been Secretary Chase's private secretary and inherited all his correspondence. During the Civil War a strange code of military ethics had developed. The most notable instance was Garfield's conduct toward a superior officer, Gen. Roscerans. On July 7, 1863, Garfield, who afterwards became President, wrote from Nashville to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, a letter found among the papers of the dead Chief Justice in Shuckers' possession and by him given to Charles A. Dana, who published it in the *Sun* in January, 1880. That letter has few parallels! During the entire Civil War, Chase and Stanton were marplotters in the Lincoln cabinet. I recall an entire afternoon passed in Shuckers' office (where he had a type-setting machine, many features of which are incorporated in the "Linotype" of to-day), during which I read half a hundred confidential letters addressed to Chase by prominent members of the then Republican party. Many of them were grossly slanderous, most of them were treacherous in the truest sense, because they criticised men who trusted them and whose friendship they courted. Many of those epistles belong to the history of that time. Especially do I recall a letter by Murat Halstead, then editor of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, saying to Chase, who sat in Lincoln's cabinet, "Lincoln is crazy" and "Horace Greeley ought to be hanged!"

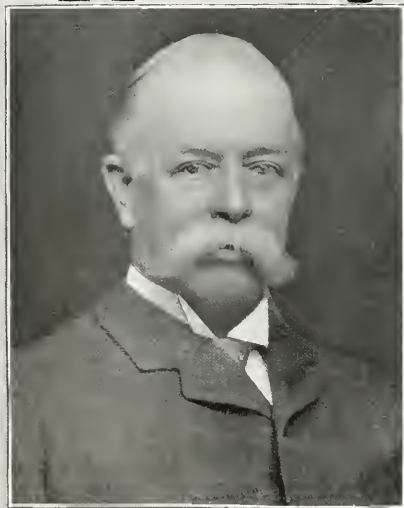
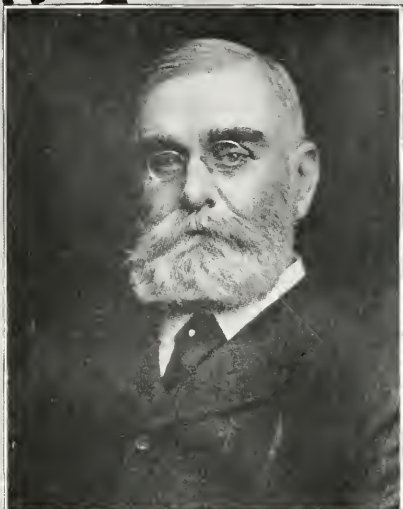
The birth of the town of Roanoke, Va., dates from the visit of a group of New York and Philadelphia capitalists who made a trip of exploration in May, 1881, over the newly acquired Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, which extended from Norfolk to Bristol, Tenn., and which they had re-christened the Norfolk & Western. In that party were George T.

Tyler, Clarence H. Clark, Frederick J. Kimball, S. A. Caldwell, all of Philadelphia, and Christopher C. Baldwin, President and George C. Clark, director of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, W. B. Isham and James T. Woodward, of the Hanover Bank of New York. I was aboard that train as the guest of Clarence H. Clark, who had bought the road at foreclosure sale, re-capitalized it, placed its bonds and was making the tour of inspection of his new property. That was one of the most remarkable four days' experiences of my life! The special train travelled only by daylight, and from ten o'clock until three, lay on sidings with direct wire communication into several of the largest banks and brokerage offices of New York. It was veritably a stock exchange on wheels!

One evening, as darkness was falling, the train stopped on a siding at Big Lick. An hour before, we had passed the point at which the Shenandoah Valley railroad was to join the newly named Norfolk & Western and thereby give to the latter direct connection, through Hagerstown and the Cumberland Valley railroad, to New York. Dinner had been served and every guest was in amiable mood. At this auspicious moment, a porter entered and announced that the mayor and town council of Big Lick awaited outside, desiring to express the gratitude and the good will of the villagers toward the new owners of the line. President Baldwin was designated to go to the rear of the car and address to the group of a dozen men a few words of thanks prior to sending "refreshments" to them. Mr. Baldwin was confused as to the geography of the locality. He assumed that Big Lick was the point at which the Shenandoah Valley road was to terminate. In a few florid sentences, he committed the directors of the Shenandoah Company to a change in their terminal plans! He spoke partly as follows: "Here will rise a great city. Mr. Mayor and Councilmen of Big Lick. Here we shall locate machine shops, round-houses and build hotels; here will rise seats of learning and vast commercial enterprises. In a word, the magic of northern capital will create for the New South a business centre that will radiate its activities far and wide." The

LUCIUS E. JOHNSON

JAMES MCCREA



JOS. B. HUTCHINSON

ALEXANDER C. SHAND

PROMINENT RAILROAD OFFICIALS OF PHILADELPHIA

applause was deep and heartfelt, although it is doubtful if the Mayor and Councilmen of Big Lick understood its tremendous import.

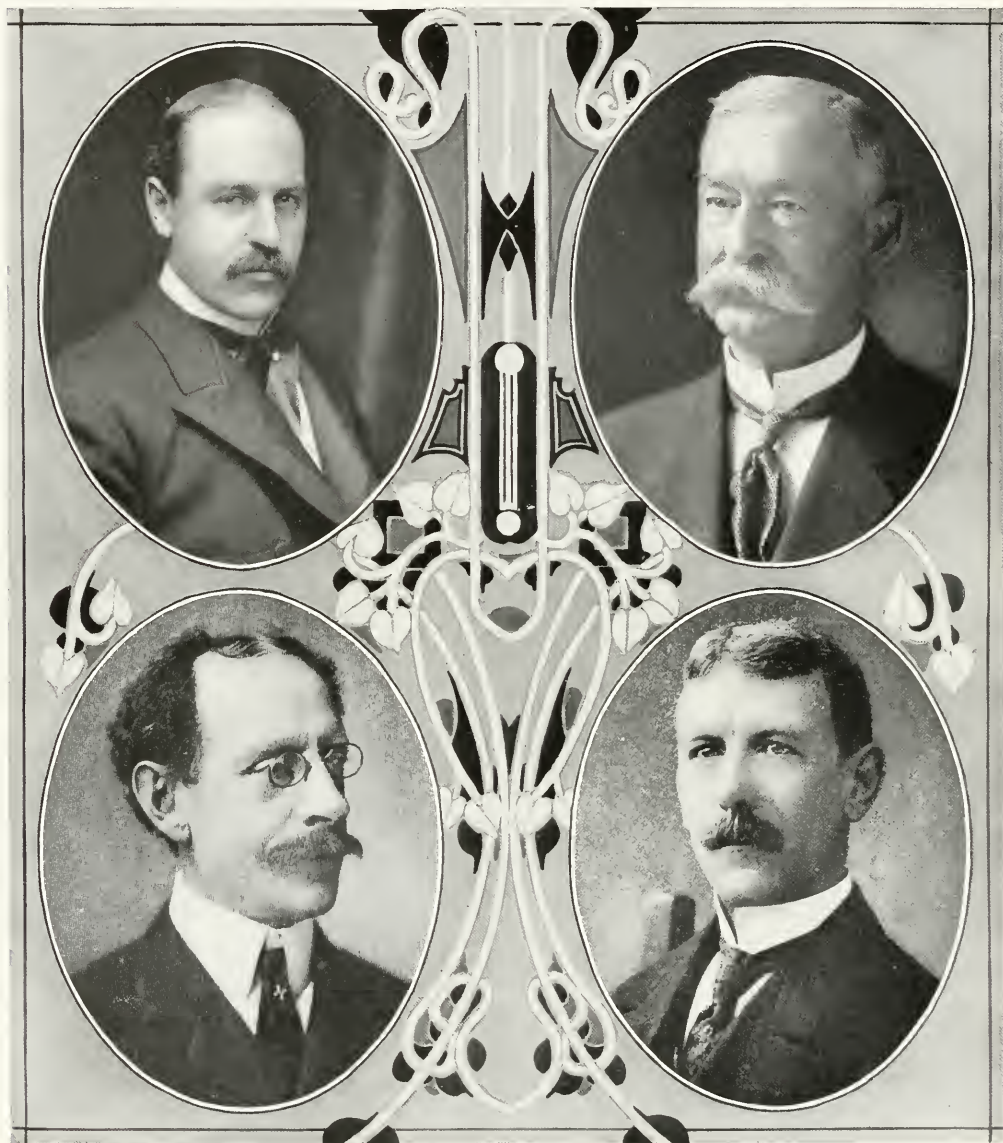
After the reception was over, the people in the dining-car had a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. Baldwin; but they smiled in a different way when he assured them that his promises must be made good and that the terminal of the Shenandoah road must be changed to Big Lick! He admitted his error but said it must be corrected into fact. Some of the shrewd members of the party unostentatiously dropped off the train and before-midnight had secured options on all the acreage property they could buy within a mile of the railroad. Several Philadelphia millionaires were made that night! Francis J. Kimball, who was one of the party, was then President of the Shenandoah Valley railroad, and lived to see it one of the important branch lines of the Pennsylvania system. The present head of the Norfolk & Western Railway Company is Lucius E. Johnson, born at Aurora, Ill., 1864, and educated at the public schools of that town. At the age of twenty Mr. Johnson secured employment on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad as a fireman. He tells me that it was a matter of necessity with him to find work and points with especial gratification to the fact that he has risen from the ranks to the Presidency of a successful railroad system. Not possessing a technical education, such as might have been obtained at college, he specially qualified himself for the higher branches of his trade by constant study of the mechanical features of locomotive and train equipment. He remained in the locomotive department of that road until 1886, holding various positions, including master mechanic at Aurora. He was then appointed Superintendent of the St. Louis division, where he served two years; then of the Chicago division, where he remained an equal length of time; he was Superintendent of the Montana Central railway for three years; next he was Superintendent of the Michigan division of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern for four years and, in October, 1903, became General Manager and, in the following February, President of the Norfolk & Western Railway. Here is a story from real life of con-

tinuous advancement by sheer force of capacity. When the Norfolk & Western Railway was extended up the New River Valley into the soft coal deposits of West Virginia, the commercial world recognized the development of a previously unknown coal area in the United States. The outcome of that adventure into unexplored fields was the formation of the Pocahontas Coal & Coke Co. The Norfolk & Western corporation built at Norfolk the largest coal chutes in America. They were located near the entrance of the harbor, where water was deep, and, for the first time in the history of the American coal trade, regular lines of steamers carried the "black diamonds" of the Pocahontas Co. to Europe. Sturgeon and oysters took second rank at Norfolk to coal! Since 1904, when Mr. Johnson took charge, the permanent way and rolling stock of the Norfolk & Western Railway have been vastly improved. Mr. Johnson has offices in New York but lives in Roanoke, that dreamtown of the beautiful valley whose origin I have described. He is a member of the Virginia Club of Norfolk, the Shenandoah Club of Roanoke and of the Queen City of Cincinnati. He is a Democrat but has never mixed in politics.

The Pennsylvania railroad has produced several of the most progressive men in America's roll of fame. Among them are J. Edgar Thomson, who largely created the line to Pittsburg and secured the New Jersey division to New York; Thomas A. Scott, who extended the trunk line to Chicago; George B. Roberts, who added the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore and with Scott's Baltimore & Potomac drove the road into Washington and through the Monument City and laid the great basis for its present financial credit; Frank Thomson, who, like the others, had given his life to the problem of improving the permanent way; A. J. Cassatt, whose foresight in providing freight relief lines and entering the metropolis under the Hudson River by extending the steel highway to Long Island has been realized since his death; and James McCrea, the present head of the gigantic corporation, under whose presidency that notable improvement which makes New York the Eastern terminus of the Pennsylvania system

W. W. ATTERBURY

CHARLES E. PUGH



HENRY S. GROVE

JOHN S. BIÖREN

FOUR WELL KNOWN PHILADELPHIA MEN



SAMUEL REA

has been completed, at an expense of \$100,000,000. Every one of these men has done his part, but in each instance there have been masters of planning and execution, upon whom the burden of responsibility has actually rested and whose engineering genius has been called into service in a thousand unexpected crises.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad Company determined to extend its system into the heart of New York under the North River and beyond, under the East River, to Long Island, and to erect a mammoth station in the metropolis, direct charge of these vast undertakings was committed to Samuel Rea, Second Vice-President of the Company. The magnitude of such responsibility can hardly be comprehended by the ordinary, unprofessional mind intent on other tasks. That every detail of the work has been carried to complete success does not surprise the associates of Mr. Rea, or those who believe in the Pennsylvania organization and methods. Thorough education in the railroad business, an excellent engineering experience and sublime confidence in his ability to achieve apparently impossible results, guaranteed results. In recognition of Mr. Rea's achievement and the public benefit

derived therefrom, the University of Pennsylvania recently honored itself by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Science. I should add that as part of the tunnel extension the construction of the New York Connecting Railroad, now building jointly by the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad companies, will in connection with the tunnels form a through route for transportation between Southern, Western and New England states.

The rise of Samuel Rea to such distinction as engineer and executive is not the result of anything but hard work and ability. He was born at Hollidaysburg, Pa., in 1855, at the eastern foot of the original Portage road, over which canal boats of the early part of the last century were dragged across the Alleghenies to Johnstown on the western side. As a boy, he climbed those hills, through the rhododendrons, to Cresson and determined upon a life of service to the railway that was at that time solving the problems of the Horse-Shoe Curve and the Allegrippus grade. He did not wait an hour after he was sixteen. He began engineering work on Morrison's Cove, Williamsburg and Bloomfield branches of the Pennsylvania railroad in 1871, carrying chain or theodolite for two years (serving under his present chief, Mr. James McCrea, then assistant engineer). The great financial and commercial crises of the Seventies put a stop to all engineering work, so then he fitted himself for clerical work until 1875 with one of the large Hollidaysburg iron corporations, returning to the Pennsylvania in 1875 as Assistant Engineer and builder of the chain suspension bridge over the Monongahela river to Pittsburg. When this task was completed, he was assigned to the Pittsburg & Lake Erie, where he acted as Assistant Engineer for two years. From this point, I cannot better indicate the vast scope of Mr. Rea's experience than by summarizing, step by step, the progress of his interesting career: In 1879 he resumed his Penna. R. R. affiliation; an extension of the Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston railway was decided on and he was directed to make it. That was the form orders always took when given to him. Then duties came fast. From 1880 to 1883 he was engineer in

charge of surveys in Westmoreland County, Pa., and revising and rebuilding Western Pennsylvania Road; in 1883 to 1888, Principal Assistant Engineer, Pennsylvania Railroad; 1888 to 1889, Assistant to Second Vice-President; then from 1889 to April, 1891, he became Vice-President, Maryland Central Railway, and Chief Engineer, Baltimore Belt Road, to abolish the B. & O. ferry and run trains under and through Baltimore; April, 1891, to May, 1892, out of service on account of ill-health and European travel for recreation; May 25, 1892, to Feb. 10, 1897, Assistant to President, Pennsylvania Railroad; Feb. 10, 1897, to June 14, 1899, First Assistant to President, same road; June 14, 1899, to October 10, 1905, Fourth Vice-President, Pennsylvania Railroad System East of Pittsburg and Erie; October 10, 1905, to March 24, 1909, Third Vice-President; March 24, 1909, to date, Second Vice-President; and in connection with his former duties was placed in charge of engineering and accounting departments; also second Vice-President, Northern Central Railway, Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington R. R. and West Jersey & Seashore R. R. Companies, and a Director of Pennsylvania R. R. Co. and many other corporations.

Admiring the sturdy qualities of Samuel Rea as I do, I hope to see him one day carry out the dream of the late Frank Thomson, to drive a tunnel thirty-odd miles under the Alleghenies, starting from his beloved Hollidaysburg and ending at Johnstown, doing away at one stroke with the natural barrier that impedes rapid transit between Altoona and the West. It is a theme I discussed on several occasions with Frank Thomson at his home in Merion.

Mr. Rea is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Institution of Civil Engineers of London, New York Chamber of Commerce, Merion Cricket Club, Union Club of New York, Lawyers Club of New York, Philadelphia Club, Metropolitan Club of Washington, Century Association, Pennsylvania Society of Sons of the Revolution, Metropolitan Museum of New York, Royal Automobile Club, London; Pennsylvania Society of New York, Economic Club of New York and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

The mammoth Pennsylvania Railroad station in Manhattan has been opened for more than a year. During its first twelve months, 112,500 trains passed in and out through the tunnels that reach it—99 per cent. of them on time. Not a single accident occurred on the section that includes these tunnels! Such a record cannot be equalled above ground, in this country or in Europe—the latter boasting of low accident records. The traffic through the tubes renews wonder at the magnitude and success of the splendid undertaking of Mr. Rea and his engineers. This is an era of marvellous engineering feats; but nothing more wonderful has been accomplished in any part of the world than tunnelling under an entire city and two rivers, and carrying a trunk line of active railway underneath the cellars of skyscrapers without disturbance to the activities on the surface, and without accident in operation. Tunnelling under mountains may be more spectacular; the Panama canal may appeal more directly to the imagination; but conquest of the wilderness is free from complications that attend stupendous engineering undertakings in the heart of a compactly built city.

Prominent among the many notable engineers in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad is Edward Brinton Temple, who is now Assistant Chief Engineer of that company with headquarters in Philadelphia. Mr. Temple graduated from Swarthmore College in 1891 and immediately became a rodman in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Company. His advance in his chosen profession was rapid and he was from 1892 to 1894 an engineer connected with the enlargement of Broad Street station and was similarly employed in 1902-3 when the big improvements were made at West Philadelphia. He also had direct supervision of the enlargement of the Schuylkill River bridges and the elevated railroad in 1910. Mr. Temple was recently appointed Chairman of the Board of Engineers on Philadelphia Terminal Improvements. He is a member of the Athletic Advisory Committee of his alma mater and was director of the Swarthmore Bank in 1910 and its president in 1911.



W. ATLEE BURPEE



MAHLON W. NEWTON

The secret of W. Atlee Burpee's success in the seed business is that he is an originator and is full of methods for creating and holding trade. He offers prizes for almost everything that will help in the general aggregate and in consequence has created one of the greatest mail-order houses in the country, while he has at the same time improved the quality of his product so that his claim that "Burpee's Seeds Grow" is no misnomer.

Mr. Burpee entered the seed business with two partners in 1876. He was then eighteen years of age and two years later he started alone under the firm name he still uses. His success was phenomenal from the start, so that he has now several mammoth warehouses and conducts the Fordhook Farms, the largest and most complete trial grounds in the country. In addition, Mr. Burpee publishes one of the most comprehensive annuals devoted to the industry. It is known as "The Leading American Seed Catalogue" and the 1912 issue will be the thirty-sixth annual edition.

Mr. Burpee is interested in many financial institutions, is a member of a score of clubs

and national and international societies devoted to horticulture.

To many a man who makes the city of Philadelphia in his travels, the knowledge that he has Green's Hotel at which to live and Mahlon Newton for a host makes his approach to that city a bright spot in the dull cares of life. There are few hotels in this country that carry a better name than Green's of Philadelphia; perhaps none gives better service for the amount charged its guests. Mr. Newton, who has made it one of the leading houses of the continent and a real feature of the Quaker City, was born in the neighboring state of Jersey. When he left his home and went to Philadelphia from Burlington County, New Jersey, in early youth, it was to fill a position in a Market Street hardware store, so that when he launched into the hotel business at Woodbury, N. J., in 1878, he was totally inexperienced and the success of the venture was by no means certain. Mr. Newton, however, had a genius for entertaining and the faculty of providing good service and an elaborate cuisine. His success was imme-

diate and he later purchased the hotel at Wenonah, N. J., in a few years more becoming one of three to purchase Green's Hotel. He eventually bought the interests of his partners and since 1898 has conducted the house alone. Each year Mr. Newton has added some improvement to the hotel. This year he is entirely remodeling it and the old house, which is one of the most homelike in the city, will now have added charms for its thousands of guests throughout the country.

While mentioning those who were prominent in the social, professional or mercantile life of Philadelphia, Walter Hatfield must not be overlooked, although the Grim Reaper long since claimed him.

Mr. Hatfield was born in Philadelphia, January 1, 1851, the son of Nathan L. Hatfield, M.D. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, being a member of the class of '72, and upon leaving that institution of learning decided to enter mercantile pursuits instead of preparing for a professional career. He engaged in the iron business and became a member of the firm of Patterson & Hughes, proprietors of the Delaware Rolling Mills, and retained this interest until his death, in 1908.

Mr. Hatfield was a man of attractive personality and had many friends in the social and manufacturing worlds, to whom his death came as a great shock.

He was a brother of Henry Reed Hatfield, who is a prominent member of the Philadelphia Bar.

There has never been a more forceful or commanding figure in the District Attorney's office in Philadelphia than George S. Graham, who for many years acceptably filled that arduous position.

Mr. Graham was born in Philadelphia, September 13, 1853, and after a preparatory course entered the University of Pennsylvania from which he graduated and then took up the study of law in the office of John Roberts. He afterwards entered the law school and graduated with the degree of LL.B.

Possessing rare oratorical ability Mr. Graham naturally turned to politics and was soon in demand as a speaker. He was elected to

Select Council and subsequently District Attorney and held the office for eighteen years, being Professor of Criminal Law in the University of Pennsylvania. Resuming private practice in 1899, Mr. Graham organized the firm of Graham & L'Amoreaux, of New York City and has since been engaged in many notable cases.

The Democratic party in Pennsylvania was in a demoralized condition in the '80's, owing to a feud between Senator Wallace and Ex-Speaker Randall—two strong, equally ambitious and incorruptible men. A state convention of their party had been called to meet at Harrisburg, and the anxiety to know what the Pennsylvania Democracy would do was general throughout the country. I was there to ascertain the terms of peace, if made.

During the afternoon preceding Convention day, several correspondents like myself found difficulty in killing time. We visited the public institutions. Four of us hired a carriage and drove to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, where we witnessed a remarkable exhibition of a super-cultivated sense. A young woman, deaf and dumb, could write down what two of us conversed about by watching our lips! We made several tests—in one case standing 100 feet distant and talking in whispers.

That night I learned from W. U. Hensel, afterward Attorney-General under Governor Pattison, that a reconciliation was to occur between Randall and Wallace,—to take place in view of the entire convention. A balcony at the rear of the hall, originally built for an orchestra, had been chosen as the place. This was announced in New York in the morning papers. I had come to know both those men at Washington. Although honest, they believed the spoils of office belonged to them. Therefore, an agreement about the offices in the state was inevitable. Wallace and Randall were to enter the balcony from opposite sides, have their conference alone and to clasp hands, in view of 1,200 delegates! A thrilling, picturesque scene, easy of description, was sure to occur; but who could learn what words were exchanged between the two men?



RICHARD WALN MEIRS

A well-known Philadelphian who is connected with the administration of the great Weighman Estate.

JOSEPH H. KLEMMER

Director of Supplies for the city of Philadelphia under Mayor Reaume, who retired with that administration.

My mind reverted to "the banner scholar" at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum! The balcony was distant only thirty feet from the main gallery. With the aid of a cab, persuasion and promises of liberal compensation, a demure woman occupied the nearest gallery seat to the balcony, when the convention opened. She was to write, by sight, upon a pad what the state leaders said! Nobody in the hall knew of her presence except myself.

She was alert, but innocent of any political knowledge. The rush of the assembling multitude did not disturb her—because she could not hear it. Suddenly, the vast crowd rose to its feet! A whirlwind of applause anticipated the appearance of the two statesmen at opposite sides of the balcony. It was a thrilling moment for everybody who understood its

purport—it presaged the election of Robert E. Pattison, as Governor! But a stolid little woman in the gallery, near to the chief actors, said nothing, heard nothing, and saw everything. Barring a few proper names that she could not read, because unknown to her, she committed to paper the terms reached at that famous conference. Some of the blanks were filled by subsequent "hustling" and some were not; but she wrote an almost verbatim report of what each of the two men said; the patronage they agreed to control, in the event of Mr. Pattison's nomination and election; and the attitude they would take in the approaching Democratic National Convention.

The Democratic ticket named on that day swept the Commonwealth, for the first time in thirty years, and all pledges made in that balcony were carried out.

Among the members of the Philadelphia junior bar who have made reputations in that city of excellent lawyers is Charles H. Burr, Jr., a graduate of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania.



CHAS. H. BURR, JR

Upon graduation and subsequent admission to the bar, Mr. Burr was for a time associated with his father, but his private practice grew to such proportions that he organized the firm of Burr, Brown & Lloyd, which has figured in prominent cases both in Philadelphia and New York City, and is now coun-

sel for many well-known individuals and firms.

Mr. Burr is deeply interested in politics in his native city and has been in much demand as a speaker in several campaigns.

He is a member of the University and Lawyers' clubs and belongs to many other social and political organizations. His offices are located at No. 328 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A branch of expert research commanding high reward is that of a certified public accountant, who is able to disentangle the affairs of a firm or corporation when they become involved. In this class of experts, I especially want to mention Edward Preston Moxey, at the head of his profession in Philadelphia. He was born of Scotch parentage in that city, August, 1849, and received his education in its excellent public schools. At 15 he began as a clerk in the banking house of Glendinning, Davies &



EDWD. PRESTON MOXEY

Co., where he remained 10 years and ultimately became cashier. In 1875 he established a stock brokerage firm and "bucked the Third Street tiger" until he organized the accounting firm of Edward P. Moxey & Co. He became a special United States bank examiner of the National Banks in 1891. He is an instructor in advanced accounting at the University of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XII

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE I HAVE KNOWN



FROM Philadelphia I went to Washington, again. This time my orders were unusual. The last column of the *Herald's* editorial page was reserved for me and I was expected to fill it every night with gossip from the Capital. This was an easy task for a fortnight; but, by that time, sources of supply were exhausted and the stunt became a difficult one. Fortune often favored me, as, for example, I visited the National Museum one day, when a secretary of a United States Senator mistaking me for an employé accosted me to ask:

"Is Senator Van Wyck's bald-eagle done?"

This led to the unearthing of unusual "perquisites," obtained by Congressmen of all degrees. Another Senator was having a collection of the birds of Kentucky stuffed and mounted at Government expense. I learned that taxidermy, in all branches, was performed free for statesmen! Every time another Western Congressman returned from his home, he brought as many specimens of the winged game of the locality as he could gather, to have then stuffed and mounted at the National Museum.

While at Washington, on this occasion, I lived for several months in the "Dolly" Madison house, at the corner of Jackson Square and H street. I slept in the bed chamber that had been occupied by the charming mistress of the White House, but never saw her apparition, as other tenants have claimed. The building is now the home of the Cosmos Club.

The social event of that season (1886) was the marriage of Miss Folsom to President Cleveland. The burden of writing an entire page account of that event fell upon me and has been referred to elsewhere.

When Congress adjourned, I spent the remainder of the Summer at Long Branch, Narragansett, Cape May and Newport, doing a daily letter and a page Sunday article every week. Thus events hurried me onward toward the sublime incident of my life.

At Washington, I had many experiences that have no place in this narrative. Among them was a personal acquaintance with Thomas B. Reed, obviously the coming man on the Republican side of the House of Representatives. He was a lover of Balzac and read him in the original, after a fashion—although he persisted in calling the name "Balza," even after being set right. There wasn't any doubt that Reed was the leader of the minority, although Cannon, as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, was very strong; but Reed, by sheer *avoidsupois* and brain tissue, over-rode everybody in his party.

A London newspaper recently announced that "the Speaker of the House of Commons is suffering from 'listener's gout!'" It was a wholly new phrase to me. I have personally known every Speaker of the House of Representatives, at Washington, since Schuyler Colfax, and I never heard any of them confess to similar complaint. Doubtless, one sort of gout is as obnoxious as another. Years ago I gave up Burgundy because premonitory twinges in one of my feet were diagnosed as incipient gout. All my life I have been a good listener, and the recollections of my forgetfulness would stand me in great stead were I sure of them. What is "listener's gout?" I got "on the wire" and called up several distinguished authorities on diseases of the nervous system. Not an answer was satisfactory—from a bill-poster's view-point. I should explain that the bill-poster is a philosopher who sincerely believes that an answer

or an appeal is valueless unless it makes a distinct mental impression.

James G. Blaine was the first Speaker of the House known to me. His art consisted in playing General Butler against every other stormy petrel in the House! It was a comparatively easy solution of a difficult situation. Butler liked the job and it saved the Speaker a deal of trouble. The Essex statesman had been of invaluable aid on several critical occasions and Speaker Blaine was "a square divider."

Speaker Kerr never was well known to anybody. He only lasted for one session (1875-1876) and as a "listener" never attained a standing. When the newspaper boys went to see him after each day's session, he always talked a streak, but never supplied any information.

Samuel J. Randall was the most respectful and considerate man who occupied the Speaker's chair since I began a study of such officials. There wasn't any "cloture" under him. The youngest member was always given a few opportunities to "make good." He had to show ability, or he got a short shrift; but there wasn't any smothering of nascent genius. Randall might have contracted "listener's gout" had he known of the malady. Poor chap, he didn't learn he had cancer of the stomach until he ran against a too-talkative physician. Of all men lately in public life, Randall probably possessed more sweet and lovable characteristics than any other. Never shall I forget a day passed with him at his farm, near Paoli, Pa., only a few months before his death, in which he talked continuously about his career in Congress. He foresaw the coming popular revolution, although this must have been about 1889, and regretted that his devotion to "protection"—owing to his Pennsylvania environment—had contributed to the creation of gigantic monopolies. Remember, that was more than six years before the Chicago platform that first arraigned the trusts!

J. Warren Keifer, who succeeded Randall for a single session, in 1881, was an exceptionally popular Speaker. He was truly a "listener." The hold of the Republican majority was recognized as temporary; there-

fore, Keifer treated the Democrats in the House with as much consideration as a Speaker chosen from their own party could have shown. He made several rulings that stand to this day as marvels of impartiality, and in which partisans like Reed or Cannon would have exercised "a reasonable discretion"—as Reed once explained an arbitrary decision to me—in behalf of his own party. Keifer's situation was difficult and he never received credit for the cleverness with which he acquitted himself.

John G. Carlisle was a wholly different type of man. He came into the Speakership on a wave of popular revolt—the wave that, on its rebound, was to carry Grover Cleveland a second time into the White House. The keen, analytical mind he possessed never really showed until he attained a Cabinet position that came to him later. He kept his left ear to the crowd all the time, and might have been a much greater figure in American history had he hearkened to premonitions that came to him. What his affiliations with protection and gold-standard elements in the democracy were I never was able to fathom. He lost his opportunity, just as did David B. Hill, by clinging to driftwood that really belonged to the Republican party—its flotsam and jetsam! Hill could have buried Bryan at Chicago had he been a good "listener," conceded the trend of the silver craze—almost as rampant at St. Louis as at Chicago—and proposed a compromise of 25 or 26 to 1 instead of 16 to 1. John G. Carlisle was the most ambitious man ever known to me in public life,—not even excepting Thomas B. Reed. His eyes were as confidently set upon the White House as were those of William McKinley. But Carlisle weakened on half a dozen critical occasions while Speaker, and Crisp subsequently became the figure that Carlisle ought to have aspired to be, instead of going into the Senate. Naturally, when he accepted a place in President Cleveland's second Cabinet his career was run. Had Carlisle been a good "listener," "Old Faithful" geyser, Bryan, never would have appeared above the surface and Carlisle surely would have landed in the Executive Mansion, as it was called, until Theodore

Roosevelt had the stationery changed to "White House."

"Tom" Reed appeared in the House of Representatives like a big Roman candle that dazzled the eyes of Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Bingham and Kelley. Had Reed not tumbled into the arena, Cannon would have "arrived" in the Speaker's chair ten years before he did. Of the two men, Cannon was much the better politician; Reed didn't make a single "touch-down" that Cannon didn't make a kick from the 25-yard line! But Reed was absolutely fierce in "tackling" every player who showed up. In that way, he became "captain" of the House team.

Thomas B. Reed, never suffered from "listener's gout." His first term (1889 '91) was administered with the mildness of a suckling dove. He was like a boy at school. Not a trace of subsequent imperiousness that developed during his second incumbency of the office! When the Democratic landslide of 1890 happened, Reed went to Rome and studied the careers of the Emperors. He came back from Italy in August, 1891. I went to Portland to get an interview and passed much of two days with him at his big, square brick house, enjoying his treasures in missals and Venetian cameos, petting his big cat "Anthony" and listening to his predictions regarding the policies of the victorious Democratic party. He was anxious that Mills should have the Speakership; he was warm in praise of the Texan. Crisp had not appeared as a candidate. (This was on August 15, 1891.) Had Mills been chosen Speaker his career would have ended very differently.

Charles F. Crisp came into office like a June morning. He was undoubtedly popular. He was too good a "listener" and made wreck of his two terms in the Speakership for the same reason that the Miller and his Son failed to get anywhere when, according to Esop, they set out for the mill. Here's another man who could have headed off Bryan had he risen to opportunity! Maybe, the explanation is "listener's gout!" I never heard one suggested before. Mills would have got somewhere had he attained that Speakership; Crisp never got anywhere. My recollection of the broiling-hot days of the Chicago con-

vention is that while Bland, Mills and others were mentioned, the name of Crisp never agitated the air. Hope is that the career of Champ Clark will not end in similar fashion.

In Reed's two-term second occupancy of the Speaker's chair he effaced every tradition of his previous term and stood strong for individuality and bossism. He was always imperious, but during a field-day in the House of Representatives, Speaker Reed for the first time, and amid continuous uproar, enforced his new rules. Although that body had put power in his hands, many members of his own party rebelled at the Speaker's dictatorship. I had sent a special correspondent (Henry L. Nelson) to Washington who wired a graphic description of the scene. Mr. Reed's method of counting a quorum by including every member in the Chamber, whether or not he answered to his name at roll call, was set forth, accompanied by interviews denunciatory of the Speaker's "despotism." On a small basis of fact, Nelson made a highly sensational letter. Reed's domination over the popular body was generally pronounced unrepublican—decidedly Russian in character.

I was then managing-editor of the *World*. This despatch being the news feature of the night, I undertook the construction of its big head, as was generally my custom. For a top line, I wrote the words—

REED, THE RUSSIAN

The compositor did not follow my marks indicating the size of display type, but used another font; consequently, the letters overran the line, and the proof came to me thus: "REED, THE RUSS."

A new catch line had to be invented, instantly: the page was waiting! After several attempts, I hit upon two words that have become a part of American political history. I went to Foreman Jackson and asked him to select the largest possible type that would admit the words, "CZAR REED."

The title was a national hit! It was taken up by republican and democratic journals. Reed was immensely pleased—as he was at a later day with Homer Davenport's caricatures of his vast, round face and his Gargantuan

body. The only protest came from the correspondent. He sent a pathetic letter-telegram, whining that "the Czar Reed head has dwarfed my entire article." I laughed at him over the wire, in response; but he was right. The headline lived, while his specious protests against "the Reed rules" were soon forgotten.

I had known Reed since 1886, when he was edging toward the leadership of his party on the floor of the House. Especially do I recall a trip we made together from Washington to New York. He was reading a volume of Balzac and I was correcting the proofs of an article on "Journalism," for the American Appendix of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Reed looked over the sheets and encountered this paragraph: "Washington is the political news-center of the nation and the outlook of the correspondent sent there becomes as wide as the country. The Capital interests him; its distances wear him out. New members of Congress talk too much; old ones not enough. He encounters falsehood in all forms, and, almost daily, is shocked to hear lawmakers admit it is uttered for political reasons. Washington is a solemn place to any young man who, until arriving there, has believed in the sincerity of human kind."

"That's as true as anything in Holy Writ!" he exclaimed. "I hope to see the day when politics in this country will not be conducted according to the methods of the professional confidence man or the police 'grafter.' I am glad you put into permanent form a protest against Washington as it is." Then he resumed "*La Duchesse de Langeais*." His knowledge of French was wholly academic.

When at Washington in 1896, I often attended Mr. Speaker Reed's receptions at the Shoreham Hotel and delighted to observe the way in which he satisfied members of the House without promising them what they asked. His methods were those of the lion-tamer—the eye-power. The Republican party had for its head, at that time, a man who hadn't been known to the American people a year earlier, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, and he had announced that William McKinley would be the next nominee of the party for the Presidency. Hanna was a Cleveland shipping merchant, a millionaire and, as afterwards devel-

oped, capable of making good. In that Spring of 1896, Reed looked fair as the coming man; but he didn't appreciate Hanna—as I learned to do, during several months at Canton and Cleveland, after the St. Louis Convention. I have referred to this ambition of Mr. Reed elsewhere, in discussing Senator Platt.

Within a few weeks of his death, I happened to meet Reed in a hall of the Broad Exchange building, where he had an office, and he again expressed his warm gratitude to me for christening him—"Czar Reed, of the First Billion Dollar Congress." He was successful in everything, except his cherished one—a Presidential nomination.

He had antagonized so many people that his crowning ambition was rendered impossible.

In the meantime, the Cleveland shipowner Hanna had appeared above the surface as an exploiter of McKinley, a dead-broke Canton lawyer, who had been in the House of Representatives for a space and as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means stood sponsor for the stiffest, monopoly-favoring tariff bill ever shoved under the noses of the American people,—although it was framed for him by the various "interests." Hanna's opinion was that if the "protected interests" had received so many favors from the Republican party, in the name of McKinley, the least they could do would be to raise a "yellow-dog" fund of \$5,000,000 and to let him dispense it. That's what happened. Reed had thought he could win the St. Louis nomination strictly on his merits; but when Hanna told him exactly how many votes he would allow him to have (84½, if memory serves, and Hanna intended to emphasize his generosity by the half vote), Reed sickened of politics. He continued as Speaker for another term, but I have always believed he did so because he hoped in that position to humble McKinley and Hanna.

Reed had learned much, but he had not comprehended the omnipotence of money in national elections. He had not realized that Hanna bought the Southern delegates, to begin with, and then added what delegates he needed in the Northern States by sentiment or promises of office to their bosses. Hanna

"got away with" shrewd politicians like Platt, Quay and others in 1896; but they outwitted him at Philadelphia, in 1900, when they forced Governor Theodore Roosevelt upon his ticket.

Reed's Presidential campaign bears interesting comparison with the more recent one of Vice-President Fairbanks, who attempted to conduct it on a culinary basis. Charles W. Fairbanks thought he could make himself a candidate by giving a dinner once a week to members of the Supreme Court and prominent Senators of his party. It was the introduction of the kitchen into politics—much as the late Sam Ward introduced the spit and Westphalian ham into lobbying! Reed's plan was not less disastrous than was Fairbanks'. They were not good "listeners."

The incumbency of David B. Henderson as Speaker taught nothing. His wife was a prominent temperance agitator. She thought to score a "touch-down" one day by spilling many thousand dollars' worth of the family's wines into the gutter; but the effort was abortive, because even temperance fanatics asked how the wines happened to be in her cellar. Henderson became such a cad toward newspaper men, upon whom he had forced his association when on the floor, that he was generally overlooked. One cannot say harsh things about a cripple or a dead man. Henderson was "listening" all the time, but he never contracted "gout" or attracted public attention.

Joseph G. Cannon and his eight years' Speakership fills a large niche in national history. What a pity he hadn't really done one little thing—had one little thought for the great masses of the American people! He was one of the most popular occupants of the chair since my recollection—popular with the members. The procession is a long one and "Uncle Joseph" may be proud to lead it. The State of Illinois wanted to make of him her "favorite son" for the presidential nomination of 1908. It was a deserved compliment; but the Speaker would not listen to the suggestion. He insisted that he had been honored sufficiently.

While dealing with Washington, I want to speak of the relations between alleged statesmen and real newspaper correspondents.

German journalists recently did what the American correspondents in the Senate and House galleries of the Capitol at Washington should have done on many occasions. A beer-full leader of the Center party during a wild harangue in the Reichstag sneeringly referred to the newspaper correspondents as "swine." With splendid unanimity, every managing editor in Berlin and throughout Germany ordered a cessation of reports of all deliberations in the Reichstag. The reporters left the press galleries, and legislators who had shone in the reflected light of the newspapers had to hire publishers to print their speeches, as well as to revise them.

As every Washington correspondent knows, the value and amount of publicity bestowed upon ungrateful Congressmen by the newspapers cannot be calculated. An average member of the lower House is incapable of uttering a dozen consecutive sentences that are grammatical or logical. Hardly a day passes in which the language of some one or other of these gentlemen does not require the conscientious and wholly unremunerative services of men in the press galleries. In the Senate, naturally, the standard of education is higher and the vernacular is spoken with considerable purity. Its members have been longer under the blue pencils of the clever men who edit their copy for the Congressional Record. In addition, many of them prepare their long speeches, with the assistance of their private secretaries—paid by the people—and actually read them! Such an infliction would not be tolerated in any other legislative body.

Nothing is more common than to hear members of Congress, who for years have fed at the public trough, make shurring references to newspaper correspondents, who serve the American people at Washington quite as faithfully as they do. At a reception in this city, one evening, I heard Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, sneeringly refer to "the lying correspondents at Washington who are always misrepresenting what we (the Congressmen, presumably) try to accomplish." This language was used in a party of ladies, but in such tones that I couldn't help hearing.

One lady came to me and begged that I interfere, but when I told her that this critic of the Washington correspondents hailed from a little village in Iowa and owed everything he was in his party (which wasn't a great deal) to the notoriety bestowed upon him by the same "lying" reporters, she agreed with me that notice of the remarks would dignify them. I then told her that this same man actually accepted invitations to dinners of the Gridiron Club, an organization of these same newspaper correspondents, that cost the "lying reporter" who invited him \$10 to \$25 for his guest. No restrictions of the "Pure Food law" prevented this Iowa critic from eating a Gridiron dinner, or smoking Gridiron cigars or drinking Gridiron wines. But the newspapers forgot him and he was defeated for re-election.

I would like to see a boycott established against a few senators and representatives who are constant and unjust in their criticisms of the American press. It has faults, as have present methods of legislation. Some people

assure us that even executive power is abused, at times. But the good the newspapers of this country have done so far outweighs all its injustices that its official representatives should be free from the sneers of public servants supported in part by the people they affect to despise.

The action of the German reporters of the Reichstag will surely cause a wholesome change of sentiment throughout Germany, as well as in that body. No fewer than twelve deputies who had intended to speak on the colonial budget refused to address the Reichstag because their remarks would not attain publicity. They do not care for several hundred hearers in the houses; they coveted the readers of newspapers throughout the Empire, an audience counted by millions.

The most gratifying feature about the Reichstag boycott was the absolute unanimity with which it was entered into. Within a week, the Reichstag passed a resolution of apology to the German reporters and begged its acceptance.



CHAPTER XIII

SUDDEN CHANGE OF FORTUNE



AT THE close of the Summer season, I was recalled to the office by a cablegram from Paris and detailed to write editorial paragraphs; but Rev. Dr. Hepworth, in charge of that page, resolutely threw them away, night after night. I should have complained and asked a transfer to another department; but I made carbon copies of my matter and sent them to Mr. Bennett, at Paris. For six weeks, I went to my desk every night, and "ground out" twenty to forty paragraphs, most of which were suppressed. Perhaps they were poor stuff. However, I learned that Mr. Bennett was coming over in October. He is a delightful chief when near at hand, but a terrible master when on one side of the Atlantic and his employee on the other.

A few days after the arrival in New York of the proprietor of the *Herald*, he sent for me. He was standing at a high desk, looking up Park Row. I was in a dissatisfied state of mind and what he said was not calculated to put me in better mood. When we were alone, he began:

"I have been trying for several months to get the truth about the circulation of the *World*. I have had the business department working at the job, but its people tell me our circulation still leads. Now, how can I get the facts?"

"If you cannot secure the figures from the *World* press-room, by 'underground,' there's only one sure method of ascertaining what you want to know. A man must go to every news-stand on Third Avenue, between here and Harlem bridge. He ought to walk, in order not to attract attention. Then Sixth and Eighth Avenues should be covered in the same way. Murray Hill and the Down-

town shipping sections, where the *Herald* is strongest, should be canvassed."

"That's an excellent suggestion," replied the proprietor; "but it is open to the same objection I have made to the other method. Can I believe the reports? I must have somebody do that work *who isn't afraid to tell me the truth!* I want you to undertake it!"

This order was a surprise; after a successful winter at Washington, an assignment to spend days on the streets in a task of this sort appeared a humiliation despite the implied compliment as to my truthfulness. I left the room much chagrined. But, starting at Cooper Institute next morning at seven o'clock, I spent four days on the streets, afoot. Stands not connected with shops were closed by 11 o'clock, not to be re-opened until the evening papers were on sale; so I had less than half a day in which to work. My plan was to buy a paper, engage the dealer in conversation and get the number of *Heralds* and *Worlds* sold. These figures I set down in a book, out of the dealer's sight, with location of purchase and name of dealer when obtainable. A day was required to compile and properly tabulate the results. The showing was unfavorable to the *Herald*. Although I do not choose to quote the figures, I worked out the percentage, showing relatively how much one journal led the other in circulation. When I presented the report to my proprietor, he went over every line, covering many pages of ledger paper. After half an hour's silence, very awkward to me, because I had to stand as Mr. Bennett was standing at his desk, the latter said:

"Just as I expected! Your work is well done; I am much pleased." With a few words of thanks, I started to leave the room, when Mr. Bennett asked: "What time is it?"

Glancing across the street to the spire of St. Paul's chapel, I replied, "Three o'clock."

"Very well; I shall put you in charge of this office at four! Come back at that hour."

Then followed the most thrilling sixty minutes of my life! A score of times, while trudging through the mud or rain, gathering figures for my report, I had resolved to resign. Evidently my twelve years' faithful service was not appreciated. I was receiving a salary of \$5,000 per year, but to be asked to perform menial labor such as that in which I was engaged, hurt my feelings. Now, as a reward, I was to be put in charge of the *Herald*, to be made its Managing-Editor—to have the wildest ambition of my life realized. The top of my profession at 35! I descended the circular staircase to Ann Street, thence crossed Broadway to the corner of St. Paul's church-yard. That hour was spent in walking 'round that block, and when the clock showed a few minutes of four, I returned to the *Herald* office. "Jimmy," Mr. Bennett's colored boy, was on watch for me.

Taking me by the arm, Mr. Bennett conducted me to the side of Mr. Flynn's desk and told him I was to take his place. Naturally, I had supposed Mr. Flynn cognizant of the intended change; but the paleness upon his face showed utter surprise. I never have felt sadder in my life! Here was a man with whom I had been intimately associated for many years, against whom not a single act of meanness or unfairness could be charged. Utterly forgetful of the traditions of *Herald* management, I stammered, "Oh! Mr. Flynn; I assumed you knew!" I was most untactful.

That night, Mr. Bennett personally took me to the composing room and, in my presence, gave orders to "Jack" Henderson, the foreman, that I was to revise the editorial page. Whatever I cancelled, was to be left out. That gave to me supreme authority. Oh! Dr. Hepworth! But I had had too much experience to get brash.

Next day, I sent a note to a stock-broker carrying three hundred shares of stocks for me on a margin to sell me out "at best." This was done, at a loss of \$1,100 to me.

Unlike some other managing-editors of New York newspapers, I did not deem it proper to be speculating on the Stock Exchange when in a position to control the newspaper columns of a stock report. I do not criticize several acquaintances who have retired from similar berths with fortunes; they are welcome to them. Using the custody of another man's property for my own enrichment was, and is, repugnant to me.

Mr. Bennett remained in New York until after the stormy municipal election of that year (1886). Under his orders, money was literally squandered in getting news; but the infernal circulation didn't move! Mr. Bennett went back to Europe, without telling anybody. I didn't know of his departure until midnight, when I learned he was to sail on the French liner at 6 in the morning. He was disgusted—I do not say discouraged.

I knew something had to be done to start the circulation upward. I always had been a believer in "freak features," if I may so describe them. There was no "wireless" in those days; but I knew something would happen if the circulation didn't rise. In desperation, affecting a jollity I did not feel, I scattered over the editorial page a dozen paragraphs, paraphrased from college cries at the various institutions of alleged learning with which I was more or less familiar. Next morning, among the "non-committal" editorials—using the language of Dr. Wallace, who had already joined the throng invisible—I inserted "freaks," of which this is a sample:

"We are the stuff,
We are the stuff!"

Who're the stuff?

The *Herald's* the proper stuff—
That's what the people say."

Some of them were more audacious, going to the length of saying "the old *Herald* has waked up," or words to that effect. In doing this, I burned every bridge behind me. Besides, I knew it meant a final fight with Dr. Hepworth and I was not sure whether Mr. Bennett would sustain me. But, I had cast an anchor to windward. To every college man I knew within the day's circulation radius, I had sent a whooping telegram, calling attention to the college shouts and asking

for a sentiment. Most of those to whom I appealed replied in laudatory language. This turned the guns against the afternoon papers of that day, which said sarcastic things about the sanity of the *Herald's* new executive editor. Result, an increase of 7,200 in circulation in a week! The abuse heaped upon me by the other newspapers aroused curiosity to see "the rotten sheet," as one of my critics described the "stuff" edition.

Dr. Hepworth came to "protest." I was fighting for my life and made short work of him. If I went down, I'd have my boots on! I do not believe he ever before had heard the word "circulation" or knew that I was responsible for it! He cabled Paris; but my message had been sent the previous night. Howland looked wise as an owl, and didn't understand what was intended. For ten days, the *Herald*, which had dropped out of the exchanges, was commented on far and wide. I reprinted the most critical notices. The local newspapers shut up, after the endorsements of college men were published. The circulation began to move upward, slowly but steadily—the most encouraging kind of growth. That was a busy winter for me.

I feel justified in speaking of a few innovations introduced. When I had time to think of improvements, I noticed that the baseball "averages" were only printed once a week. Sending for the editor of the sporting department, I ordered the averages made up and published every day. He said he would have to engage another man to make the calculations, as it was a tedious task. "No; tell the baseball writer to do the figuring after he has turned in his account of each day's game." There was trouble at first; but I appointed Alfred Stimer sporting-editor and the "averages" appeared daily from that day to this. All competitors followed us.

One night, I had an exceedingly dangerous story. The trustee of an estate was accused of embezzling funds; but no legal proceedings had been taken. We had the charges and a statement from the accused, denying his guilt and putting up a fair answer. I couldn't print the accusations with an answer below them, because if the matter were settled out of court, a libel would lie. I hit upon

what is now known as "the twin head." Placing the charges in the first column and the self-vindication in the second, I bound them together, giving equal prominence to each, with a two-column head like this: Is he a thief? No, he's an honest man." I also believe I was first to use a full-page head-



JULIUS CHAMBERS
1887

ing. I never had seen one, at any rate. I tried all manner of "freak" headings, confirming my previous opinions about the mental impressions they create.

The first conflict I had with the staff occurred when I asked a pleasant chap who had been engaged to write editorials on liter-

any themes to review a book. He swelled up and said he had not been hired to do that, considered it "beneath his dignity," and much more. I was inclined to pass over the matter, because, calling a stenographer, I dictated the review myself; but the man made the error of telegraphing Mr. Bennett that he refused to obey my orders to review a book; he got "fired" by cable for his pains.

The large daily cartoon, so popular to-day, was originated by Mr. Bennett in his *Evening Telegram*. Baron de Grim, an artist with a wide European reputation, was imported to draw them. The proprietor of the *Herald* had been cartooned in *Vanity Fair*, of London, with other famous men of his time, and he knew that such caricatures do not leave wounds. I reproduce that cartoon from a copy Mr. Bennett gave to me.

Mr. Bennett has been a successful correspondent himself on occasions. He witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria (July 11, 1882) from the deck of the "Namouna," and, steaming to Malta, cabled a full description to New York. During the first insurrection in Cuba, the *Herald* was in sympathy with

the revolutionists; but in the early days of the Spanish-American troubles that culminated in war, he manifested a decidedly pro-Spanish sentiment—which was inexplicable, because his patriotism was beyond question. It is not generally known that Mr. Bennett served as a volunteer lieutenant in the United States Navy during the Civil War. I possess a rare photograph of him in his uniform.

Judged by the supreme test of what he has accomplished, Mr. Bennett is great in many ways. But he is careless of fame. His official friendship is like a wax taper—liable to extinguishment by the faintest breath of doubt or external influence. The criticism of a fellow clubman, or of the masseur who rubs him down at the "Hammam," often outweighs the mature judgment of his chief editor.

He is a gentleman always; generous spasmodically, to the limit of extravagance; again, in business, he is close as a Scotchman. His crest is "an owl in the moon," but it might, with advantage, be changed to a thistle, with the motto of Scotland—*Nemo me impune lacessit*.



CHAPTER XIV

EDITING NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS AND NEW YORK



NEVER was an employer more solicitous for the health of his employees than Mr. Bennett. I literally lived in his office, getting there at noon, as a rule, and rarely leaving before the paper went to press at 2.30.

Except in Summer, I didn't take any days off. Of these facts, my employer appeared to be informed, for in many of his letters he cautioned me not to work too hard. He detailed Mr. White to come early to assist me; but I found White ordered rafts of useless matter and asked that he be withdrawn. He was called to Paris.

The winter of 1886-'87 was enjoyable, because the chief was on a cruise in the "Naimouna" in the Far East. He visited Java, the Straits Settlements, India and Ceylon. I had no trouble with anybody. The cablegrams from distant points were all kindly and encouraging.

In the May of 1887, I received a message from Colombo, Ceylon, saying: "Take Saturday's French steamer for Havre, await me Paris; put Meighan on your desk until return." Reaching Paris, I found a despatch from Aden: "Take charge of *Galignani's Messenger*; have bought it. Order plenty American news from home office. Shake up London; have Hall help."

What followed the receipt of this second message really belongs to the Comedy of Journalism, which will be dealt with elsewhere.

That evening, I walked into the office of *Galignani*, introduced myself to Editors Fox and Robillard; told them of my orders, hung up my coat and sat down at a vacant desk. Sending for the foreman, M. Maignard, I informed him I had taken charge for Mr. Bennett, and ordered proofs of all "standing matter." He was also directed to give to me sam-

ples of all display type that could be used for headings. A cablegram was rushed to New York, ordering 2,000 words sent to "*Galignani*, Paris." London was told to double its service by the private wire. A. Oakey Hall, the *Herald's* London correspondent, was told to duplicate over the *Galignani* wire, matter prepared for *Herald*. In two hours, the dull place had the bustle of a New York office. Evening papers contained suggestions for two "good stories." *Galignani* hadn't any reporters. So, I assigned myself to one of the articles and asked Mr. King to attend to the other. He was much shocked, but obeyed. We landed our articles and wrote them during lulls in the receipt of telegraphic matter. New York responded gallantly. London was behind America; the special wire worked badly. (It always did. Messages were received on an old printing-telegraph machine.)

Next morning a fifty-year reader of *Galignani* would not have recognized the sheet! My editorial predecessor, William Makepeace Thackeray, would have been startled had it been delivered at his present abode, wherever that may be. From an American standpoint, "spread heads" on the first page were highly temperate, but they gave the purport of the matter underneath. Captions like "Latest from Berlin," or "Yesterday in America" were missing. The editorial page was reduced to one column. A lot of "canned leaders," contracted for by the month, were thrown into the waste-basket. To express my disrespect for the "non-committal" English paragraph, I asked the office boy to write a few paragraphs. He was a London cockney; I told him to discuss a cabman's strike in the English capital, and a rise in price of meat at the Halls Centrals. With editing, which amounted to re-writing, the boy's work was excellent.

This *charivari* continued, nightly, for two weeks before the supposed proprietor reached

Paris. I never had so much fun in my life! The Paris bureau of the New York *Herald* co-operated valiantly. Mr. C. Inman Barnard was a whole team; Mr. C. Henry Meltzer was great on music, drama and art. A young Englishman was retained to do the horse-racing and professional duels. Miss Effie Evans visited the hotels, getting English and American gossip. The bills were large; but Mr. Bennett never did anything in a small way and I had no fear of a day of reckoning.

Meanwhile, I was acquiring information about the cost of producing a daily newspaper of small circulation in Paris. I investigated the advertising, which consisted chiefly of French and Swiss hotels. The books showed that many of the accounts had been drawn against far ahead. Paris advertising amounted to little. The *Matin* printed *Galignani* and appropriated all its special features,—an intolerable thing, because we got almost nothing of a news character in return. Its editor was suffering from an incurable disease and I could not tell him how I felt about his conduct; it savored of picking a quarrel with a baby in an incubator.

One evening during June, I went to Les Ambassadeurs, a café chantant on the Champs Elysees, and heard Paulus sing "*En Revenant de la Revue*." It had "go." I bought a copy of the song and music, forwarded it to New York with orders to publish it on July 14, and to get Patrick Gilmore to march his band up Broadway playing it. This was done and "*Boulangers' March*," as it came to be known, took New York city by storm.

When, however, copies of the *Herald* of July 14 reached Paris, Paulus learned that it contained his song. He secured the services of a process-server and seized all copies of the *Herald* of that date to be found in the Paris office. When told of the "outrage" by M. Giraud, the cashier, I decided to get some advertising out of the incident. Marking ink was secured and I covered the large windows of the office with sheets of paper announcing a "seizure of the New York *Herald* by the authorities." A thousand people soon assembled in front of 49 Avenue de l'Opera. London newspapers gave the incident half a column each.

Mr. Bennett arrived in fine spirits. He had received bundles of the new *Galignani* at Brindisi, Genoa and Nice and seemed to be pleased with the work, although he carefully refrained from saying so. An employee at *Galignani's* had asked me if the will of the founder of the newspaper had been examined; I spoke to Mr. Bennett about the matter. He called his *avocat*, who admitted that he had not gone beyond the statements of the Brothers Jeancourt, present owners and nephews of the original M. Galignani. A visit to the Register of Wills, by whatever title he is known, revealed an amazing clause in the will of the late M. Galignani, positively forbidding that the name of the paper should pass out of his family!

What was to be done? The American editor had agreed to pay a large sum for the property, assuming he was buying "lock, stock and barrel," namely, title, plant and good-will. On the contrary, he was getting only a lot of badly worn type and a collection of advertising contracts at low rates, many of which had been drawn upon a year in advance. Characteristically, the American decided to drop the matter.

"If you are intent on having a journal in Paris," I volunteered, "start one."

"What will it cost?"

"Seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-six francs and seventy-five centimes per week," I answered, promptly.

"How do you know?" I had expected that question and drew the following memorandum from my pocket:

"Composition, 1,560; Editors, 1,166 (this does not include work done by me or your Paris staff, charged to Paris office); Telegraph operator, 100; Tirage (printing), 500; Depart (mailing and circulation), 410; Postage, 182; Paper (4,500 copies), 582.75; Counting room, 410; Cabling, 87.5; London wire, 917.50; Rent, 192; Gas, 170; Petty expenses (average), 60; and Gerant (publisher, who stands for libels), 12.50." And I passed the memorandum across the table at which we sat.

"How much will a plant cost?"

"The type will have to be bought in Lon-

don and shipped over; also the cases," I answered. "Its cost installed, types 'laid,' will be \$7,325. I know a place in a large imprimerie on the Rue Coq Heron that can be rented for 6,000 francs per year; the deposit and plumbing for the gas will cost 125 francs (\$85). What the cost of heating in winter will be I do not know. You will need a telephone, say 300 francs annually. A complete set of all the Paris newspapers, morning and evening will be "

"That will do! I'll wire Jack Henderson to come by first steamer. How long will it take to get a special wire to London?"

"That is not an easy task; but I should say two weeks. There's much red tape. I can go to London and buy the type, engage the printers—"

"Very well; don't go to *Galignani* to-night. Tell Barnard and Meltzer to give the *Herald* their whole attention."

The old journal was very nearly not making its appearance next morning! New York did not send any news; Oakey Hall ceased. The clamor for copy was hard to satisfy. I never entered *Galignani's* again.

Instead, I had on my hands a contract to start a wholly new enterprise. After I had secured the London wire, rented an office, secured printers, bought the necessary outfit of type, cases, stands, and gas fixtures, Mr. Bennett handed to me a weekly credit at Rothschilds and jumped into a cab for St. Lazare railway station, en route to New York—as John A. Cockerill wittily said, "To edit his Paris paper by cable."

When the excitement of departure had passed, I glanced at my credit with the greatest banking-house in Europe. The checks were dated one week apart, for nine weeks, and each was exactly 7,566.75 francs!

The first number of the Paris edition of the *Herald* appeared on the date promised (Oct. 10, 1887). On the previous afternoon, I had been authorized to distribute 2,000 francs among the kiosk keepers along the Boulevards; the paper was sold out. Although my hours averaged 18 out of 24, I enjoyed the work. My estimate was only exceeded on one pay-day, and that by 200 francs,—which I

personally paid and said nothing about. Owing to an oversight by the firm that supplied the paper, the stock was short one night and Barnard and I had to drive to the other side of the Seine, awaken a night-watchman, convince him of our identity (which was not easy) and bring the white paper back in two cabs.

Paris has not been the same to Americans since Robert and Lucy Hooper died. Mrs. Hooper was for a generation one of the best-known members of the American colony. The Hoopers were at the height of popularity during 1887, when I lived in Paris. The family dwelt in a large flat on the Rue des Petits Champs, in the heart of the bustling city. Their Sunday night receptions were delightful features of a stay at the French capital. Many of the brightest men and women of Europe were to be met there. Monet Sully and Sara Bernhardt were often guests; Wyndham and Irving rarely visited Paris without dropping in on a Sunday evening. This Philadelphia couple created the only American salon that endured a dozen changes of Ministers.

One evening, Daniel Dougherty recited King Henry's advice to his son. A young actor from the Theatre Français stood before "the silver tongued" orator, who, being for the time a king, spoke seated. Dougherty talked the wonderful lines of Shakespeare in such a natural manner that the scene became real. The actor "son" listened most respectfully, although he did not understand a word of the English language.

"Bob" Hooper was not literary; but he was an epicure. He knew where the best cafés could be found; he was a judge of Burgundy. I once drove with him to Old Paris, across the Isle of St. Louis, to taste delicious brands of wines he had discovered. Where he procured his mint I never knew, but he could concoct a julip that feared no rival in the Blue Grass land of Kentucky or in the Piedmont Valley of Virginia.

When the Paris edition was launched, I returned to the managing desk in New York. The memorable event of the following year for New Yorkers will always be the blizzard on March 11, 12 and 13. New York was isolated for several days. One managing-

editor got his Boston news by way of Ireland, sent orders therefor to Cape Ann by the Mackay-Bennett cables and received reply by the same route. All electric lights were out for two nights. I slept on a table in the *Herald* office. The snow drifted to such depths that many people had to tunnel from the basements of their dwellings. The day before that blizzard, dear old Walt Whitman sent to me a pretty little verse, entitled "The First Violet of Spring." I marked it for the editorial page and went home early. It was a beautiful night. When the paper was on the streets next morning, the joke was on me. Town and country were in the grasp of the Storm King! Ten thousand gods of trouble were loosed! I didn't hear the last of "The First Violet" for many a day. Poor Walt felt badly about the mishap—as if he were to blame—and didn't want to accept the money I sent to him for the brief verse. When I last saw him, shortly before his death, he apologized for the upset of the Weather Bureau. Again, when I stood beside his tomb as a pallbearer, I tenderly recalled his self-abnegation and sorrow over the discomfiture of a poet and an editor by the Powers of all-potent Nature.

An example of what I had to endure will suffice. The following poem, written in mock Walt Whitman style, appeared in a contemporary:

TO J. C. PERSONAL AND AFFECTIONATE.

"The weather to-day in New York and its vicinity promises to be generally fair and cooler, preceded by partial cloudiness near the coast. To-morrow, it promises to be slightly warmer and generally fair."—Weather Report in the *Herald*, March 12, 1888.

NO VIOLETS FOR HIM.

Roaring, imperial beauty, Julius, icicleular, valvular, corruscating,
diamond-sheened, sun-dazzling,

Montana blizzard, Dakota blizzard—blizzard from Buffalo-land;

Julius, weather-prophet, stormy-eyed, accurate. Arctic in sunshine,
tropical amid the snows;

Herald-governing, salary-raising Julius!

Lord of the cable, the wire, the thin, clauamy type, millions of spray-
like sheets:

No bananas, nor oranges, nor feathery pines, nor odorously pine-cones;
Nor mint-julips, fragrant with spices and fruit, cold with hurried,
tumbling ice—

But hyperborean night, sombre, dawning night!

O Julius, with the weather prophet's eye!

WALT WHITMAN.

Days afterward, when I obtained the original copy, I recognized the handwriting as that

of my beloved friend, John Russell Young. This shows the *cameraderie* and jollity that existed in the *Herald* office during the storm, when most of the editors and reporters slept upon tables, under their overcoats. In the press-room "blankets" were taken from the presses for wrappings.

Never in the history of the metropolis has there been such a period of complete commercial and social stagnation as lasted for the greater part of Blizzard week. Stacks of snow, created between the car tracks and the sidewalk, grew to incredible heights. A single instance will suffice.

In the autumn of that same year, 1888, I was standing at the second-story window of the *Herald* Building, corner of Ann Street and Broadway. At my side stood the owner of the newspaper, who dwelt abroad. I was attempting to describe the paralyzing effects of the "blizzard."

"Would you believe that I stood exactly where we are and could not see even the hats of men passing in front of St. Paul's Chapel?" I asked.

The Franco-American didn't reply immediately; he watched the throng of men and women hurrying north and south along the pavement, on the opposite side of Broadway.

"It seems incredible," he finally said.

So it did; but it was absolutely true and I could have secured corroboration from a score of men who spent days and nights in that building during that stress of weather.

A mystery of mysteries in the newspaper world existed for several years regarding the means by which the *Herald* scored its great "beat" in 1887 by printing President Cleveland's message in full on the morning of the day it was sent to Congress. I was responsible for that "scoop," and in a long experience this is the only instance in which I literally had an "exclusive" forced upon me. I kept the secret; but Charles Nordhoff, who happened to be in the office that night, overheard part of the conversation, divined the rest and told the story at a dinner party at Washington. Here is the explanation:

From a source unknown to me, William Henry Smith, New York manager of the

Associated Press, received word that the *Herald* had surreptitiously obtained an advance copy of the President's message and intended to print it in full in the morning. As the Associated Press was custodian of the document, until its distribution to customers on the following day, Mr. Smith was greatly distressed. He sought to prevent premature publication! He hurried across Broadway, climbed a long flight of stairs and demanded an audience with the *Herald's* managing editor. I saw him at once.

"I understand the *Herald* has obtained the President's message in an underhanded manner and intends to print it to-morrow—before it has been delivered to Congress?"

"Indeed?" said I.

"Now, you mustn't do this!" Smith continued, gasping for breath. "The *Herald* is a member of the Associated Press, and the honor of this association is pledged not to circulate this document until to-morrow afternoon."

"Well, really," I managed to say, merely to await developments; "what you may or may not do is of no consequence to the *Herald*, and will not influence it in the least."

"But, sir, I am assured that you are at this moment settling up the matter and intend to print it to-night!"

"Suppose we are; what then?" I excused myself and walked into the library to catch my breath, for somebody had been imposing upon the Associated Press agent. We did not have and didn't expect to have the message ahead of its delivery by the association.

"What will you do?" demanded Mr. Smith, anxiously, on my return.

"If we have it, we shall print it," I retorted. "This establishment doesn't change its plans at the whim or behest of anybody."

"Very well!" exclaimed the visitor. "I'll defeat your little scheme; I will send out the message to-night! All shall fare alike." And Mr. Smith flung himself out of the room in high dudgeon.

Such had been my hope. Sending for Jack Henderson, the foreman, I directed him to be in readiness to set an extra page at a late hour, as the President's message was ex-

pected. Sure enough, in came the document about 1 o'clock! Result, the *Herald* had a page of the message set, corrected and in the stereotype-room before 2 o'clock; other papers, not being prepared to handle so large an article at that hour, could only use a few disconnected paragraphs which they were accused of stealing from us! Thus was a fine "scoop" scored by diplomacy; but Mr. Smith congratulated himself, for years, at having "defeated the machinations of an enterprising but unscrupulous newspaper."

The writing of headings is an art in itself. Like the title of a book, the heading should pique the reader's curiosity, as well as set forth all the important facts in the article. There are rare occasions in which it is advisable to express editorial opinions in a heading. The best example that recurs to me was the republication in the *Herald* of Jay Gould's scandalous attack upon James Gordon Bennett, July 6, 1888. That letter was put in type in the *Tribune* office, and proofs were sent late at night to every New York paper, *except the Herald*. It was positively refused to that journal, whose proprietor was assailed! The responsible editor was a very anxious man that night, but secured a proof of the offensive letter after one o'clock. The article was probably the most venomous and contemptible ever published. I have since learned that Mr. Gould did not write it, but was induced to sign it while in a condition of rage over a complication during a fight of the rival cable lines.

Appalled as the editor was at the slanderous charges made against his chief, after a careful reading he decided to print the letter, without the omission of a word, in Mr. Bennett's own paper. This was an awful responsibility, but he assumed it, for two reasons: First, because he personally knew that the slanderous charges were false, and, second, because he wanted to utterly destroy the injurious effect of the whole article—to "scotch the snake" at once! Only one means remained in which to do this:—The heading! The editorial page had gone to press, and I doubt if its use would have been so effective. While the article was going into type, the editor wrote the top line now famous in Printing House Square—"THE CORSAIR

RAVES." Then followed: "Jay Gould, the Pirate of Wall Street, Signs an Infamously False Personal Onslaught on the *Herald's* Proprietor.—Honored by This Attack of a Sneak and a Coward.—Though Addressed to the Editor of the *Herald*, the Scream is Refused Us for Publication: But We Secure It and Print It in Full to Show What Kind of an Animal Gould Is.—Isn't He a Skunk?"

That heading did the business. It wasn't "nice," but it was desperately effective.

The letter was forgotten.

The incident that caused me to leave Mr. Bennett is typical. An offer had been made to me to join the *World*, but had been gratefully declined. Weeks afterward, I received a long cablegram abusing me for a bad night at the office of the Paris edition. I was charged with having recommended Albert Ives as its editor, when the fact was I had journeyed from Paris to Vichy to protest against his selection. Of course, I was not to blame for a *contretemps* in Paris. Disgusted and sore, I went to the Astor House for luncheon. There I met Colonel John A. Cockerill and sat down beside him. After a few minutes, he drew from his pocket a cablegram from his chief, Joseph Pulitzer, dated St. Moritz, that morning, directing him to see me again, to renew his offer and to increase the salary to \$250 per week, with a three years' contract. The proposition found me in a mood to accept the offer. When I returned to my desk, a

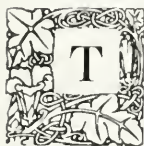
cablegram lay thereon announcing that Mr. Bennett had left for New York. It was the part of honor to await his arrival. This I did. Although he was very civil and made no mention of his unjust cablegram, I promptly notified him of my intended departure. He treated the matter as a joke and, after he had left the office that afternoon, sent his boy, Jimmy, to invite me to breakfast with him next morning. I returned my thanks but begged to be excused. This made the editor very angry; he wrote and wanted to print an obituary notice of me. He was dissuaded by a meddling editor—a man I had recommended for City Editor. I have seen that manuscript and regret its suppression.

Thus came to an end a devoted service of fifteen years, during which I literally occupied every desk in the *Herald* office. Mr. Bennett never shook hands with any employee; but since leaving him I have met him in several parts of the world and he has always held out his hand with cordiality.

He is a splendid master to serve, when near at hand; but when far away—influenced by suspicious and malicious reports from secret agents—his temperament becomes so mercurial that praise is dangerous because it is always followed by censure; the thought of the proprietor probably is that commendation is likely to enlarge the vanity of an employee.

CHAPTER XV

A NEW WORLD



THE first day in a strange office is something to be remembered. When I walked into the *World* office and was shown to the room assigned to the Managing Editor, I did not know five men in the establishment. Colonel Cockrill, who retained charge of the editorial page, was merely an acquaintance. James A. Graham, the City Editor, who proved to be pure gold, was unknown to me; likewise Mr. Fiske, the night editor. When I entered the editorial council that afternoon every man, except Cockrill, was a stranger. It was easy to see I was in for a hard task, until I learned something about the capacity of each man.

My first surprise—shock is a better word—came when I sent for a reporter and told him to undertake a trip that involved considerable travel and some difficulties. To my amazement, he began to argue and to suggest that another correspondent, whom he named, could do better than he! This was a new experience, with my fifteen years' *Herald* training, where declination to serve implied resignation. Of course, any man who went unwillingly at a task was likely to fail. I told this gentleman he must try it or resign. I saw an utter end of discipline if orders did not go. He went to Colonel Cockrill, but the latter told him my authority was absolute. He went on his mission and was entirely successful. But I made the discovery that "organization" and "discipline" were not favored by my chief. His idea was that he secured better results by playing man against man!

First intelligence of the terrible Johnstown flood, July of the following year, reached the office late at night. The flood had broken about dark, but destruction of all telegraphic communication with the stricken town prevented news of the disaster from reaching

New York until about 11 o'clock. Every available man was seized upon and sent west. Mr. Farrelly, on the copy desk, was appointed to take charge of the force. To gain time, a man in Albany on a special mission was sent to Pittsburg by the Central and was first to reach the news field; he was young and too inexperienced to improve his supreme opportunity, although he rendered efficient service subsequently under direction. Men were sent by midnight trains on the Erie, Baltimore & Ohio and Pennsylvania railroads. The extent of the disaster, which sacrificed 4,000 lives, was not known until the following day.

A semi-humorous episode developed from that first night's work. Knowing Johnstown, which I had once visited on the occasion of a strike, I took the Associated Press despatches, necessarily fragmentary, and rewrote them into a semblance of unity. One of the messages, clearly imaginative, described a usual evening gathering at the post-office, while the black clouds were hovering over the eastern hills. One townsman was reported as saying to another, "Big storm in the mountains?" "Yes, looks like it; we shall have a shower before long." Then I added, with a blue pencil, "but it had rained before in Johnstown." Two weeks later, when the news vane had veered to another direction, I received a cablegram from Mr. Pulitzer especially commending the first night's work and directing me to send his check for \$200 to the man who wrote the despatch containing the words, "It had rained before in Johnstown." That money never was drawn and the circumstances are here stated for the first time.

"Jersey" Chamberlain, of the *Sun*, beat everybody to the dam and had the first explanation of the cause of the calamity. The responsible man of the *World's* corps had been telegraphed more than once daily, "Send or go to the dam!" He sent a weak vassal, who

was scared by a ten-mile tramp through the woods. It was the only feature on which we were "beaten." In the face of positive order for one man's discharge, I smoothed the matter over and retained him.

George W. Turner, publisher of the *World*, and I had one serious dispute, although we afterwards became staunch friends. The idea occurred to me, one night, to put an announcement of the weather for the next day in the right-hand "ear" of the front page. [The "ears" of a newspaper, let me explain, are the small corners at the right and left of its heading.] It had seemed to me an admirable thought. Every buyer of a *World* at a stand could see, by a glance, what kind of weather the Washington Bureau had predicted. As readers will recall, I had had my own experience with the Weather Bureau and did not "back it in the betting"—after "The First Violet" mishap on Blizzard Eve. Mr. Turner took the ground that the "ears" belonged to the business office. We had a warm conversation. I couldn't prove my contention, any more than he could establish his. Meanwhile, every other newspaper in the country jumped into the ring, adopted the thought and put the *World* in Coventry. I wish I had time to hunt up that innovation. The *Herald* is the only newspaper in the United States, so far as my observation goes, that has not adopted my suggestion. The *World* had to trail after a thousand other newspapers had seized upon its idea.

A man on the *World* to whom I was soon attracted by his frankness, demonstrated efficiency and, above all, loyalty, was George Harvey. He had charge of the New Jersey department—a large, news field of high importance—and under his direction were twenty-five local reporters in the principal towns of the state. Unlike many newspaper men, he fully understood the embarrassments of an executive editor in a strange office, before the special capacities of individual editors and reporters had been learned. I especially recall this generous trait of his character. Harvey was at that time an aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Green, of New Jersey, but he did not use the title of Colonel. Later he held the same office under Governor Ab-

bett, and his friends were rejoiced at this recognition of his fitness. Subsequently he was appointed Insurance Commissioner of New Jersey, but returned to journalism in the winter of 1891 as managing-editor of the *World*. He then entered commercial life for a while, his most noteworthy achievement of that period being the construction of various electric railways, in which work



Col. GEO. B. M. HARVEY

he was extremely successful, financially. Colonel Harvey purchased the *Metropolitan Magazine*, but sold it to buy the *North American Review*, of which he has since been editor. Becoming editor of *Harper's Weekly*, in 1903, he was soon made president of Harper & Bros., and has since managed that historic publishing house. He is a director in the Audit Company of New York and the Windsor Trust Company.

Col. George (Brinton McClellan) Harvey was born at Peacham, Vt., February, 1864, and was educated at the academy of his native town. He began his experience in journalism on the *Springfield Republican*, then went to the *Chicago News* and afterwards came to the *New York World*. The honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon him by the University of Nevada and Erskine College. Recently he has been appointed honorary Colonel and Aide-de-Camp on the staffs of Governors Heyward and Ansel, of South Carolina. He is an Independent Democrat, takes an active interest in national politics, an admirable after-dinner speaker, as well as a popular orator, and is a member of many social organizations. He is also a trustee of the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken. He is identified with New Jersey, owning a country home at Deal, where he spends a large part of the year.

Another man I encountered in the *World* office was Sereno S. Pratt, then representing the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. I formed a

high opinion of him, for he was a frequent visitor owing to the fact that George W. Child's newspaper was accorded all the resources of the *World* establishment. Mr. Pratt is to-day Secretary of the New York Chamber of Commerce, a position of high honor and of life tenure, for the duties of which he is admirably qualified. We are fellow members of Kane Lodge, 454, F. and A. M. He is successor to George Wilson, whom I had known intimately from 1870 until the time of his death.

The greatest newspaper sensation of that period was the trip of "Nelly Bly" 'round the world to beat the record of "Phileas Fogg," Jules Verne's hero in "Round the World in Eighty Days." The idea was George W. Turner's; but most of the details fell to me. I arranged the call of the young woman upon M. Verne at Amiens. On "Miss Bly's" return, I went to Philadelphia in a private car to bring the tourist to New York. A score of distinguished New Yorkers were guests; quite a lot of speech-making and a luncheon were incidents. Great crowds had gathered at every station along the line. At Philadelphia the crush was so great that gates were broken down.

The Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight was a "big seller." I sent Vincent Cook, a Philadelphia boy and good sparrer, to report the fight. A special wire was laid from the nearest town to the ring-side and George H. Dickinson, an expert telegraphist, was there. When I received word that the direct wire was working, I sent to Cook the following message:

Cook, *World* correspondent: Every man is on post; editors, printers, pressmen stand by to serve you tonight! Send one million words! God and the Devil be with you. CHAMBERS.

With a wire from the ring-side in Louisiana into the office, we received and printed a page account next morning.

The introduction of electrocution occurred in 1889. A commission had been created in 1886, composed of Elbridge T. Gerry, of New York City, Dr. A. P. Southwick, of Buffalo, and Matthew Hale, of Albany, to report upon the feasibility of executing criminals by electricity. Their report is a complete history of the death penalty from the earliest Mosaic age

to date. It states that 10 countries at that time used the guillotine; 19 the sword; 3 the gallows; 2 the musket; 1 (Brunswick) the axe; 1 the cord, and 1 the garrote. It is a remarkable report. The law took effect Jan. 1, 1889, and publication of the details of any execution in this state was made a misde-



OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE
[A Drawing by H. Pratt Share]

meanor. That part of the law was defied by the newspapers, as abridging the powers of the press. William Kemler was the first murderer executed. I sent a piece of the electric cable connecting the condemned with the dynamo to the Whitechapel Club of Chicago. A curious outcome of the agitation in favor of the death penalty was the formation of the American Execution Company, in Chicago, "to destroy persons convicted of capital

offenses." Its motto was "No bungling!"

The great local event of the year was the Washington Centenary celebration, April 29, 30 and May 1. To tell the history of the first inauguration in readable shape, I sent W. L. Crouse, from Washington, with an artist and in a four-horse stage, to Mount Vernon. He started from that point at the hour General Washington had departed (100 years before) and drove to Elizabethport, over the same route the first President had followed, stopping where he stopped. It made four-days' interesting reading. President Harrison completed the journey, leaving Elizabethport at the hour Washington had departed. The parade on Fifth Avenue was one of the most national in character ever seen. Nearly every state sent a delegation, headed by its Governor, who rode horseback.

James G. Blaine sent his famous letter from Florence, Italy, refusing to be a candidate for the presidential nomination on January 25, 1888, giving the job to Harrison. In the fall of 1889, I went to Europe on a six weeks' vacation. My intention was to rest in Paris and to take the treatment at Wiesbaden. The first morning in the French capital, I received a "pointer" from a friend, returned from Milan, that a Dr. Fornoni of that city had said Mr. Blaine was "out of his mind for a month while in Italy." The old reporter's feeling came over me and that night I was in a "wagon-bed," bound for Milan. Morning overtook me at Basle; a delightful ride across Switzerland brought me through the St. Gothard tunnel to Como and Milan, at dark. I drove to the Hotel Cavour and after dinner went to bed to summon Dr. Fornoni, who came and diagnosticated my case as pneumonia! After he left, I dressed and went to the opera at La Scala. The physician came next morning and at the end of three days, having gained his confidence, he described to me poor Mr. Blaine's madness. But he knew nothing of the "Florence letter." The statesman had been a patient of a Dr. Baldwin, at Florence.

I forgot vacation and need of rest.

Florence for me! I reached that prettiest of Italian cities next day, going (as I had in Milan) to the hotel at which Mr. Blaine

had stopped—Hotel Florence et Washington.

A cab took me to Dr. Baldwin's villa. He was absent at a consultation when I arrived, but I was told to wait. Taking a seat at a window that gave upon the approach to the front door, I soon saw the host arrive. I studied him as he came briskly up the gravel walk and in that brief space decided upon my method of approach. He looked the personification of professional dignity—a man likely to stand by the ethics of his fellows if I sought information in the usual way and for the avowed purpose of publication. It was necessary, therefore, to dissemble; but I desired to do so within the lines of truth.

The instant the physician appeared at the doorway of his drawing-room, I rose and, speaking as rapidly as possible, demanded:

"Am I addressing Dr. Baldwin?"

"You are."

"Well, Dr. Baldwin, I am an American; also, a Republican and a long-while personal friend of Mr. Blaine. Like all his other admirers, who have supported him in the past, and those whose future depended upon Mr. Blaine's continuance in public life, I was chagrined and heart-broken at his letter of declination sent from this city, literally throwing away the presidency to Mr. Harrison. Now, sir, I have recently learned it was by your advice that Mr. Blaine wrote that foolish, needless and dreadfully disappointing letter that wrecked his political career, as well as destroyed the hopes and ambitions of his friends throughout the United States! This matter is so amazing to me, that, as a representative of the staunchest friends of Mr. Blaine—men who have known him in and out of Congress and appreciate his grand qualities better than a mere casual acquaintance like yourself could have done—I demand to know why you advised the writing of that declination? Friends of Mr. Blaine have a right to know your reasons, that they may, if possible, mitigate their wrath toward you when they learn what has just come to my ears—as they certainly shall on my return to New York. Tell me, sir, why you assumed this tremendous responsibility?"

"I saved Mr. Blaine's life by so advising him."

"That, sir, is a purely Hippocratic assumption!"

"Sit down, and I will convince you that I acted for the best," said Dr. Baldwin. "Of course, not being a politician, I did not comprehend the far-reaching effects such a course would have upon the vast following of Mr. Blaine. I see your point and it is only fair and proper that I state my side of the case. I will tell you everything, beginning with Mr. Blaine's arrival and my first summons to his hotel."

The narrative lasted for an hour. Not a detail was omitted. During the recital, I maintained a gravely serious and injured expression. Whenever the physician halted, I prodded him with questions, in a semi-indignant tone. I got a page "story," which caused me to overlook the ruin of my vacation.

In reply to a copy of the printed matter sent to him, Dr. Baldwin wrote a courteous letter, saying he was glad the facts were out.

I had returned to London when Wilkie Collins died. I passed an afternoon with Blanche Roosevelt, who understood the novelist better than any of his new friends. Dickens, Reade and other intimates had passed away. It was generally known that Collins became a slave to drugs during the latter part of his life. Miss Roosevelt assured me that the character of Obenreiser, in "No Thoroughfare," was the absolute creation of Collins. I then repeated to her a little distich I had heard Kate Field utter, spontaneously, about the time of Dickens' death, when she exclaimed, as if in answer to an inquiry:

Who wrote "No Thoroughfare?"

Surely not "Boz."

Collins it was.

He wrote "No Thoroughfare."

Such has been the verdict of posterity. The story is always omitted from sets of Dickens and always included in editions of Collins. The clock-lock incident was so improbable as to cause the story to be classed among the "penny dreadfuls." To-day, every bank has time locks upon its safes.

The end of November found me back at my desk in New York.

The important event of 1891 was the creation of a Rapid Transit Commission, originally composed of William Steinway, John H. Starin, Samuel Spencer, John H. Inman and Eugene L. Bushe. That was the starting-point of the splendid system of subways with which Greater New York is blessed. The city debt was actually decreased during this year by over half a million. Much was made of the fact by Mayor Grant's friends, although an increase of \$1,116,399 occurred the following year. A decision was reached in the Tilden will by the Court of Appeals. It was against the city receiving the gift; but one of the heirs generously surrendered his entire portion of \$2,000,000, to make good his uncle's promises. This assured the construction of the Tilden Library, designed by Carrère & Hastings and opened to the public in 1911. The Carnegie Music Hall was opened May 5, and the rose was chosen as the New York State flower by a vote taken on Arbor Day, May 8; the rose won by 294,816 votes over golden rod's 206,402.

As has been stated, five years after the *World* passed under the management of Joseph Pulitzer, I became its managing editor and "held down the job" for two years and eight months—a record as yet unbroken in that office, I am told. During that period Col. George Harvey, who succeeded me and ought to know, assures me the high-water mark of 2-cent circulation was scored. Naturally, the output at the present price is immeasurably greater.

My *World* experience was, in many respects, the most remarkable of my life. I had served under two other journalistic chiefs of the period whose methods were so different from those of Mr. Pulitzer that I was amazed at the fertility of this newcomer's imagination and the keenness of his news sense. Whitelaw Reid, for example, always decided questions of policy by precedent; he reasoned out a problem with extreme care. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., on the other hand, decided intuitively. He lacked the inventive mind of Pulitzer, but I have always regarded his news sense as something beyond rivalry. He had opened Africa to civilization—starting with the Livingstone expedition and ending wit-

Stanley's Congo exploration. These exploits were newsmakers of high quality! If a new project were proposed to Mr. Bennett, he decided instantly; the man would start on his quest that night or never. His policy appeared to be spontaneously intuitive; but don't forget "L'Amérique" incident!

Especially do I recall the occasion on which Senator Blaine rose in the Chamber and attacked Hayes. The *Herald* had been indulging in caustic remarks about the President; but Mr. Bennett cabled from Nice: "Stand by the President, as against Blaine." I could cite numerous instances to prove the spontaneity of the "Commodore's" decisions.

Mr. Pulitzer had the newspapers read to him, even before his eyesight failed; he said he could think more rapidly while listening. He poured forth a stream of suggestions, without interrupting his reading secretary. Another scribe took down his ideas. Often these directions had not the remotest relation to what he had heard—proving that his mind was capable of working along two or more lines simultaneously.

In the fall of 1889, I passed three weeks with him at Wiesbaden and on one of our walks he saw upon the front of a building in that Spa the caryatides, copies of which adorn the front of the *World* Building. He had a remarkably clever man for secretary, Claude Ponsonby, a nephew of the private secretary to Queen Victoria. At times Mr. Pulitzer, believing himself a sufferer from insomnia, became hypochondriacal and imagined he did not sleep. One afternoon Ponsonby and I walked him ten miles through the vineyards towards Schloss Johannisberg, having a carriage to follow, and when Mr. Pulitzer was seated in the vehicle to return to Wiesbaden, he slept soundly from sheer exhaustion. During that stay at the German Spa, the chief planned a score of political crusades that were carried out during the following six months.

He looked far ahead; unlike Mr. Bennett, he could wait! Mr. Bennett knows no word but "Now!" Bennett has wonderful capacity for imparting enthusiasm to an employee when he despatches him on a difficult or hazardous mission; Pulitzer never attempted anything of the sort. He always strove to improve upon

suggestions made to him, but never exclaimed, "Excellent! Jump for it!" Success with Bennett justified any expenditure. Liberal as was Pulitzer, he kept strict watch of the weekly totals. That was natural—he hadn't inherited his fortune.

To the men in his employ, Mr. Pulitzer was always considerate. He rarely praised;



JOSEPH PULITZER

but censure never was imposed until he had heard an explanation. In this respect he differed from Mr. Bennett. He knew, by experience, that circumstances more often affected an executive editor's judgment than that of men placed in posts of responsibility in other professions. Frequently an editor has to decide in a minute of time whether or not to print a piece of news that is apparently

dangerous. Nothing but intuition can guide him in such a crisis.

One of the most impetuous workers I ever met, Mr. Pulitzer was in constant fear of over-zeal. "Activity and accuracy" were two words most frequently upon his lips; and yet, he seemed to dread men who were too active. This is paradoxical. When the moment came for decision regarding a feature article, Mr. Pulitzer's judgment was infallible. I never knew him to make a mistake. At his command, I set in motion the machinery to expose the mysterious disappearance of the millions of A. T. Stewart and his widow. Several of the most careful and experienced newspapermen in this country worked for months on that task. The first article, two pages in length, entitled "The Fall of the House of Stewart," was written by John K. Mumford and is a classic. It does not resemble Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" or Balzac's "Decline and Fall of Cesar Birotteau," but is equal in literary merit to the former masterpiece. All the information gathered was sifted and collated by John P. Foley, former editor of the *National Republican* when it was President Grant's organ, of whom I have spoken in my first meeting with Gen. Grant.

A suit for libel was brought under an old law, but, like a recent Brooklyn case, was withdrawn. It was a great disappointment that the case was not tried, because a multitude of facts could have been brought out in

court that never have or can appear in print. The utter wreck of the vast Stewart fortune was one of the sublime tragedies of the end of the last century.

A few summers ago I met Joseph Pulitzer on the porch of the Louisburg Hotel at Bar Harbor. He drove up while I was sitting there, evidently to make a call upon a guest of the house. When he emerged he took a chair and we talked for an hour about past events. I learned many things concerning certain gentlemen with whom I had been associated when in Mr. Pulitzer's employ that would have been valuable knowledge to me had I possessed it at the right time.

The death of Joseph Pulitzer in October, 1911, was little short of a calamity to journalism. He had been ailing for more than twenty years, had completely lost his eyesight, was in an extremely nervous condition and slept irregularly, but his gigantic physical frame gave little indication of the general distress under which he suffered. Loss of eyesight had strengthened his keenness of memory and sharpened his marvelous powers of cross-examination; he would have been one of the remarkable jury lawyers of this country had he gone to the bar. Great as were his afflictions, he bore them philosophically; physical troubles did not warp his gentle nature. To his three sons ultimately will fall the great property he has created.

CHAPTER XVI

SOME CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY



CONTROVERSY that threatened to become serious occurred between the Carnegies and their employees in 1881 and I was sent to Pittsburgh. My first visit was to Carnegie Brothers. There I first met

Andrew Carnegie, who was very cordial but insisted that his brother Henry, since deceased, could present the situation more clearly. He personally conducted me to another room, where a long interview followed. I next met Andrew Carnegie, in the Summer of 1884, at the Mountain House, Cresson. He came to me, remembering my Pittsburgh visit, and expressed the gratitude of the firm for the manner in which a threatened strike had been averted by the *Herald's* article. He was living in a cottage upon the grounds and invited me to accompany him there to meet his mother. I saw a clear-eyed lady, far advanced in years, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent. The meeting was recalled twelve years later, when President-elect McKinley, in Canton, walked with me from his home to that of his mother, that I might hear from her lips an account of his boyhood.

The whole country was astonished, at a much later date, to learn that Andrew Carnegie's annual income from his steel properties was \$35,000,000! He suddenly loomed up as one of the very rich men of this country—ultimately worth half a billion—and accompanied the announcement with a declaration that he intended to distribute his money during lifetime, in order that he be not worth a dollar at his death! By this pronouncement, Mr. Carnegie established a new philosophy of human existence. He has kept his word, however, and during the second half of a strenuous life, he has been as busy giving away his money as he was during the first half in accumulating it. He has set a new

task for the wealthy man, and like Peter Cooper, Mr. Rockefeller, Baron Hirsch and Cecil Rhodes, he practices the doctrine he preaches. He calls it a criminal act to die wealthy! Such an opinion is so radical that curiosity is natural regarding the manner of man who voices it.

Andrew Carnegie was born in Scotland, November, 1837, but was brought to this country by his parents at eleven years of age. He began work as a weaver's assistant in a cotton factory. He was one of the earliest telegraph messenger boys; but, unlike most of his successors, he delivered with remarkable promptitude the telegrams that arrived at the Pittsburgh office of the Ohio Telegraph Company. He lost no time in learning telegraphy, entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad and became Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division of its telegraphic service. Then it was he met T. T. Woodruff, "a farmer-looking man," who had a model of a sleeping-car which he had been trying in vain to induce railroad managers to adopt. Carnegie tells the story of this initial speculation in his admirable volume, "Triumphant Democracy." As a reward for laying the Woodruff plans before Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was allotted a small block of the sleeping-car stock; but when a first instalment was to be paid thereon, Carnegie says he hadn't the \$217.50 demanded. He was receiving \$50 per month. He went to a bank and borrowed the money on a note. The great Ironmaster has often declared that the proudest moment of his life was that in which he made his first note and got it cashed. Dividends supplied money for the subsequent payments. When petroleum was discovered on Oil Creek, Carnegie went to the locality and made several fortunate investments. He disposed of his sleeping-car stock and invested in oil lands.

When the Civil War burst upon the country, Andrew Carnegie rendered valuable service to the Federal Government as Superintendent of Military Railroads and Telegraph Lines in the East; but as soon as the conflict closed, he began the building of his first iron furnace. When intelligence of the invention of the Bessemer process for making steel reached this country, Carnegie hurried to Europe and secured the American patents. While other large iron manufacturers were deliberating, he acted. All old plant was discarded and the new machinery installed. From that hour (1868) the Carnegie iron and steel business has grown until it was merged (1901) with the United States Steel Corporation at nearly half a billion dollars. Mr. Carnegie took his pay in bonds and retired from business.

His career as a philanthropist had begun years before. As a patron of music, he had built the Carnegie Institute in New York—sufficiently endowed to be self-supporting. As a patron of letters, he had given a fund of \$10,000 to the Authors Club and quarters in the Institute in perpetuity. For the development of scientific research, he gave \$10,000,000 to the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh; a similar sum to the Carnegie Institute of Washington City, and a like amount to Scotch Universities. He started a benevolent fund for employees of the Carnegie Steel Company by a subscription of \$5,000,000. Mr. Carnegie's total benefactions exceed \$100,000,000, including \$40,000,000 for about 1,500 municipal library buildings. One of his latest acts has been the creation of a ten-million dollar fund to pension aged college professors.

Mr. Carnegie thus explains his views regarding the duty of rich men to make sure that their money is properly used by disposing of it while they are alive. In "The Gospel of Wealth," he says: "The millionaire is only a trustee for the poor, entrusted for a season with a large part of the increased wealth of the community but administering it for that community far better than it could or would have done for itself. The best minds will thus have reached a stage in the development of the race in which it is clearly seen that there is no mode of disposing of surplus wealth creditable

to thoughtful and earnest men into whose hands it flows, save by using it year by year for the general good. This day already dawns. Men may die without incurring the pity of their fellows, still sharers in great business enterprises from which their capital cannot be or has not been withdrawn, and which is left chiefly at death for public uses, yet the day is not far distant when the man who dies leaving behind him millions of available wealth, which was free for him to administer during life, will pass away 'unwept, unhonored, and unsung,' no matter to what use he leaves the dross that he cannot take with him. Of such as these the public verdict will be: 'The man who dies thus rich dies disgraced!'"

Unlike some very rich men who made fortunes by falsehood and deceit and at their deaths strove to buy Paradise and the forgiveness of their fellow-men by bequests to churches, Carnegie, who made his millions in legitimate trade, strives to give them back to science and education for the betterment of other people, instead of trying to purchase an exclusive heavenly ticket for himself. His name never has been found upon the directories of the criminally managed life insurance companies, over-capitalized banks or other modern corporations promoted for the deception of the public.

The rise of the Carnegie Steel Company from small beginnings and fostered by the protective tariff, is a living history of American industrial development. Mill after mill was built, interest after interest was added, until Carnegie became the directing genius of the mightiest industry of the Western Continent. Among his business associates, he created a score of millionaires. Before his company was merged with the great United States Steel Corporation, Carnegie gave employment to 15,000 men, who received \$1,250,000 in wages every month.

Although Mr. Carnegie's opportunities for early education were meagre, he has schooled himself in that greatest of universities, the world. He has been a patient student; he is a constant reader of books and a keen observer of men. As an after-dinner speaker, he excels; and his lectures at various colleges mark him as a competent instructor. He has

published several delightful books in addition to those already mentioned, namely: "An American Four-in-Hand in Great Britain," "Round the World," and "The Empire of Business." College honors have been showered upon him; he was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, in 1903.

Mr. Carnegie makes his permanent residence in New York, but he owns Skibo Castle, Scotland, and makes a visit thereto every summer, to enjoy the shooting and fishing on his preserves. He is an American, heart and soul,—although he glories in the fact that he was born in Dumfermline, the town in which Robert Bruce was buried.

Charles M. Schwab, although 50 years old, is, without doubt, the most interesting figure among the new millionaires. Of the thousand millionaires made by oil and steel, Schwab is the most human. His instincts are natural. He is neither treacherous to opponents nor false to friends. His love for the members of his family is a fine trait. He was born among the Alleghenies and at the age of five was taken by his parents to the hamlet of Loretto, a desolate hermitage, about five miles back of Cresson Springs—where the Pennsylvania's fast train stopped when that company owned the Mountain House. It was the seat of a school, founded in the eighteenth century by Prince Galitzen, who left the splendors of the Russian court to hide himself amid the fastnesses of the Alleghenies. Galitzen's log hut was standing when I visited Loretto. My first recollection of meeting Mr. Schwab was at a Republican State Convention in Harrisburg in the nineties, when he was a delegate from Homestead; but he insists that he remembers my visit to Loretto and drove the carriage in which I saw the place. That was ten years before the meeting at Harrisburg.

Loretto is a shrine toward which all Christian hearts, no matter what their creeds, must turn with affection. The place is almost as revered as is the Canadian shrine of St. Ann de Beaupré, near Quebec and the Falls of Montmorency and within sight of the turgid St. Lawrence. But it is a very different kind of a sanctuary. If miracles ever have been worked at Loretto, Mr. Schwab is chiefest of them!

The story of Prince Galitzen is that of a penance, and it gives luster to the "Endless Hills," said to be the meaning of the Indian name for this part of the Appalachian range. The place is hallowed by his bones that rest inside a marble tomb, surmounted by a tall white cross. Religion hadn't formed any part of Prince Galitzen's early education. His father was an enthusiast in the school of Gallic infidelity; a personal friend of Voltaire and Diderot, and special care was taken that no minister of the Christian faith ever entered the study room of the young man. He was on the sure highway to riches, earthly happiness and glory. But one day, like Hercules, as Xenophon described him, he stood parleying with Virtue and Vice! As did the fabled demi-god, this prince chose the path that Virtue pointed out. He declared openly for the Faith, at 17, and joined the Church of Rome. With his religious convictions, his mother, the Princess Amelia, secretly sympathized. She covertly gave him a copy of "The Confession of St. Augustine,"—the same precious volume that may be seen as a holy relic at Loretto. After enduring what amounted to persecution, Galitzen made his escape to the young Republic on this side of the sea. As a humble novice, he entered the Sulpician Seminary at Baltimore. He cast aside, for ever, the glorification of man and put on the livery of the Holy Faith! During many long missionary excursions, he traveled for days through the forests and slept under the stars. He assumed the name of "Rev. Mr. Smith." He never allowed anybody to make him a "doctor of divinity." In that respect, he resembled Henry Ward Beecher. In such name and guise, he traveled alone to Loretto and in that desolate place began his work. The locality was without a name until he gave it one. It was a vast wilderness; there wasn't any trunk-line of railroad sending its trains thundering over those hills every hour of the day and the night! There was a silence like the awful stillness of the desert that Pliny describes. But, it was a place for meditation, prayer and repentance. If, as modern metaphysicians claim, there is vast power in Silence, Galitzen found it atop the Alleghenies!

Slowly, followers began to gather about

him. Some came in Conestoga wagons. Others stopped *en route* to the valley of the Ohio, but remained, won by the magic charm of this strange man. He had mastered the English language, and spoke German and French. Through the influence of Henry Clay, Galitzen obtained a small share of his patrimony, most of which had been absorbed by his relatives. A warm friendship existed between the Whig statesman and this servant of God. Their correspondence exists in the Clay archives. Mr. John Fenlon, of Ebensburg, has asserted that he read many of Clay's letters to Galitzen. When the priest's father died, the prince's mother earnestly urged him to return to his native land.

Galitzen rode to Baltimore, consulted the bishop (Carroll) and after many prayerful days, in "retreat," decided to return to Loretto.

For forty-one years, he toiled without cessation and often without means. Many times did the little colony know privation and want. In small sums, during that time, this prince obtained from his estates \$140,000, every cent of which was expended in sustaining the struggling enterprise. He was often the victim of deception. On one occasion, he relieved an apparent case of great distress, only to learn subsequently that the money so generously bestowed had been squandered in a carouse at a tavern in a near-by village. Galitzen said:

"I gave it not to that poor mortal; I gave it to God!"

Galitzen's disinterested nobleness of character was shown in the severe winter during which he died. Snow fell to an unusual depth and fire-wood became scarce. The priest sent word to his neighbors that they should keep their fires going from his scanty stock. He remained in bed, or wrapped in blankets, — to do without fire for the benefit of others. This equals the beautiful tale about Sir Philip Sidney, who gave his last drink of water to a soldier dying at his side upon the field of battle. There is a *noblesse oblige* in the well-born man or woman!

Good brother, good fellow, Charley Schwab. He has the finest home in Manhattan, but he hasn't forgotten the old nest at Loretto.

The history of the Astor family, since the arrival of its first member in 1783, comprehends the growth of this city. The half billion of money now in possession of the descendants of the original John Jacob Astor has been accumulated by the appreciation of real estate; not one dollar of it has been garnered in speculative enterprises. Col. John Jacob Astor, son of William Astor and great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the family in America, was born at "Ferncliff," Rhinebeck, N. Y., July, 1864; was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and graduated at Harvard University. Unlike the sons of many rich men, Col. Astor has devoted his mind seriously to mechanical inventions, somewhat to authorship and during the Spanish War raised and equipped a battery which he accompanied to the front. Although he is an enthusiastic yachtsman, he does not permit the love of sport to interfere with the management of the vast estate committed to his care by inheritance. He has enriched the metropolis with several of its handsomest hotel structures. That part of the Waldorf-Astoria, known as the "Astoria," he completed in 1897; the Hotel St. Regis, under Mr. Hahn's management, was opened in 1905 and the Hotel Knickerbocker in 1906. Always a diligent student of science and one of the first champions of the automobile, as well as an early believer in the feasibility of aerial navigation, he published in 1894 an exceedingly scholarly volume entitled "A Journey in Other Worlds." Governor Morton appointed him a member of his staff with the title of Inspector-General; but he was unwilling to nominally hold any such title as Colonel, to which his staff appointment entitled him, and fully equipped the battery of artillery for use against the Spaniards in Cuba. He was present at the battles before Santiago de Cuba and was detailed by Major-General Shafter to deliver the official terms of capitulation to the Secretary of War! He was mustered out of the Volunteer service November 1, 1898, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel U. S. Volunteers.

Col. Astor received a first prize at the World's Columbian Exposition for the invention of a pneumatic machine to remove



Col. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

worn-out material from roads before the laying of new stones. He is also the inventor of a practical turbine engine and other mechanical devices.

The utilization of vast peat deposits in the temperate zones has long presented a baffling problem. Here is a valuable fuel, if the water could be economically extracted—a thing heretofore impossible! Col. Astor has invented and presented to the public a solution of this difficulty. He has devised what he calls a "vibratory disintegrator," which utilizes the expansive force of the large quantities of gases hidden in the peat to disrupt the cakes of fuel, so they may be uniformly dried. This disrupting result is attained by a gas engine, driven by the gas derived from the peat! Its simplicity equals its effectiveness. The

same may be said of a chair for use on steamers that Col. Astor has invented. He utilizes the principle of suction upon the feet of the chair, produced by pressing a small handle at its back. This will do away with the necessity of bolting to the floor chairs on ocean steamers and will greatly add to the comforts of sea voyages.

He is a patron of the fine arts, a lover of arboriculture and his country home at "Ferncliff" contains some of the finest trees upon this continent; while there are several larger places on the Hudson, Col. Astor's Rhinecliff estate is far and away the most beautiful in the United States. Mr. Astor was one of the first steam yacht owners and for years his "Nonmahal" was one of the most expensively equipped steamers belong-

ing to the N. Y. Yacht Club. His new boat, "Noma," is the latest word in steam yacht building.

The Newport home of the family, "Beechwood," is on Bellevue Avenue, and overlooks the cliffs. It has been the country seat of the family for three generations, and although not showy, like some of the more modern villas, is commodious and surrounded by one of the finest lawns in that beautiful Summer city. Of late years, Col. Astor has made all his trips between the metropolis and Newport on the "Noma." The Astor town home is not excelled by any in this city. It occupies a corner on upper Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park, and is one of the few establishments on that thoroughfare having a driveway. It contains the largest ballroom of any private house in New York and its art gallery has many splendid specimens of the modern schools. Throughout, the building is a treasure-house of art.

Col. Astor is a director of more financial institutions and railway corporations than any other American. A list of them is too long to enumerate. The part he has taken in the development of the Niagara Falls Power Company is especially worthy of mention—he and H. C. Frick having been the strongest supporters of Mr. Tesla in that gigantic enterprise that has been brought to such triumphant success. At Harvard, Mr. Astor was a member of the Delta Phi fraternity. A list of the social organizations to which he belongs would include every one of importance in this city, London and Paris. Perhaps the one local club that gives him greatest pride in its membership is the Authors, the semi-monthly meetings of which he frequently attends.

Thomas Collier Platt was unlike any other politician bearing the Republican brand who attained supreme power in the Empire State. His methods were those of Samuel J. Tilden, but in some respects he was cleverer than the "Sage of Greystone." Although he made no display of the fact, Mr. Platt was a highly educated man, fond of books and at times even thought himself a poet. He was born at Owego, New York, 1833, prepared for college at the academy of that town and

entered Yale, but was compelled to leave because of ill health. He returned to his native town and engaged in mercantile life; was one of the first to become interested in lumbering in Michigan. After serving three years as clerk of Tioga County, he was elected to Congress in 1873, serving three terms. I first met him in 1876. He did not attract attention in debate, but he was an efficient worker on committees and in January, 1881, was sent to the United States Senate by the New York Legislature. The differences that arose between Senators Conklin and Platt and President Garfield in May of 1881, leading to the resignation of the two Senators, have been dealt with elsewhere. When the Legislature refused to send the two Senators back to Washington, the opinion was that Mr. Platt's political career had ended. He resumed his position as President of the United States Express Company, and became President of the Board of Quarantine Commissioners. Above all, he began the task of regaining the Republican leadership of the state. When all his plans were made, he secured a reelection to the United States Senate in 1897, and retained the place for twelve years. He died full of years in March, 1910.

Senator Platt made his actual reëntrance to the political arena at the St. Louis Convention of 1896, where he forced upon an unwilling assemblage a plank of the platform committing the party to the gold standard of money. McKinley, the candidate of the party chairman, Mr. Hanna, had been wobbly on the silver question and the Republicans of the West and Middle West were, in many cases, outspoken in advocacy of bi-metalism. The gold plank elected McKinley! Mr. Platt was at that time in complete control of his party in the Empire State and his return to the Senate only awaited a vacancy. A large volume could be written about his last twelve years in the Upper House of Congress. In his day he had been an apothecary, a mill owner, president of a railroad, of a mining company and of an express company and a Representative in Congress; but after March 4, 1897, he became a veritable Warwick. Before McKinley's nomination, Platt had been opposed to him, but after the election of the Ohio man, and

their simultaneous induction into office, the President sent for the New Yorker and regained his friendship to such an extent that when they separated Platt had tears in his eyes and said to the first friend he met: "McKinley is a real human creature, he grasped my hand warmly as he exclaimed: 'Let us forget everything, Mr. Platt; I need your friendship and you need mine.'" McKinley possessed hypnotic powers or he could not so easily have regained a friendship that had been utterly lost.

At Philadelphia, in 1900, Platt and Quay decreed the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President. McKinley didn't want Roosevelt, preferring Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, with Cornelius N. Bliss as second choice. Chairman Hanna was resolutely opposed to Roosevelt; but Senator Platt wanted to rid himself of Roosevelt as Governor of New York and the artifice by which he forced his candidate upon the unwilling Hanna is one of the neatest in American history. Hardly had the convention come to order, when a resolution (written by Platt) was presented by Quay, calling for a reduction in the number of delegates from Southern states in all future Republican national conventions. The idea was not a new one and the better elements of the party favored it, because Southern delegates were notoriously purchasable. Hanna saw that it was a direct thrust at him and as soon as the resolution was read, the Hanna people shouted for an adjournment until the following day and got it. I was one of several correspondents who hurried to ask Senator Platt what the resolution meant. "It means that Papa Hanna will throw up the sponge to-night and come out for Roosevelt as McKinley's running mate. You don't suppose that old rooster wants his organization in the South cut to pieces, do you? Quay and I know what we are about. We have the votes to pass that resolution, for we have taken a poll of the delegates." Hanna withdrew his opposition to the Governor of New York. Although Mr. Platt was suffering from a broken rib, he walked into Roosevelt's room that night about ten o'clock and in the presence of a score of alert newspaper men, myself among them, offered the nomination to Roosevelt. Platt

gave to Quay credit for having suggested that resolution. He was a great admirer of the Pennsylvanian and once said: "I wish I had been Quay's office boy for six months!"

The manner in which Mr. Platt relegated to obscurity and totally eliminated all the men who had gloated over his downfall in 1881 marked him as a political tactician of the shrewdest kind. He had the memory of an elephant and the adroitness of a Machiavelli. Platt had been a strict Presbyterian all his life, but was very fond of Robert Ingersoll and ridiculed Warner Miller most sarcastically for withdrawing the agnostic from the stump during Miller's campaign for the Governorship. The Senator never tired of telling an incident that occurred under his notice. A prominent theologian, being introduced to Ingersoll, asked: "Colonel, without irreverence, what would you do if you were God Almighty?" Ingersoll instantly replied, "I'd make health contagious instead of disease."

Mr. Platt could have nominated himself Governor in 1896, but his eyes were focussed on the Senatorship which he expected to land in the following January. I delight to write of Thomas C. Platt as a wit, a satirist, a stoic, an optimist and a sincere believer in friendship, although many times disappointed therein. Taken all in all, he was one of the most interesting men who filled a large place in public life that I have ever known, and Louis Lang's life of him is very readable.

On visits to the White House during President Cleveland's second term, I met a slender, light-haired, alert young man attached to the office of the Secretary of the President as a stenographer. He was always courteous, exceptionally rapid in his work and withal extremely modest. This was in the winter of 1895 and '96, when George Bruce Cortelyou was about 32 years of age. He had had extensive experience as stenographer in New York prior to that time, reporting in the courts and before referees. He had been principal of preparatory schools in New York from 1885 to '89 and had served as private secretary to various officials, including the Post Office Inspector of New York, Surveyor of the Port of New York and the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General at Washington. From this last posi-

tion he was drafted to the White House to become stenographer to the President, November, 1895. There I first encountered him, Mr. Cortelyou, who has left an indelible mark upon the political history of this country as organizer of the Department of Commerce and Labor, was born in this city, July, 1862.



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

His preparatory studies were at the Hempstead Institute and the State Normal School, Westfield, Mass. He then received instruction in law at Georgetown University and finished at the Columbian (now George Washington) University. Therefore, we find him well equipped for the rapid and brilliant rise that followed the advent of President McKinley. A Hartford editor, Addison Porter, was the first secretary to McKinley and wisely chose the assistant secretary who had served so creditably under President Cleveland. This event occurred in July, 1898, prior to which time Mr. Cortelyou had been acting as executive clerk to the President. In the spring of 1900, the death of President McKinley's secretary, Mr. Porter, was followed by the advancement of Mr. Cortelyou to the place. On most of the President's tours, the amiable assistant secretary had accompanied him. I especially

recall a fortnight at the Hotel Champlain, where the President and the newspaper correspondents fraternized. During the McKinley administrations for Mr. Cortelyou was reappointed—this faithful service continued, and when Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, one of his first acts was to reappoint the acting secretary.

When necessity for the creation of a new department, devoted to the interests of the laboring classes as well as of their employers, was recognized by Congress, President Roosevelt chose Mr. Cortelyou as the first Secretary to create and organize it—a task involving infinite details. The choice did credit to the President's judgment of his Secretary's originating capacity. To create an entirely new executive branch of a national government is not an easy task; but the success of Mr. Cortelyou was unequivocal. In a few months he had its various bureaus and special agents actively at work. The publication of a daily consular report was projected and soon put into effective operation.

When the campaign for President Roosevelt's election in 1904 approached, Secretary Cortelyou was chosen Chairman of the Republican National Committee and conducted the campaign against Judge Alton B. Parker with complete success. As in previous undertakings, Mr. Cortelyou displayed a remarkable grasp of details. As an evidence of appreciation and further confidence, President Roosevelt appointed Mr. Cortelyou Postmaster-General in March, 1905, a position he filled creditably for two years. During that time a thorough investigation was made of the department; many irregularities were eradicated and improvements in the service introduced. Especially was the transportation of foreign mails and the domestic special delivery system accelerated. As a final recognition of splendid public service, Mr. Cortelyou was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, March 4, 1907, continuing in office during the remainder of the Roosevelt term. This post is one of such transcendent responsibility that no word from me is needed to emphasize the height of George B. Cortelyou's rise. His administration was fair to all interests. On one occasion, by prompt action, he averted a

panic by going to the rescue of the banks. In 1909 he was elected President of the Consolidated Gas Company, of New York, the largest corporation of its kind in the world, and despite a decrease of 20 per cent. in price, he so conducted the company's affairs as to show an increased revenue in 1910 of \$4,724,-849. To my mind, here is the best known example of the rise of a man in public life who did not owe the attainment of his ambition to politics.

Charles Adolph Schieren, born in Rhenish, Prussia, Germany, February, 1842, was educated at public schools of his native land until



CHAS. A. SCHIEREN

the age of fourteen, when he was brought to the United States. His father was a cigar-maker and dealer and the boy assisted his parents in the business in Brooklyn until 1864, when he became a clerk in the leather belting factory of Philip F. Pasquay in Manhattan. He established himself in the same business, with a small capital, in 1868, from which

grew the firm of Chas. A. Schieren Company in New York, with branch houses in this country and Hamburg. Although the scene of Mr. Schieren's entire business career has been in Manhattan, in that locality familiarly known to the leather trade as "The Swamp," his residence has been in Brooklyn and with that borough his social and political interests are closely identified. In politics, a Republican, he was for three years president of the Brooklyn Young Republican Club. He introduced the election district system that caused the overthrow of the Democratic party in Brooklyn, and, in 1893, brought about his own election to the Mayoralty. He turned his business over to other hands and devoted his entire time to the duties of his high office. His administration was characterized by conservative management of the city's affairs that gave to him a national reputation. Through his influence

and energetic advocacy, the legislature of 1895 authorized the construction of the new Williamsburg bridge. By the addition of five new parks during Mr. Schieren's term of office, the park area of the City of Brooklyn was doubled. Forest Park, the largest of these (576 acres), is noted for its natural beauty and fine view of the ocean and Long Island Sound; Dyker Meadow Park, 150 acres, embraces several thousand feet ocean front; final plans were adopted and riparian plans secured for the Shore Driveway, which, when completed, will be one of the finest boulevards in the world. Mr. Schieren was one of the founders of the Brooklyn Museum and laid its corner-stone during his occupancy of the administration as Mayor. Governor Black named him Chairman of the State Commerce Commission; Governor Roosevelt appointed him a member of the New York Charter Revision Committee. His activities in charities are ceaseless. He is president of the Brooklyn Academy of Music, one of the finest structures in this country devoted to grand opera and art. Mr. Schieren is public-spirited and ever ready to support, by his means and influence, enterprises that make for the betterment of the community of which he has been an honored member for over half a century.

Herbert H. Vreeland was born a poor man's son; his only heritage was character and brains. His father was the son of a minister, but he refused to take up the same calling; the grandson had to leave home early and hustle for himself. Mr. Vreeland was born in the village of Glen, N. Y., 1857, the youngest of several children. His father died when he was a boy and his mother removed to Jersey City. At the age of ten, he got a job with a Jersey City grocer. In 1875, he got employment with the Long Island Railroad Company, as a gravel shoveler. In a few months he was promoted to be inspector of ties, at a dollar a day. Next, he was a switch tender. When off duty, he assisted clerks at the Bushwick station in making up their receipts. Often, after a day's work, he would remain until midnight, without extra pay, compiling train receipts and expenses. He was made a brakeman on a train to Hempstead. He was then 20 years old. To a friend who bantered

him, young Vreeland retorted that he expected to become a conductor and fully intended to be a railroad president. One morning, a conductor of a regular train was summarily discharged and Vreeland was put in his place. He served satisfactorily for several months until an accident occurred for which he and the engineer were jointly responsible. He admitted his fault and was discharged. The superintendent reinstated him as a brakeman. When the Long Island road passed into the hands of Austin Corbin and associates, Vreeland was one of those who, as he puts it, was



HERBERT H. VREELAND

"permitted to get out as quickly as possible." He soon secured a position as conductor, afterwards General Manager on the New York and Northern railroad. A few months afterward, in 1893, he received a telegram from Wm. C. Whitney, asking him to come to the office of the Metropolitan Traction Company. He had made a success of the New York and Northern. He went and was informed that at a meeting of the stockholders he had been elected a director of the company and with unanimity chosen its president and general manager. This jump in eight years from a brakeman and conductor to the head of the greatest system of surface trolley rail-

road in the world, with a salary that appeared to him fabulous, did not upset Mr. Vreeland, then aged 35.

At that time the roads of the Whitney syndicate were a collection of separate lines, each under different management. The hardest and best work done by Mr. Vreeland was the unification of all these lines into the Metropolitan System. Heads were lopped off in all directions and economies of the most radical character introduced. A discovery he made was that the appointments of conductors and motormen were chiefly made through political influence. The places were regarded as the patronage of certain Assemblymen and Aldermen; needless to say, this species of dictation and "graft" was stopped. Peremptory orders were issued that no man could secure employment through political influence and that nobody should be discharged who was sober and competent. Mr. Vreeland taught every under-boss there was only one headquarters and that was at Broadway and Houston Street. The 4,000 employees rendered better service; there were no more strikes, because when the men had a grievance, they could always arbitrate with President Vreeland. He has been at the head of the Metropolitan Company ever since.

Since Cuba has been freed from the Spanish yoke, traveling facilities on the island have improved in every way. A railway now extends from Havana to Santiago, with branches connecting all important ports with the main line. This railway system has brought thousands of colonists from the United States and Europe. Prosperity exists in the larger cities and the smaller towns are awakening to the prospects of a splendid future. The late Walter D. Munson was prompt to foresee the value of direct steamship connections with the large semi-tropical, continental and insular regions gathered about the great basin of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Mexico and Cuba are the most prominent of these; proximity and reciprocal needs and products for their supply have made them a natural part of the commercial system of the United States. The Munson steamship line, with its fine fleet of vessels sailing direct to Matanzas, Cardenas, Sagua la Grande,

Cabarien, Nenvetas, Gibara, Banes, Antilla and Baracao, is the only direct route to these ports. As stated, Walter D. Munson was the founder of this line giving communication with Central and Eastern Cuba. He was a native of Connecticut. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he entered the Federal Army, and, due to faithful service in the field through many campaigns, rose to the rank of Major. When peace returned, Mr. Munson went to Havana, where he engaged for fifteen years in commercial pursuits. Returning to his native land in 1882, he became a citizen of New York and established the steamship line that bears his name. A hitherto neglected part of the large and fertile island of Cuba was opened to trade. The splendid resources of the interior were almost as undeveloped as those of German East Africa; railways were few and of short mileage; ports were isolated and the mountain range that traverses the middle of Cuba rendered difficult communication between north and south coasts. In a short time, the steamers of the Munson line encircled the great island, thus rendering all parts accessible for travel and commerce.

Few people who have not visited Cuba have a correct idea of its size; a general impression exists that it is about the length of Long Island, whereas it is more than 700 miles long—a distance equal to that between New York and Toledo! The extreme eastern province, known under the Spaniards as Santiago, is now called Oriente; the next province, toward the west, was Puerto Principe, but is now Camaguey; then comes Santa Clara, Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio. The scenery in the Oriental region, only reached direct by the steamers of the Munson line, is very beautiful, with wild mountains and tropical forests. In the central part are extensive prairies; in the west are hills and smiling valleys—everywhere the royal palm is the dominating tree! Here, within four days of New York, are to be found the same splendid palms one sees in Algeria and Egypt! The valley of the Yumuri, near Matanzas, a circular basin crossed by a river that issues through a charming glen to the sea, is the most beautiful spot in Cuba. A peculiar feature of the island is the abundance of its caverns; there are

scores of them, but Cotilla, near Havana; Bel-lamar, near Matanzas, and Monte Llano, near Guantánamo, are best known and most easily visited. Disappearing rivers are numerous. The Moa cascade, near Guantánamo, drops 300 feet into a cavern and its waters later reappear from the earth. Geologically, Cuba is a treasure-house of mineral wealth, chiefly undeveloped. Its flora is tropical and of



WALTER D. MUNSON (deceased)

splendid richness. Tobacco is its staple. Sugar has been the dominant crop since the 18th century. In its forests are forty different kinds of cabinet and building woods—its ebony and mahogany are the highest priced known. Snakes are few and not of poisonous character. The climate is most equable. The Spanish occupation proved that dwellers in temperate zones can become acclimatized in Cuba; and, since American intervention,

yellow fever has been totally eradicated. Such is the tropical wonderland that W. D. Munson opened to citizens of our country!

Steamers of the Munson line not only are despatched from New York which most interests me, for I have been visiting Cuba since 1874 but from Nova Scotia one line of boats goes to Havana and another from Mobile. Munson vessels transport a large share of freight and passengers between Canada and the United States, on the one side, and Cuba and Mexico, on the other. They are large carriers of sugar from Cuba to Boston, Philadelphia and New York. Since the death of his father, Charles W. Munson has been president of the company; Frank C. Munson is treasurer and Alfred H. Bronnell, secretary.



JOSEPH J. LITTLE

A prominent figure in metropolitan commercial life is Joseph J. Little, printer, publisher, ex-Congressman and man of affairs. He was born at Bristol, England, 1844; came to the United States when five years old, was educated at the public schools and began life as a printer's apprentice at Morris, N. Y., in 1855. Later he came to this city to work; he began as a compositor; but, when the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the 37th New York National Guard and served in the Sum-

mer campaigns of 1862, 1863 and 1864, when he returned to this city and resumed work as foreman of a composing room. Mr. Little is fond of telling that his wages for the first year as an apprentice boy at Morris were \$25, for the second year \$35 and for the third year \$45, payable quarterly. In the Spring of 1859, when young Little came to New York, he had about \$5 in his pocket. Being under age, although a journeyman printer, he could not command more than two-thirds of a journeyman's wages. I have already spoken of his part in the war from which he returned a first lieutenant. He went into business in a small way in 1867, the firm's name being Little, Rennie & Co. When Mr. Rennie died, in 1876, the corporation became J. J. Little & Co., and moved into a seven-story building on Astor Place, where it remained until 1908, when it moved into its own eleven-story building in East 24th Street. The business now carries between five and six hundred people on its pay roll. The capacity of the establishment is such that the book binding department can turn out 15,000 cloth covered books and 35,000 paper covered books per day. Since the close of the Civil War, Mr. Little has served as Colonel of the Seventy-first Regiment Veteran Association and is past Commander of Lafayette Post, G. A. R.

Especially has he displayed interest as an officer and finally as president of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of the City of New York, an organization dating back to 1785 and sustaining a large free, circulating library, free schools for teaching mechanical and free-hand drawing, modeling, stenography and typewriting. This institution has equipped thousands of students. Mr. Carnegie recently became a member and has helped its work to the extent of more than \$500,000. Mr. Little is a member of the American Institute, of which he has also been president. His charities are many. He served for many years as a trustee of the New York Infant Asylum, one of the most praiseworthy institutions on this continent. He is a life member of the New York Geographical Society. His work as a member of Congress was noteworthy, but he refused a second nomination. He succeeded the late Roswell P. Flower, who in his turn had defeated William

Waldorf Astor, in a normally Republican district. Mr. Little has always been a Democrat, but has rarely taken an active part in national politics. After leaving Congress he again, upon the urgent request of Mayor Strong, became a member of the Board of Education of this city. As Chairman of the Committee on Buildings of that Board, he reorganized the building bureau of the Department of Education, placing at its head a young and capable architect. Out of this important change arose vast improvements in school-house architecture, seen in many parts of this metropolis. Greater New York contains the handsomest, best arranged and best ventilated school-houses of any city in the world. Mr. Little finally became President of the Board of Education and only resigned after a second election as President on account of business and ill health.

Joseph J. Little occupies a large niche in the Masonic hall of fame. He joined Kane Lodge, 454, in 1879, and has served as its Master several times, as well as Deputy Grand Master of his district. A distinguished honor came to Mr. Little, in 1896, when he was appointed by the then Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, Grand Representative of the Grand Lodge of England near the Grand Lodge of New York. Mr. Little's standing in New York is shown by the many important civic and municipal committees for which he has been named. He was an active worker in the raising of funds for the Grant monument on Riverside Drive, also assisted earnestly in relief work for sufferers by the Johnstown flood.

A very bright incident in Mr. Little's life was the return to his boyhood home, Morris, on the fiftieth anniversary of his apprenticeship, September 5, 1905, when he gave a dinner to the utmost capacity of the village hotel to all his old and new friends. Mr. Little is an officer of the Pearson Publishing Company that issues "Pearson's Magazine." He is a Trustee of the Excelsior Savings Bank and was a member of the New York's World Fair Commission in 1893.

Many a good man has been born in New Jersey and more than two hundred thousand active participators in the trades and professions of the metropolis dwell in Jersey, but come to

the city daily. One of the most active men in the great human hive known as the Hudson Terminal, where the offices of the Erie Railroad Company are located, is John Hull Browning, financier, president of the Northern New Jersey Railroad. Mr. Browning comes of Rhode Island stock, his ancestors dating back to the days of Roger Williams. On his mother's side, he counts among his forebears the Rev. Joseph Hull, one of the original settlers of Weymouth, Plymouth Colony, 1635. Both sides of his house had representatives in the Wars of the Revolution and of 1812.



JOHN HULL BROWNING

Young Browning was a Christmas gift to his parents in 1841. Soon after his birth his parents moved to New York City. The boy was sent to the College of the City of New York, was graduated and engaged in commercial enterprises with his father for some time. His father-in-law, Charles G. Sisson, president of the New Jersey Railroad Company, died in 1874, and the representatives of the estate secured the election of Mr. Browning to the directorate of that corporation. He was soon elected president of the company and retained that position until it was consolidated with the Erie Railroad Company.

Mr. Browning's railroad connections have become very extensive. He is associated as a director with many Southern lines, in addition to a score of banks, gas companies and other corporations. He lives in a beautiful home at Tenafly, and enjoys automobiling along the fine roads that line the crest of the Palisades. He has always been a Republican and for many years has been president of the Bergen County Republican League. Thrice he has been chosen a Presidential Elector, but has never held a political office of any other kind. Although Mr. Browning never speaks of his acts of benevolence, people who know him, as does the writer, are aware that he is a constant giver to the support of hospitals and city missions. He is a life member of ten charitable societies. He is a manager of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission and vice-president of Christ Hospital, Jersey City.

A firm that has figured prominently in the mercantile history of New York City, and one that has had a most remarkable career, is that of Holt & Company, of No. 95 Broad Street, of which Mr. Charles W. McCutcheon is the head.

The firm was founded in 1801 by Stephen Holt, of New London, Conn., who came to this city in early life, attracted by the commercial possibilities here.

In the early days of the Colony a charter had been granted by the Crown, giving to the colonists the right to manufacture flour for trade in the West Indies. This act was considered of such importance that the embryo city adopted as a coat of arms a design in which the four wings of a windmill and two barrels of flour were the principal features. Naturally the business was soon one of the leading industries and it was the commercial prospects presented that led Stephen Holt to organize the firm of Holt & Company, and commence the business of handling flour.

In the 111 years of its existence the firm has naturally undergone many changes, but during that long period its integrity has never been impaired. It successfully weathered every commercial storm, and there were many encountered, never asked financial aid and never owed a dollar beyond the time fixed by com-



CHAS. W. MCCUTCHEON

mercial usage. It is still engaged in the same line but has added corn goods for hot climates, and makes regular shipments to the West Indies. Of late years the trade has been largely increased and now includes many Central and South American ports.

Mr. McCutcheon, who is now head of the firm, was born in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, January 2, 1845, the son of William Moore and Eliza (St. John) McCutcheon. The family is of Scotch-Irish ancestry and was founded in America in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Mr. McCutcheon was educated at the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn, from which he graduated in Class of 1862. He at once entered upon a business career and in 1879 became a partner in Holt & Company. His long experience and executive ability have done much to extend the business of the house and uphold the high repute it has enjoyed for over a century.

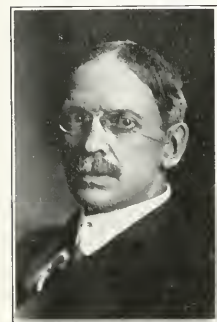
Mr. McCutcheon is a director of the Corn Exchange Bank, New York City; the Plain-

field Trust Company, of Plainfield, N. J., and the People's National Bank, of Westfield, N. J. He is also director of the Adirondack Company and a member of the New York Produce Exchange, Maritime Exchange, and the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. He is a Republican in politics, but of that pronounced independent type that stands for good government rather than party mis-rule. Mr. McCutcheon has traveled largely, making several trips to Europe and touring Egypt and the West Indies. He is a lover of horses and as such takes active interest in the Riding and Driving Club, being also a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New England Society in New York City and the Union League, Atlantic Yacht, National Art, Lake Placid Yacht, Plainfield Country, Park and Park Golf clubs.

Mr. McCutcheon makes his home in Plainfield, N. J., but spends his summers at Lake Placid, N. Y., where he has an attractive camp, "Asulykit," on the shores of the lake.

It is indisputable that our country, heterogeneous as is its population, possesses a sort of backbone, an essential stamina, in the descendants of those hardy northern races which

populated this continent generations, even centuries ago. These men we find preëminent in every vocation, utilizing, in their present sphere, the hardy virility inculcated in and derived from those ancestors who fought and overcame the perils of the inhospitable wilderness, still maintaining their standards of honor and uprightness which are so essential



ARTHUR T. STILSON

tial to a healthy society and which we would fain call American. The first ancestor of Arthur Theodore Stilson to see American soil was James Stilson, who left England about 1625. His descendant, Andrew Stilson, married Charlotte Judd and settled upon the old homestead farm in Lewis County, New York, where there was born to him five children.

The youngest of these is Arthur Theodore Stilson, born in 1859. Arthur T. Stilson is also a descendant of Captain Thomas Judd and of General Andrew Jackson. Owing in part to financial losses suffered by his father during the industrial depression of the Civil War, he was cast almost entirely on his own resources at a very early age and became somewhat proficient at log driving and lumbering.

Coming to New York in 1878, at the age of nineteen, he obtained employment with the firm of James, Aikman & Co., attending evening school during the fall and winter months for a time. The above firm was later consolidated with four other large ones, forming the Central Stamping Company. Mr. Stilson has remained in their employ and has become general manager and vice-president. This simple statement of fact is sufficient encomium on his achievements in business life. Mr. Stilson, as one might infer, has a marked preference for country life, living at his charming estate, "Westover," in Montclair, N. J., and indulging his taste for farming by the supervision of scientific and extensive agricultural operations carried on at his "To-Wak-How Mountain Spring" Farms at Lincoln Park, N. J.

Electricity has created a hundred millionaires in this country and electrical science has proved so fascinating to many men of mechanical genius that they have deserted other professions to pursue its study. Ralph Hamilton Beach, inventor of the first street car that successfully employed an electric storage battery, was born at Linden, Michigan, October, 1860, and secured his education at the High School of Fenton, Mich. Early in life he displayed an aptitude for invention. It was intended he should study medicine, but, through a predilection for mechanics, young Beach entered iron-working shops at Linden and later at Detroit. He began at the lowest rung of the mechanical ladder. He took service in 1888 with the Thompson-Houston Electrical Company, at St. Paul, Minn., and from this corporation he received prompt and deserved recognition in the way of promotions.

From 1888 to 1900 were the years of development in electrical industry. Mr. Beach was soon asked to become manager of the

railway department of the General Electric Company, of New York, and at once took rank among prominent electrical engineers of this country. The commanding position he held afforded excellent opportunity for acquiring knowledge of every branch of his profession; it also enabled him to become thoroughly acquainted with the men who were most earnest in electrical development. Thomas A. Edison, known as "the Wizard of Menlo Park," has said of Mr. Beach: "He is the most accurate experimenter I ever have



RALPH H. BEACH

known, his first experiment is always a success."

Every minute of Mr. Beach's time was employed in gaining further insight into the mysterious element of nature with which he was dealing. Nobody knows exactly what electricity is; but Mr. Beach has utilized it in its multitude of forms. Never was science put into more practical service or made to perform more work for mankind! Under Mr. Beach's ceaseless experimentation, the splendid possibilities of electricity sprang into recognition at a time when all allied branches of science were undergoing spontaneous development and great minds in all parts of the civilized world were giving to them concentrated mental effort.

Mr. Beach's theory of experimentation always was along one line; before he gave to any subject much of his valuable time or expended thereon any considerable amount of money, he definitely settled, in his own mind, the practical uses to which the contemplated device or appliance could be put. His motto was "Find the need!" Thereby, he saved time and money that other equally earnest men wasted! His dominating thought was that nothing should be invented that could not be turned to the benefit of mankind in a commercial sense. (On the other hand, all improvements of moderately successful inventions he believed to be desirable. He did not think it unwise to attempt a further advancement of an apparently perfected electrical device.) Too often, inventors are satisfied with a mechanism that suffices for practical service and, by "leaving well enough alone," retard progress. Mr. Beach's mechanical qualifications enabled him to foresee future adaptations of electricity in every branch of domestic as well as commercial life. For years he struggled with the storage battery problem—the extreme weight of all existing inventions of that character barring them from satisfactory use on street cars or automobiles. It has been the dream of the greatest electricians living to simplify and lessen the dead weight of the storage battery. To this problem, Mr. Edison, chief electrician of the world, has given many years of his life. Mr. Beach has devised a method of coördinating the electrical and the mechanical movement of a car upon rails, so that the energy consumption per ton mile is one-third of that before known; by this extraordinary advance, he has made practical the use of storage batteries as a means of tram propulsion. Mr. Beach is a resident of New York City and is a member of the Essex County Country Club, the N. Y. Electrical Society and belongs to The Founders and Patriots of America.

Electricity is the element which has done more for the upbuilding of our cities than any other; few of us have time to stop and think what city life was before the introduction of electricity. Try and imagine what New York would be without it.

There is distinction in being the head of an institution which ignores the traditions of the past and steps out in advance of the law in order to fulfill what it regards its duties and responsibilities to the people.

John C. Juhring is president of Francis H. Leggett & Company, pioneers in the pure food movement. He was born in New York and educated at Mount Washington Collegiate Institute. The story of his rise to commercial prominence begins with his search for an opportunity to demonstrate what qualities he possessed.

He applied to Francis H. Leggett for employment and was given a humble clerkship. All he asked was "to get in." He knew where he would land. He rose slowly but surely. He became cashier, then a department manager and finally a partner. When the business became a corporation, Mr. Juhring was elected vice-president.

In February, 1910, shortly after Mr. Leggett's death, he was unanimously chosen president.

A movement was started among the citizens of New York for the formation of a Merchants' Association. Mr. Juhring was a charter member, serving as first vice-president for five consecutive terms, 1898-1903. He is a director of the Coal and Iron National Bank, trustee of the Citizens' Savings Bank, director of the American Can Company and of the Seacoast Canning Company of Maine. Mr. Juhring is a Republican, though in an independent sense in politics, and a member of the Presbyterian Church. He is a member of the New York Produce Exchange and of the Board of Trade and Transportation.

His clubs are the Merchants and the Ardsley-on-the-Hudson. He is fond of travel, having made many trips to Europe. The trait for which he is most conspicuous is his enthusiasm. He is a lover of nature and an admirer of the beautiful.

Those who know him best say that it is the sum of his many sides which has made him the head of what is probably the greatest and most distinctive importing, manufacturing and wholesale grocery house in the world.

When the citizens of New York unanimously decided to tender a public dinner to a practical philanthropist, Nathan Strauss, Mr. Henry W.



HENRY W. SCHLOSS

Schloss, a prominent manufacturer and distinguished citizen, was chosen by unanimous consent, to act as chairman. The affair was one of the most successful in the history of this city, the energy of the presiding officer insuring such a result. Henry W. Schloss hails from Michigan, with Adrian as his birthplace. He was born there in 1885, but was brought to

New York when young and received his early education in our public schools, returning for a few years to his native state to engage in commercial pursuits. His immediate forebears had left Germany in the troublous year of 1848—a year of revolution in Germany and Austria, the year of the Heidelberg Assembly, of the uprising in Berlin, of the Prussian proclamation to the "German Nation," of the preliminary German Parliament, of the meeting of the National Assembly at Frankfort and of the Prussian Constitutional Convention. Many members of the best German families came to America. Among these lovers of civil liberty was William J. Schloss, father of the subject of these remarks.

Henry W. Schloss began his business career in the jewelry business at Chicago; at the age of twenty-one he became associated with the wholesale branch and for four years traveled widely throughout this country. The Castle Braid Company offered him its management in 1881, and he has continued with it ever since—is its president to-day—and has developed it into a great corporation. When a national organization of braid manufacturers was formed in 1907, Mr. Schloss was chosen president and has been reelected from year to year. He has recently been quite active in politics as a member of the regular Republican organization of the Fifteenth Assembly Dis-

trict. He is first vice-president of the Conservative Republican Club and a member of the West Side Republican Club. Mr. Schloss is associated with many charitable organizations, a fervent Mason and a practical lover of humanity. His unostentatious philanthropy is continuous.

Among my friends no architect of his own fortune is more deserving of mention than Walter Clark Runyon, one of the leading man-



WALTER C. RUNYON

ufacturers of pig iron in this country. He was born at Chicago, April, 1857, and was educated at Springfield, Ohio. His active career began in the fall of 1871 with the Union Rolling Mill Company of Chicago. In 1879 he was elected secretary in recognition of unusual services rendered to the corporation. Mr. Runyon moved to Cleveland in 1886 to enter the iron ore busi-

ness, and was largely instrumental in the formation of the Lake Superior Iron Ore Association of Cleveland, Ohio, and acted as its first secretary. During his connection with the Iron Ore Association and as its secretary he effected a change in the method of selling iron ore—the unit of iron being valued in the natural state instead of when dried at 212 degrees F., and the phosphorus values were fixed by a table or a schedule devised by him. This table never has been changed and has governed the settlement of all contracts for Lake Superior Bessemer ores since its issue. Mr. Runyon also organized the Bessemer Pig Iron Association. In 1894, he engaged in the blast furnace business and organized The Struthers Furnace Co. He has been located in New York since 1901.

Mr. Runyon has made several automobile tours through Europe and this country. He is at present senior partner of Runyon, Fairbank & Co.; president of The Struthers Furnace Co., and The Struthers Coal & Coke Company.

The National Guard of New York boasts and has boasted capable, energetic and devoted officers, but none whose activities have proven more meritorious of these adjectives, or whose practical abilities have been of more value to that organization than General Edwin Augustus McAlpin.

Edwin is a grandson of James McAlpin, himself a descendant of that sturdy Scotch stock which invaded and colonized the north of Ireland in Cromwell's time. James McAlpin came to America from the city of Belfast and settled in Dutchess County. There he engaged in the grocery trade, meeting with some success. His son, David Hunter McAlpin, married Adelaide Rose and of these parents, Edwin McAlpin was born in the year 1848. Edwin attended Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass., and was graduated during the early part of the Civil War.

The Scotch-Irish blood of Edwin McAlpin, at the age of 14 or 15, was warmly stirred by the war fever and he straightaway enlisted, actuated, doubtless, by a desire to win fame similar to that borne in history by his forebears, the Clan Alpine. He was twice frustrated in this wish by his father and set to work in the tobacco manufactory in Avenue D.

Edwin McAlpin, it would seem, devoted his energies wholeheartedly to making this enterprise the striking commercial success it has since proved. He became a partner in the firm, and after his father's death president. This corporation, at that time the largest of its kind, was later sold to the American Tobacco Company.

In 1869, Mr. McAlpin became a private in the Seventh Regiment. Five years later he resigned from this regiment to accept a lieutenancy in the Seventy-first, of which he eventually became commanding officer after a steady and certain rise through the intermediate ranks. During eighteen years of occupancy of this post, he established a most enviable reputation and brought his corps to a high degree of efficiency.

The qualities which Colonel McAlpin displayed, as commanding officer of the 71st, led Governor Morton to appoint him Adjutant-General of the State of New York, with rank of Major-General. During his tenure of

this important and honorable office, his ability and invigorating methods made themselves felt and appreciated throughout the entire service under him and made their impress in the form of marked improvements.

"Show me a man who has made a success of life, financially or artistically, who has risen to the top of his profession or is recognized among the leaders of his line of trade, no matter what that calling may be—and I will show to you a man who has more than ordinary ability—a man who has 'something in him,' who commands respect and admiration, though that admiration may be born more or less of jealousy."



JAMES B. BRADY

The above remark was made by the late John G. Carlisle, when addressing a jury in Covington, Kentucky, years before he became Secretary of State in President Cleveland's cabinet.

And the "twelve men, good and true," nodded their approval.

James Buchanan Brady was not the client to whom Mr. Carlisle referred, but had he been, the application would have been very appropriate.

By his own efforts, natural intelligence, and unwavering application to his work, James B. Brady has gained a place among the leaders and sticks there.

Born in New York City, he was educated in the public schools, and began his business life as an errand boy for the New York Central Railroad. He studied telegraphy, and soon became an expert operator at the Grand Central Station headquarters. This position he held for some time and was also ticket agent for a while. One day he saw what he thought "a good thing," and seized it. It was a saw used for cutting and sawing iron. He raised the money to purchase the patent rights, placed it on the market.

It was then that young Brady developed

extraordinary ability as a salesman. He made a wonderful success and his fame traveled before him.

As traveling agent for Manning, Maxwell & Moore, one of the largest railroad supply houses in the country, he became interested in several steel and iron companies, and his reputation in this line extended from coast to coast. It is said that he earned as high as \$30,000 a year as a salesman independent of any partnership interests. He was immensely popular, and his friends were legion.

Success begets success, and when he entered the stock market, at the entreaty of his friends, "in the Street," Brady was looked upon as a "mascot." Everything he touched seemed to turn into money; some said it was "Brady luck," but the wise ones said, "Brady is no fool; he knows a good thing, and when he gets it, he plays it for all that it is worth."

In his business affairs "Jim" Brady is aggressive; when he buckles on his commercial armor it is to fight—and to win. But the vulnerable spot in his armor is his humanity. He wishes ill to no one, and is ever ready to lighten the burden of others.

When Mr. Brady became a factor in matters of the turf he did so out of friendship for F. C. McLewes, becoming his partner. The combination was successful. The firm owned some of the greatest racers in the world, winning fabulous sums, the richest stakes in turf events, against the best talent of the pure blood stock of the English stables.

Among their horses were Major Daingerfield, Gold Heels, Oiscan, Fontainebleau and others that made turf history.

Matt. Allen was the trainer of their stable and Mr. Brady has always given him the credit for their successes in the "sport of kings."

Mr. Brady has for some years been familiarly known as "Diamond Jim," a sobriquet given him on account of his valuable possessions in precious stones.

He owns some of the most unique and original designs extant in jewelry—creations of his own mind.

As an entertainer he has few equals and no superiors. He enjoys giving good dinners to

his friends and on such occasions no expense is spared.

Though he has traveled in all parts of the world, Mr. Brady thinks that New York, his home city, is the "greatest spot on earth" and Broadway "the only street," although he has kind words for the great thoroughfares of London and Paris.

Mr. Brady is vice-president of the great railway supply house of Manning, Maxwell & Moore, Incorporated; vice-president of the Standard Steel Car Company, president of the Independent Pneumatic Tool Company, and other equally large concerns.

Having had the tang of travel in my own blood since early boyhood, I am likely to speak of Charles Arthur Moore, Jr., with considerable enthusiasm.



CHAS. A. MOORE, JR.

He was born in Lynn, Mass., 1880; educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and Yale University, where he was graduated in 1903. His father is a member of a large manufacturing concern in this city and the young man at once applied himself to business. Prior to this time, however, he had acquired wide reputation as a traveler. In 1897 he

was a member of the Peary expedition to Cape York and assisted in bringing back the famous meteorites to be seen at the American Museum of Natural History. The call of the Arctic appealed to him so strongly that in 1901 he chartered the steam whaler "Algerine" and spent that summer in Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay. He is probably the best informed of any living man regarding that vast inland sea that became the grave of its discoverer. Again his love of adventure awakened when he heard that Homer Davenport, cartoonist, was about to fit out an expedition to the desert of Arabia to purchase Arab horses. He promptly volunteered as a member of the party. What probably caused

Davenport to warm up to him was that he is an inch taller than the lanky artist. In the Spring of 1906, Mr. Moore weighed 245 pounds and stood six feet, four inches in his stockings! He sailed for Havre early in July of that year; reaching Constantinople by the Oriental express on July 19. Thence, he accompanied the party into the desert and lived for three months the life of a nomad. I almost hesitate to talk about the commercial side of so interesting a character; but Mr. Moore is a man of responsibilities, because he is bound to inherit many of them from a successful father. He is already vice-president, secretary and director of Manning, Maxwell & Moore, Inc., and half a dozen other companies.

Nothing is more gratifying than to find a wealthy and successful merchant and lawyer taking an active part in local and national politics.



E. W. BLOOMINGDALE

This is the feature that appeals to me in the career of E. W. Bloomingdale, born at Rome, in this state, November, 1852, and graduated at Columbia Law School, 1877. He practiced law until 1883, but was associated with his brothers in the large department store at Third Avenue and 59th Street until 1905. He has been equally successful at law and in

commercial life. His experience has admirably fitted him to act as receiver of many corporations and to acquit himself with great credit. He is a prominent director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, a director of the Phenix National Bank, an Interstate Bridge Commissioner, a member of the Hudson Ter-Centenary Committee. An honor he appreciates highly is that of Trustee of the McKinley National Memorial. In charities of the city and state, he is particularly prominent. Especially should I mention his efficient service in behalf of the House of Refuge.

When the Union Pacific Railroad was advancing by rapid stages across the plains, the eastern end of the rails had reached Cheyenne, in the state now known as Wyoming, early in 1867. Several of the civil engineers and contractors lived with their families in box cars, shunted upon sidings until such time as they might move to the next stage of construction, further west. In such quarters one of the most interesting men in this big city, William B. Walker, now dwelling on Riverside Drive, was born, March 14th of that year. This boy began active work for himself at the age of twelve. The railroad had been completed long before, but he was still a hardy youngster of the plains. He employed a team of horses, a wagon and half a dozen barrels for drowning out prairie dogs and capturing them when they emerged from their burrows. These curios he sold to tourists. While dog-catching he observed that the plains were covered with buffalo bones and finding a market for them in a New Jersey factory town, he shipped many carloads at a good profit. When the bone supply was exhausted, young Walker took to the saddle and "followed the cows" for three years in that section of Dakota and Wyoming rendered famous by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Thus did he complete his education in the splendid college of experience, combining attrition with men of the frontier, giving their lives to "winning of the west," and a study of methods of money-making suggested by his environment. He embarked in general merchandising, established a chain of five stores and ran the business into half a million annual sales only to learn, when the panic of 1893 swept over the land, that his craft was built for sailing on smooth financial seas. It foundered with all on board in the first big blow. Mr. Walker says he reached the conclusion in 1894 that he wasn't nearly so smart as he had thought himself. He realized that if money was to be acquired he must go where money was plenty. He selected New York, because, in his opinion, success is easier here than failure. Harkening to the call of the city, he studied mankind with a view to deciding which line of trade offered the surest road to fortune. Manufacturing, he concluded, had provided the basis of a

larger number of fortunes of the second class than any other line of endeavor; and as his chief asset at that time was the knowledge that the percentages had to be in his favor, he became a manufacturer. There are no "get-rich-quick schemes" for men from the tall grass country.

First, Mr. Walker must find something to manufacture! Chief importance lay in the selection of the article. He wanted to make something that had never been made before; to do something that never had been done before;



WM. B. WALKER

to create an article that would do what everybody wanted done,—in short, an article that nobody else but he could make! These specifications were not easy to comply with. Mr. Walker spent twelve years, crowded with patient effort, seeking this apparently unattainable object. He visited more than half the States of the Union and every manufacturing centre of England, France, Italy, Austria and Germany. Quite by accident, he was introduced to a resident of Berlin who had received a keg of caviar from a friend in Russia. This German asked Walker to help him consume it. At the home of his host he was introduced to Rheinhold Burger, a famous glass

manufacturer, who casually mentioned an idea of his for a field or hunting flask that would retain the temperature of its contents for several days. Subsequent interviews brought Herr Burger's idea to the blue-print stage, the first models of Thermos bottle. German, English and American companies were quickly organized and to-day, five years from the date of its discovery, this remarkably useful article is handled by 50,000 dealers in the thirty civilized countries of the world. Mr. Walker ascribes his brilliant success to habits of industry acquired in youth and to the timely arrival of that keg of caviar! He recently said to me that after spending so much of his life on the plains, the most awe-inspiring moment he has ever known was when he first gazed upon the vast watery expanse of the ocean. Mr. Walker is a thorough cosmopolitan and he belongs to several social clubs.

The South Shore of Long Island may be accurately described as "the Riviera of Greater New York." Sir John Tindall, when here

twenty-odd years ago, declared that children were born who would live to see royal palms growing on the ocean shore of Long Island. He predicted that the Gulf Stream would gradually work nearer to land and that the modifying effect of its warm currents upon climate would be such as to render the South Shore one of the most delightful residential localities in the Temper-



RICHARD A. BACHIA

ate Zone. Americans who have visited Genoa and especially its suburb, Pegli, will remember the splendid array of palms at the latter place and wonder why such tropical trees are to be found there, when the latitude is 44 degrees N. New York lies in about 41 degrees N., and if the Gulf Stream does its duty, as predicted by the scientist, my friend, Richard A. Bachia, living at Bay Shore, will possess a country home equally attractive at all seasons of the year. His grandfather,

Nicholas C. Bachia, came to New York from Venice in 1818, and married a Miss Waldron, member of an old Dutch family that had come to America in 1640.

Richard A. Bachia is a product of "Greenwich Village," on the West Side of Manhattan Island, where his father lived and where he was born in Charles Street. Mr. Bachia was graduated from the public schools and obtained a position with a leaf tobacco house. A few years' apprenticeship convinced him that he had the taste of a connoisseur on Cuba's product. After following this line for twenty-five years, buying, importing and selling, he began the manufacture of Havana cigars in New York, in 1901, importing the leaf direct and making up the product here. His success has been gratifying, because his plan was a decided innovation from the fact that the market can be supplied with the fresh goods instead of the dry product, which lovers of the weed do not esteem.

Mr. Bachia has made many trips to Cuba; he is fond of all kinds of sports, particularly golfing and yachting. He is a lover of books and possesses an excellent library. His home at Bay Shore, on the South Country Road, is one of the show places of that locality. Ross's "History of Long Island" deals with the family history to some extent. Richard A. Bachia is a member of the New York Yacht, Hanover and South Side Field clubs. He is a trustee of the Citizens Savings Bank of New York and a director of the First National Bank of Bay Shore, L. I.

Sugar is one of the world's staples. Improvement in methods of producing the refined article has been due to efforts of American refiners like B. H. Howell, Son & Co., of this city. A prominent member of that firm is James Howell Post, who has been connected with it as clerk and partner since 1874. He knows the sugar business from start to finish, as thoroughly as any living man. He was born at New Rochelle, N. Y., October, 1859, and, after finishing at the public schools of that town, plunged into commercial business. He is to-day president of the National Sugar Refining Company of New Jersey, a director of the National City Bank—the strongest institution of its kind in this country, occupying

the site of the old Custom House—director and treasurer of the Chaparra Sugar Company and various other corporations engaged in the manufacture of sugar. He is a trustee in the Williamsburg Savings Bank and a director in the United States Realty and Improvement Company and many other corporations. Mr. Post is a sincere believer in helping the American boy and to that end, from early in his successful commercial career, has been a sturdy supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Industrial School Association of Brooklyn, and of the hospital and dispensary system of that borough. He is a Presbyterian in his religious views, but knows no creed in his charities.

The Parker family of New Jersey came from England by way of Barnstable, Mass., in 1640, settling at Woodbridge, N. J., in 1667. For three generations, descendants of Elisha Parker were members of the King's Council for the Province and held commissions as Colonels and Captains of Provisional Troops engaged in ceaseless warfare against the Indian tribes.



ROBERT M. PARKER

Subsequent members of the Parker family have been members of State Legislatures and of Congress. Robert Meade Parker, now in active commercial enterprises in Greater New York, is a son of Cortlandt Parker, a distinguished jurist, orator and diplomat, and was born in Newark, N. J., 1864. He received his education at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and at Phillips Exeter

Academy, finishing at Princeton University in 1885. After graduation he obtained a clerkship with the Erie Railroad, serving part of the time in President King's office. He became division freight agent in 1890, general freight agent in 1902, and, in 1905, was chosen traffic manager for the American Sugar Refining Company. His selection as President of the Brooklyn Cooperage Company followed in 1906 and this post he still retains. He is

President of the Pennsylvania State, the Butler County Railroad, and the Great Western Land Companies and is vice-president of the Oleona Railroad. Despite his active business career, Mr. Parker has always taken deep interest in military matters, serving as a member of the highly exclusive Essex Troop of New Jersey from 1890 to 1898, when he was chosen 1st lieutenant and battalion adjutant of the 12th Infantry, New York Volunteers, and promoted to Captain and Regimental Quartermaster, June 1, 1898. This post imposed upon him entire charge of the field equipment of the regiment for the Spanish-American War. Mr. Parker was actively employed at Peekskill, Chickamauga Park, Ga., and in Kentucky, resigning his commission after the conclusion of peace. He afterwards joined the 12th Regiment, N. G. N. Y., serving until 1908, when he resigned.

The wonderful development of the sugar industry in this country has been largely due to strictly scientific talent employed in work-

ing out the most approved methods of refining the raw article of commerce. The American Sugar Refining Company has always commanded the best gray matter to be had. At the head of its Manufacturing and Supply Department is Henry Ernest Niese, a practical chemist, who, for forty years, has specialized on the scientific methods employed in the sugar industry.



HENRY E. NIESE

Equipped with complete technical training, secured at the best institutions of Europe, he came to America as a young man and served a thorough apprenticeship as chemist in the refinery business. Of late years he has shown that he is equally as efficient in an executive post as in places demanding scientific knowledge. Mr. Niese was born on the Island of Fehmarn, Germany, in 1848. He is of unmixed German blood. He was educated in his native country. He entered the Univer-

sity of Kiel and studied chemistry at Leipsic. His college studies were interrupted by the Franco-Prussian War, in which he served as a private in the Thirty-sixth Regiment of Fusilliers. Returning to college, he was graduated in 1873 and came immediately to the United States to act as chemist for the Matthiessen-Wiechers Sugar Refinery, of Jersey City. At the end of six years he was made superintendent of the establishment and still holds that position, although, in 1887, the concern was taken into the American Sugar Refining Company. Mr. Niese has been a member of the American Chemical Society since its organization. He belongs to the Chemists' Club and the Carteret Club, of Jersey City. He is also a director of the First National Bank of Jersey City. Mr. Niese is, by temperament, an earnest and painstaking workman in whatever he undertakes. His early training inspired him with a profound love of research and he couldn't be other than a student, if he tried. His library is one of the most valuable private collections of books in the city of his residence.

Sugar, next to bread and salt, is a "staff of life!" Among the wildest tribes of American Indians, sugar-making has always been one of the Spring ceremonials, equalled only by the gathering of the wild rice in the Autumn. Therefore, sugar is a theme over which one may be justified in waxing eloquent. I want to speak of a man who has been actively engaged in manufacturing sugar for thirty-four years.

F. D. Mollenhauer, vice-president and treasurer of the National Sugar Refining Company, of New Jersey and New York. When the parent corporation of this industry, the National Sugar Refining Company, was organized, in 1900, its most important accession was the Mollenhauer Sugar Refining Company, of Brooklyn, with a daily capacity of 14,000 barrels of the refined product. This enormous business had been created by John Mollenhauer, father of the present head of the family. F. D. Mollenhauer was born in New York City fifty-odd years ago, was educated at the public schools and took a finishing course at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn. He was a hard student in the sciences, having real enthusiasm in his life's work. He then

began a practical training in the sugar refining business that equipped him for the great responsibilities sure to fall upon his shoulders. When he succeeded his father, he built a new refinery, one of the largest in the United States, employing several hundred men in its many



FRED'K D. MOLLENHAUER

diverse branches. The building became a landmark in the city of Brooklyn. The capacity of the refinery was more than doubled by this addition to its plant. Mr. Mollenhauer always has been a prominent factor in the National Sugar Refining Company since the consolidation of his interests therewith, and his rise to the vice-presidency was a recognition of his efficiency and capacity as an executive director therein. He is identified with half a dozen other large corporations,

holding directorships in the Cuban-American Sugar Company and the St. Regis Paper Company. He is also a director in the Manufacturers' National Bank and Nassau Trust Company and a trustee of the United States Lloyds. His thirty-four years of active commercial life, crowded with many responsibilities, have not dulled his social tendencies, as is shown by his membership in the New York and Atlantic Yacht clubs, the Automobile Club of America, the National Democratic and the New York Athletic clubs of Manhattan, and the Hanover and Union League clubs of Brooklyn. Mr. Mollenhauer is an independent Democrat but has never taken an active part in politics.

A fellow Ohioan for whom I have great admiration is D. Alvin Fox, born at New Philadelphia, May, 1870, and who finished his education at the Ohio Wesleyan University,



D. A. FOX

Delaware, where I myself passed two happy years. Mr. Fox began his active career in 1889 as office clerk in the cooperage department of the Standard Oil Co., at Cleveland, and resigned two years later to accept a place in the engineering department of the Walker Manufacturing Company, in the same city. There he served four years' apprenticeship, during

which period, by special study after office hours, he completed an engineering course. His natural inclinations were towards mechanics and he took advantage of all opportunities. Having completed an apprenticeship he went to the Dickson Manufacturing Company, of Scranton, Pa., and thence returned to his former employers, the Walker Manufacturing Company, where he remained until 1897, when he made the great step of his life by becoming identified with the Honolulu Iron

Works Company, of Hawaii. In that wonderful country he passed nearly eight years, and, as head of the engineering department of the company, he carried out many improvements in machinery and the enterprise grew to one of large proportions. He was sent to New York in 1905 to open an office of the company and has been its manager ever since. The Honolulu Iron Works Company was established in 1852 by D. Weston, inventor of the marvelous centrifugal machine for drying sugar. Its works now occupy nearly seven acres of ground and are specially equipped for the manufacture of sugar-making machinery. The number of its employees varies from 300 to 600 men. Nearly all new machinery installed in the sugar factories of Hawaii was supplied by this company. The following modern establishments, with cane capacity per day, will indicate the growth of the Honolulu Iron Works' business: Oahu Sugar Company, 1,450 tons; Wailuku, 1,200; Waialua Agricultural Company, 1,400; Ewa Plantation Company, 2,500; Olaa Sugar Company, 1,200; Punahoa, 2,500 tons; Paako, 200 tons; Hawi, 800 tons; and Hilo Sugar Company, 1,200 tons. This large manufacturing plant has already sent a complete outfit to the Tobasco Plantation Company, Oaxaquena, Mexico; remodeled four factories in Porto Rico, one with a capacity of 4,500 tons of cane per day; designed and built five factories on the Island of Formosa. A new factory of 1,000 tons daily capacity has just been shipped to the Philippine Islands. It has been a successful bidder for contracts in Louisiana, especially a new 1,400 ton cane mill at Adeline. Mr. Fox has developed the business of the new office to its full capacity.

No better proof of the fact that New York City can furnish thoroughly equipped business men is needed than is shown in the successful career of J. Henry Dick, who was born in this city in 1851 and who hurried through his education to enter the sugar refining business, at the age of seventeen, with his father. His life from that hour has been wholly devoted to the activities of a business career, and he is to-day one of the directing spirits of the

National Refining Company. He early became an associate of the late Cord Meyer in the development of Long Island property; he assisted in the creation of the Citizens' Water Supply Company, the Charles Rice Milling Company and the St. Regis Paper Mills. He is associated as a Director in the Manufacturers' Bank and the German Savings Bank of Brooklyn. These enterprises by no means cover the field of his activities. Mr.



J. HENRY DICK

Dick is a member of the Metropolitan, Athletic and Riding and Driving Clubs of Manhattan and of the Hauover Club of Brooklyn, which would indicate that he is fond of social life as well as business.

In 1837, Maximilian Schaefer, son of a successful brewer in Germany, came to this

country; later he joined his brother and together they established the firm of F. & M. Schaefer. That was in 1842, which gives to the Schaefer establishment pioneership as lager beer brewers in the United States. Rudolph J. Schaefer, son of Maximilian, was born in this city in February, 1863. His education was received in private and public schools and embraced general academic instruction and thorough

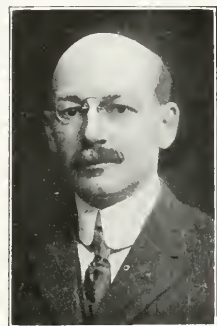


RUDOLPH J. SCHAEFER

commercial courses. After graduation he spent two years in downtown commercial and mercantile life, and then took up the business of his father and rose through all grades and departments of the calling by dint of his own application and efforts to the position of manager of the manufacturing branch. It may be said that to-day he is one of the best known and most popular men in the brewing business in the United States. His activities have not been confined within the limits of the concern which bears his surname, but he has for many years played a leading and conspicuous part in the national, state and city organizations which recruit their membership from among all the brewers of the United States, State and City of New York.

He is serving his third term as president of the New York State Brewers' Association, and previous to that he had been president of the Lager Beer Brewers' Board of Trade of New York and Vicinity for a period of two years. Mr. Schaefer is now the vice-president of the F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Co., and president of the Schaefer (Realty) Company, and is also interested in many other industrial enterprises. He is a trustee of the German Hospital and Dispensary. He is a life member of the New York Athletic Club and "Big Chief" of the Huckleberry Indians thereof; a "Lamb," a "Pilgrim," a member of a dozen or more other clubs and associations in all the different ramifications of metropolitan life.

A Connecticut cotton manufacturer who was among the first of all Northern men to see the wisdom of taking the mill to the cotton

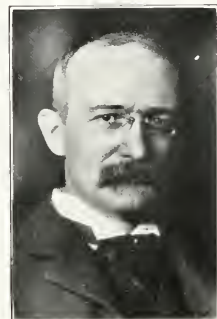


F. COIT JOHNSON

plant instead of transporting the raw material to the New England factory is F. Coit Johnson. He was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1863 and was educated at the academy in that city. At an early age he plunged into the cotton business as a commission merchant and after several years' active experience as a trader, he received an offer from a large manufacturing

company that promised rapid advancement. In doubt as to the desirability of an acceptance, however, he consulted J. H. Lane, one of the most prominent cotton factors in New York. Mr. Lane heard his story and promptly offered to him a very flattering position in his own company. He is now the president of J. H. Lane & Co. and of the Hampton Cotton Company, East Hampton, Mass. He is a director in four large cotton manufacturing corporations in La Grange, Conyers and Manchester, Ga. He occupies various official positions in many other companies. He has been an early and enthusiastic automobilist, spending much of his time in the enjoyment of this sport. Mr. Johnson's country home is at Mill Neck (Locust Valley), Long Island, within easy motoring distance of the metropolis, where the family passes their Summers. Like many men who have made their own way in this sport, Mr. Johnson is fond of association with his fellows. He belongs to several clubs, among which may be mentioned the Union League, Merchants' and Hardware of Manhattan, and the Country Club of Nassau County. As a high distinction, Mr. Johnson rates his election to the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. Mr. Johnson is devoted to literature, as well as commerce, and is informed regarding all new books.

Of great prominence in the electrical field and vice-president of the Telephone and Telegraph Company, one of the largest corporations in this country, is Harry Bates Thayer, who started his business life in a savings bank at North-



HARRY B. THAYER

field, Vt., 33 years ago. Mr. Thayer was born in that town August, 1858, and after a public school education was graduated at Dartmouth College, 1879. He attained Phi Beta Kappa and was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Disregarding false starts in his career, he began as a clerk for the Western Electric Company, of Chicago, January, 1881. From that point Mr. Thayer has never ceased to rise and thirty-odd years' growth has lifted him from clerkship, local manager, general manager, vice-president and president of the Western Electric Company to the vice-presidency of the great corporation that now controls the telephone and a large share of the telegraphic business of the United States. He ascribes his success to persistent application and continuity of purpose. He stuck to his job and grew with it! Mr. Thayer is a director in several companies subordinate to the ones in which he is president and vice-president. He comes from old Massachusetts Bay ancestry, none of whom arrived later than 1700 or settled elsewhere than in New England. In politics, he is decidedly independent, believing that capacity and integrity are what qualify men for public confidence. He never has held political office, his activities in that direction being confined to exercising his own duties as a voter; he is of serious thought—a student at all times. Mr. Thayer is a member of the University and Salmagundi clubs of New York, the Union League of Chicago, the New York Chamber of Commerce and the New England Society of New York.

CHAPTER XVII

COMEDY OF JOURNALISM



MEMORABLE football game between two of the great Universities, was played at Berkeley Oval. As Managing Editor of the *New York World*, I was anxious to get some advertising out of the event. Several of us put our heads together and hit upon this scheme:

We would obtain an ambulance, equip it with physicians and drivers and send it to a place outside the fence surrounding the football field to await opportunity. On one side of the enclosure was a gate that we proposed to utilize; arrangements of a financial character were made with an attendant at the grounds to throw open that portal on a signal which I would give from the grand stand.

The ambulance was borrowed from the Department of Charities and Correction; its leather sides were replaced by new ones, setting forth in large letters the legend: "The *New York World's* Special Football Ambulance." The daily circulation of the newspaper was, incidentally, given in figures! A surgeon, at \$25, was seated in the vehicle. A driver, who had explicit orders, held the lines. The ambulance was ready outside the gateway; I took my seat on the grand stand, at a point from which I could be seen by the gateman.

There were 8,000 people on the grounds, to every one of whom I hoped to impart a distinct mental impression that the *World* was the most alive newspaper in the metropolis. The first half of the game ended without a case of injury! Was our splendid scheme to fail? It looked so.

The second half began more lively. Several new men had been substituted, and they played with an impetuosity that the tired members of the teams could not withstand. "Jack"

Mumford, formerly of a Princeton eleven, was writing the story of the game. Ten minutes passed and not a player failed to get up after a tackle or a down!

Suddenly, there was a mass play in front of the grandstand. As the squirming players were pulled off the body of the man with the ball, I saw the youngster was unconscious. The moment had come!

The signal was given; the gate swung open and our ambulance dashed into the enclosure. The horse at full gallop, it came to the side of the injured man. Quicker than can be written, a stretcher was out, the sufferer was lifted thereon, pushed into the vehicle and away went the horse!

The ambulance had disappeared through the gate, amid tumultuous cheering, before the captain of the team realized that we had "kidnapped" one of his best men, under the guise of doing an act of mercy.

Meanwhile, the driver and physician had orders to take their patient to the nearest city hospital and not to release him under any circumstances until they had delivered him to the physician in charge. But the unexpected occurred.

The injured man came to himself and demanded to know where he was being taken. In vain, he was assured of serious injuries. He swore he wouldn't go to a hospital, and began to recover his strength with alarming rapidity. At the end of a mile, the doctor, who was somewhat of an athlete, was engaged in a death grapple with the famous guard. They fought all the way to Central Park. The driver was bound for Roosevelt Hospital, but made the mistake of attempting to drive through the park. Advertising signs upon a wagon are an infraction of a city ordinance. Before he had passed McGowan's Tavern a mounted policeman was in hot chase. Arrest

followed and the party landed at the old Arsenal station.

The whole episode then came out. It seemed so humorous to the police captain that he discharged the driver; the famous left guard laughed heartily and shook hands with the plucky doctor, who had a fine black eye to console him for his fidelity to instructions.

But we got the advertising. Needless to say, we were thoroughly abused by our competitors—envious because the idea hadn't occurred to them. It was such an easy thought, don't you see; anybody could have done the trick, had they been given the idea.

A School of Journalism had been established at Cornell University, my *alma mater*, and when a case of smallpox appeared in Sage College, a part of the university for women students, I thought an opportunity had arisen in which to serve the institution. The school had begun work under the deanship of a former exchange reader in a New York office; and pretended attempts were made at reporting local events. When the case of smallpox appeared, the faculty, with grave wisdom, decided that the 3,000 students must be vaccinated, as a safeguard against contagion. The two hundred and more young women were included,—which added human interest to a properly written account of the administration of the virus.

I wired Dean Smith: "Here's a chance to demonstrate the practical worth of the instruction in journalism now given at Cornell. The *World* desires to engage ten members of your school and will pay regular space rates for 300 words of a signed article from each pupil. Methods of vaccination should be described,—especially the comparative fortitude of young men and women. Kindly avoid duplications. We want a plain, matter-of-fact narrative of the entire incident. An interview with Dr. Burt G. Wilder should be added." Could any thought have been more practical? But that Dean did not rise to an opportunity to advance the interests of his school; he sent a curt and impudent reply. I then engaged the staff of a local Ithaca newspaper and the thorough manner in which the interesting event was "covered" resulted

in the abolition of the course of instruction.

Chicago has a humor of its own and a special brand of humorists. The "guying" of guests is of modern invention. It probably originated with the Clover Club of Philadelphia; but the Gridiron of Washington, and the temporarily successful Quaint Club of this city, carried the offense to greater lengths. That a member of the Chicago Society of Indians should have accoutred himself in woman's garb and intruded upon the dinner to claim his affinity in the person of the professional humorist is nothing unusual, as matters are understood in Chicago.

Eugene Field was responsible for a great many practical jokes, but they were always redeemed by the merit of originality and perfect good humor. Field's answer to a visitor who had worn out his welcome is historical.

"Ah! Mr. Field, why do you have wire netting in your window?" he asked.

"To enable me to resist the constant impulse to jump the ten stories when I am bored."

"Aw! very clever, Mr. Field," commented the Englishman, squaring himself for a protracted stay.

"But it is detachable," retorted Field, with annoyance; "and I am about to remove it." The stranger departed.

The best practical joke Field ever played was upon his discoverer and exploiter, Melville E. Stone. During the Columbian World's Fair, a distinguished group of European journalists and diplomats expressed a wish to visit the office of the Chicago *Daily News* and a date for their coming was set. When the party arrived and the building was inspected, a universal desire existed to be introduced to Eugene Field. He had a room to himself and the party was conducted thither. When the door was opened in response to a gruff "Come in!" the poet was seen sitting at his desk, garbed in a convict's suit and to his ankle was attached a chain and ball. His hair was cut as short as a clipper could make it. He glared at his visitors.

"This is only another proof of the heartless

character of my task-master," he said, with every appearance of anger. "I hoped to be spared this humiliation. But no; he is pitiless. Not only does he compel me to wear 'stripes' as an evidence of my servility and degradation in being connected with his newspaper, but he chains me to this ball so that I cannot escape."

Melville E. Stone never was wholly unprepared for a surprise from Field. He flushed a trifle, but said, "Everything he says is true; humorists have to be chained in Chicago. If they get loose, they are liable to kill people. This poor fellow, gentlemen, is as dangerous as his jokes are harmless."

I recall an experience of my own with the Whitechapel Club of Chicago. I arrived in that city late one night and having registered at Mr. Bemis' hotel, on the lake front, was preparing to go to bed when there came a peremptory knock at my door. I opened; a policeman stood beside the hall boy. The officer put me under arrest, telling me, in surly tones, to get into my clothes! I sent the boy for Mr. Bemis, but he had disappeared. I demanded to see the warrant and I was shown a sure enough document, properly made out and signed by a magistrate. It looked regular, bore my name and charged me with criminal libel! In vain, I tried to secure telephonic communication with two lawyers known to me; but my messages did not get beyond the ground floor of the Richelieu. Finally, I was rudely led to the elevator, taken downstairs and bundled into a cab. The driver had his orders, obviously, for he whipped up his horses and dashed away at high speed. Turning into a narrow alley, he stopped before a disreputable doorway.

"Where have you brought me?" I demanded.

"To the magistrate's," was the reply.

We entered an anteroom, and beyond the closed door sounds of hilarious revelry were heard. It didn't look like a magistrate's court, but Chicago is different from other towns.

"Go inside and tell his honor that I have the prisoner here," said the officer to a frowsy attendant. The young man disappeared and a hush at once fell upon the multitude assem-

bled within. The flunkey reappeared. The door was thrown open, I was marched down to a long table and formally surrendered to the—Whitechapel Club. I was seated under a noose that had hanged a man; behind me, upon the wall, was a black cap that had hidden the awful death agonies of another unfortunate fellow creature.

I had told the caddy to wait; but when the stars were singing together, about 4 A.M., the cabman insisted upon driving up the steps of the Leland House, because he asserted it was a short cut into the Richelieu.

I was sent to Philadelphia to report a first night of a comic opera entitled "The King of No-Land." It was a great occasion and the Broad Street Theatre was crowded. After speaking of the leading singers in my telegraphic report, a glance at the programme suggested reference to the young person who played the part of the King. She was a slight, anemic creature, suffering dreadfully from stage fright. Thinking to treat her kindly, I added the following sentence: "The young lady who played the King appeared to be in constant fear that somebody would play the ace."

When one is standing at a telegraph desk to send a dramatic criticism, he lacks repose; his words are wanting in finish that otherwise would characterize them.

Next morning, I went to the *Herald's* Philadelphia office to write a letter. Hardly had I seated myself when an immense man entered, carrying a large club. He demanded to see the regular correspondent. I told him Mr. Browning had not arrived.

"I want to see him and to teach him what it means to insult my wife, as he does in his notice of her appearance as the King at the Broad Street Theatre last night." He then explained that he was the husband of the pale, scared creature and was grossly incensed at the opinion expressed about her.

It was in the early days of the telephone. I stepped behind a curtain, rang the telephone bell violently and pretended to have the following conversation:

"Hello, is that you Browning? . . . Glad to have caught you before you came down. There's a chap here who is going to

club you for what appears in the *Herald* this morning, criticizing his wife. No; I am not joking. . . . Stop at the Fencing and Sparring Club and bring Jimmy Murray, the English prize fighter, with you. . . . Yes, I am in dead earnest. . . . Oh, you're right. Jimmy'll do him up. Come at once, the man is impatient."

I pretended to hang up the receiver, although I hadn't taken it off the hook, returned to the outer office, and advised the visitor to wait for Mr. Browning. I then resumed my writing and after a few minutes the much excited husband said he would call again and left the office.



THE BROOKLYN EAGLE

Upper view shows the site as it appeared forty years ago when it was occupied by the Brooklyn Theatre which was destroyed by fire in 1876 as described in another chapter

CHAPTER XVIII

FIRST AMERICAN DAILY NEWSPAPER IN COLORS



THE New York *Recorder* started with a splendid impulse. It was thoroughly advertised and when it appeared, the people bought it with avidity. Many new features were introduced, among which were large illustrations and a daily page of matter devoted to women. But its most venturesome innovation was the use of color in its daily issues. George W. Turner, who had been the publisher of the *World*, took charge of the new journal a short time after its birth and pushed it with the vigor he had previously shown. He asked me to take charge of the news and color departments. The latter task was much the more difficult of the two, because the use of color on rotary presses had not been successfully accomplished. White paper, from a roll, passed over four separate cylinders, the first printing black—in which the letter press was run—and the three others carrying in turn the primitive colors, red, yellow and blue inks. After weeks of trial, the fault was seen to be with the inks. The "register" was satisfactory but all attempts to blend the colors failed. For example, when blue was superimposed upon yellow, green was not produced—the second color would not mix with the first. Many whole days and sleepless nights were devoted to securing the hoped result but without success. Slowly as the press might be run, the effect was not satisfactory. One discovery of value was made, namely the employment of the white background for giving what artists call "high lights" to pictures. I engaged several young artists who have since become famous in black and white and in oils. I brought C. R. Macauley from Cleveland and he began his career as a cartoonist which has now placed him in the front rank. His work on the *World* to-day is generally conceded to be about the most

popular in this city. Leon Barrett, a man of established reputation, and William F. Ver Beck, who has since attained national fame with his "Tiny Tads," were on the art staff. George B. Luks, who had studied abroad, was there and did some remarkable illustrating in the Parisian style; Luks has now attained a high place as a figure painter in oils. William Hoffaker, a promising free-hand draftsman, with ships as his specialty, did much excellent work. But the director of the color work, a capable man with a fine reputation in lithography, could not make the press do justice to the drawings. Daily use of color had to be abandoned, although the Sunday paper retained a color supplement. Comics were printed in color—the beginning of what has since proved to be the best circulation builders on more modern Sunday issues. Mr. Duke, one of the *Recorder's* largest stockholders, argued that the public did not care for color; but subsequent history proves that the fault lay with the immature printing machine, not with the artists or patrons of the newspaper.

The *Recorder* was the first Eastern newspaper to advocate bi-metalism. In politics, it was Republican and stood where Congressman McKinley, afterwards President, did at the time. One morning, a cartoon by Barrett contained a fac-simile of a silver dollar. I was familiar with the United States statute that forbids the reproduction of likenesses of money, but had assumed that such a law could only refer to paper money. I took the precaution, however, to erase a few of the stars and to remove part of Columbia's hair. By noon of the day of publication, the United States Attorney for this District had served upon me a notice that my arrest would follow for an infraction of the statute. Here was the same sort of a chance for advertising the paper I had used so successfully in Paris! I sum-

moned every caricaturist in Gotham and engaged each of them to make cartoons of the silver dollar—always slightly changing the face of the coin but leaving it recognizable. We printed a cartoon every day for a month! One of Ver Beek's was a masterpiece; it represented the American eagle, surrounded by a group of eaglets, reading the Revised Statutes to the birdlets and cautioning them not to take any silver dollars made of paper. The case against me was laughed out of existence.

Countless innovations for increasing circulation were tried. An interesting one, used after the circulation had passed the 100,000 mark, was the addition to the presses of a mechanism that printed a number upon every paper issued. Next day, the publisher would offer \$100 for the copy bearing a specified number. No promise of reward was made in advance, which took the scheme out of the lottery class. Attempts were made to stop this redemption of printed copies, but they were defeated in the courts. Later, small copies of famous paintings in color were issued as daily supplements. These were numbered with a chemical ink that prevented counterfeiting or alteration—which had been attempted where ordinary black printing ink was used. Large pictures were given away with the Sunday issues and many New York homes were beautified therewith.

There was a spirit of philanthropy in that office such as I never encountered elsewhere. Everybody about the place strove to suggest methods for helping suffering humanity.

We had on the staff, at the head of the woman's department, Miss Cynthia Westover, who hailed from Denver and was a splendid type of athletic womanhood. One afternoon she assembled fifteen of us and announced her plan to found an International Sunshine Society, having for its purpose the creation of a Home for Blind Babies. The splendid enterprise was started in a very modest manner, but it has to-day a contributing membership of 150,000 and has raised funds sufficient to build two large Homes. Miss Westover, now Mrs. John Alden, is at its head. Herein is an example of what may be accomplished in the cause of humanity by people who are

not millionaires. Miss Julie Opp, now a theatrical star, was of the staff.

A late despatch that came into the *Recorder* office one night was from Jacksonville, Fla., stating that four small boys, children of poor parents, had been bitten by a rabid dog that afternoon and had been taken to a hospital "where they would be kept isolated until rabies did or did not develop."

This appeared to be a horrible experiment! Without counting the cost, I "got on the wire" and sent messages to the Mayor of Jacksonville, now United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, to the presidents and general managers of all railroads between New York and Florida, to the superintendent of the Jacksonville hospital, directing that the four boys, accompanied by a nurse, be rushed here by the first train and that the *Recorder* would be responsible for all expenses. I awakened Dr. Paul Gilber, of the Pasteur Institute, and had a talk with him over the 'phone, he agreeing to take the little patients for \$100 per week. The board of the nurse was to be extra. The cashier's office was closed and only by borrowing \$5 and \$10 from printers, editors and reporters was I able to make up a purse of \$100 to bear the expense for Pullman fares and meals on the journey. This money was wired to the hospital superintendent. So prompt was the telegraphic service that by 3:30 A.M. I received word that the children would leave Jacksonville at 8 o'clock that morning.

The coöperation of the railroads was most generous, because the party was carried free (except in the sleeping cars). When met at Jersey City, one of the boys had manifested symptoms of rabies. All were taken in a carriage to the Pasteur Institute, and an injection of the serum was given to them before they were washed and put to bed.

A brief announcement was made next morning of the circumstances under which the children had been brought here. Obligations aggregating fully \$600 had been incurred. I didn't ask for contributions, but knew not how the money was to be raised. A messenger came from Morris K. Jesup with his check for \$100 and an offer to defray the entire expense. He was a practical philan-

thropist: I was glad not to have to ask him for a second contribution. About \$400 was received and my associates on the *Recorder* bore the rest of the expense.—George W. Turner. God love him! giving \$50. Every boy was sent home, cured.*

About this time, William R. Hearst came to New York. Knowing of dissensions among the stockholders of the *Recorder*, I was anxious that the young California editor should buy the *Recorder*. It was a two-cent newspaper of high class and would have furnished splendid material upon which to build a progressive publication; but the stockholders advanced their price to such a height that I abandoned the matter.

*A recent letter from Senator Fletcher explains itself: "United States Senate, Washington, D. C., April 25, 1911. Dear Mr. Chambers: I remember quite well your philanthropy and splendid work in connection with the boys whom you took in charge and gave treatment at the Pasteur Institute of New York, while I was Mayor of Jacksonville. The doctor and boys returned home in fine health and spirits. There is no doubt they were bitten by a rabid dog and, but for the treatment, I have no question, and never had, would have suffered the fate of those who became thus afflicted. Yours very truly, DUNCAN U. FLETCHER."

Mr. Hearst asked me to join his staff when he purchased the *Morning Journal* from John R. McLean and, feeling that the collapse of the *Recorder*, owing to internal troubles was assured, I accepted. An effort was required to part with Mr. Turner, one of the most lovable personalities I ever knew. Like a heroic commander, Turner stood by the ship to the last, sinking his entire fortune and seeing many of his friends heavy losers.

The demise of the *Recorder*, a year later, is one of the tragedies of metropolitan journalism. On the day of its suspension, it had a sale of 82,000 copies, at 1½ cents each; its advertising patronage was excellent and its net profits were \$1,000 to \$1,500 per week. The owners who held a sufficient amount of stock to carry control would not sell and the minority holders could not save themselves from the crash. The paper was established; it needed only harmony to assure prosperity.



CHAPTER XIX

THE FIRST BRYAN CAMPAIGN



WHEN the Winter of 1895 approached, I was offered a choice of the London or Washington bureaus and chose the latter as the better field. The episode of chiefest importance at the Capital that Winter was Cleveland's Venezuela Message, and I have told elsewhere how I obtained first news of the settlement with Premier Salisbury. Before Congress adjourned, the nomination of McKinley by the Republicans was a foregone conclusion, but the wildest guessing could not name the Democratic presidential candidate. I had been at St. Louis immediately after the tornado, which tore a pathway through that city from Tower Hill Park to the southern water front, and was not particularly rejoiced to return there in June to the Convention. McKinley was nominated on the first ballot, much to the surprise of Speaker Reed and other candidates. Next I went to the Chicago Convention in July and heard Mr. Bryan's "Crown of Thorns" speech. Prior to the assembling of the convention, Boies and Bland appeared to be most talked about. Bryan was not mentioned until after his speech.

Mr. Bryan had been in the House of Representatives, but had not attracted attention. He appeared at Chicago at the head of a contesting Nebraska delegation and, through the influence of Daniel of Virginia, his delegates were seated. He was dressed in a Tuxedo jacket, with a low-cut dress vest and a shirt front that would have done honor to a dinner party. As the delegations were alphabetically

arranged, according to states, Bryan's cohorts were seated in front of the New Yorkers, headed by Whitney. Passing over the tremendous furore created by Bryan's address, a word may be said about Senator Hill's lost opportunity. When Hill ascended the platform a great speech was expected. A dozen correspondents had spent an hour in his room at the Grand Pacific the preceding night trying to convince him that he could secure the nomination if he would reiterate his views on bi-metalism, expressed at Elmira, and, for the sake of harmony, advocate a ratio of 26 to 1 instead of Bryan's 16 to 1. Julian Ralph had been chief spokesman and, we thought, had convinced Hill of the possibilities of success; but the Senator merely discussed the platform's criticism of the Supreme Court! His words did not call forth any enthusiasm. Sound money Democrats found themselves in a helpless and hopeless minority. Bland of Missouri—father of the "Bland dollar" that only contained fifty-odd cents' worth of silver—led until the third ballot, when the Nebraska orator went to the front and had an easy victory on the fifth ballot.

I accompanied the candidate to Lincoln and passed several days there, visiting Bryan several times daily. Thence I hurried to Canton to witness the arrival of the Thurston Committee, charged with officially notifying Major McKinley of his nomination. In September I was called to New York to temporarily take S. S. Chamberlain's place as Managing Editor. His health had broken down and he had gone to Europe for rest.

Mr. Hearst had declared for Bryan—the only newspaper in New York that did so. That course had appeared dangerous, but his San Francisco *Examiner* had to support Bryanism and the young editor could not be a sound money man in New York and a Bryan silverite on the Pacific Coast. The move proved to be a wise one. It sent the circulation bounding upward. The McKinley campaign was treated with the same fulness as that of Bryan. More than a page was daily given to each of the parties. Bryan was traveling by a special train, and our correspondent reported every speech he made. Equally capable men were attending the McKinley meetings, in all parts of the country, and fully reporting them. The circulation was growing at the rate of 30,000 to 50,000 daily. Presses had been hired in three offices. One night the orders for *Journals* exceeded 1,000,000 copies! Mr. Hearst was the coolest man in the office that night. When I showed him the figures, he said: "Let's wait until we see if we can print and sell that many." Nearly eleven hundred thousand papers were sold next morning! I put the figures in "the ear" next day. Mr. Chamberlain returned a few days before election and I was hurried back to Canton, to be with the Republican candidate on the day of balloting. With the exception of brief intervals, I remained there until the President-elect came to Washington. It was a long three months.

The fairness of the *Journal*, in giving both sides, created for that paper a new constituency! Although Mr. Hearst continued to pour money into the property, it could have been made to pay its way, with economical management, after 1897; but Mr. Hearst went right along increasing the expenditures, instead of lowering them. His enormous resources enabled him to be fearless regarding cost.

While in charge of the Washington bureau of the New York *American* during the Spring of 1896, a tall, ruddy-faced young man presented himself, bearing



HOMER DAVENPORT

a letter from William R. Hearst. It introduced Homer Davenport. In effect the letter said "Davenport is a cartoonist I have brought from the Pacific Coast; introduce him to everybody, but impress upon him the necessity of studying men in public life before he begins to caricature them." That visit of Homer Davenport marked the beginning

of a new era in newspaper lampooning. In a few months this previously unknown artist earned a national reputation! His first great hit was made with a cartoon of the late Thomas C. Platt, then United States Senator, selecting candidates for the various government offices in his gift. It was labelled, "Ehie, Menie, Minie, Moe." His next success was in cartooning Speaker Thomas B. Reed; but when the Presidential campaign opened and Mark Hanna's active financial work for McKinley became apparent, Davenport scored his chief triumph by picturing Hanna in a suit of clothes covered with dollar marks. Since the time of Thomas Nast, no man has done so much to arouse popular feeling against political chicanery and the domination of predatory wealth! During a subsequent visit to Italy, Davenport saw the famous statue of Hercules at the Naples Museum and it suggested to him the figure since employed to portray his idea of the Trusts—a gigantic soulless creature without a neck!

Mr. Davenport takes pleasure in referring to his birth (March, 1867) and early life on an Oregon farm. He had the impulse to draw pictures from his earliest days. His father was an Indian agent at Pendleton, where the boy was constantly posing bucks and squaws

as models for his pencil. His relatives did not entertain a high opinion of Homer's work, thinking that his time would have been better spent in hoeing cabbages than in drawing. His boyhood at Silverton was a long period of happiness; he drew thousands of pictures. His father was the only one who had full confidence in him. In 1892 he went to San Francisco and began work on the *Examiner*, and there for the first time he saw a man drawing with pen and ink. He was soon discharged for incompetence. He found another job on the *Chronicle* but soon left and went to the *Chicago Herald*, where he remained during the summer of 1893. He then returned to Frisco and eventually secured a place on the *Examiner*, where he remained until his departure for New York. Mr. Davenport has written books, but the chief episode outside his professional career was a trip to the Syrian desert, far east of Aleppo, armed with a special irade from Sultan Abdul Hamid, authorizing him to export a number of pure-blooded Arabian mares and stallions for his stud-farm at Holmdel, N. J. His book describing that journey is an admirable bit of literary work. He is now doing a daily cartoon on the *New York American* and the standard of its execution is as high as ever.

One of the cleverest men ever in Wall Street, as financial writer for a metropolitan newspaper, is Collin Armstrong, who wrote the daily story of Wall Street for the *New York Sun* from 1878 to 1902. During most of that time, he was likewise financial editor of his paper, which under his direction became one of the important departments thereof. Mr. Armstrong was born at Fayetteville, N. Y., June, 1853. After preliminary study in his home town, he entered Amherst College and took the degree of A.B., in 1877. He was an enthusiastic fraternity man, belonging to the Alpha Delta Phi. During his college career, he dropped out for a year and came to New

York to take a place as reporter on the *New York World*, where he served from March to June, 1876. He then returned to Amherst and completed his course as above stated. A year after graduation he began work on the *Sun* and remained 14 years in a post considered one of the most responsible on a New York newspaper. In 1902 he retired from the *Sun* to engage in a general advertising business; ultimately he organized the Collin Armstrong Advertising Company, of which he is president. He is popular, socially, and is a member of many clubs, among them the Lotos, Salmagundi, Sphinx, Alpha Delta Phi, of which he was vice-president for a time; Society of the Onondagas, of which he was president for a year, and of the *Sun* Alumni Association. He is also a member of the Rowfant Club, Cleveland, O.

The manufacture of paper used in United States Government notes is not only an industry but a science and one, necessarily, that

can only be given to trustworthy hands. The corporation of George La Monte & Son, of which George M. La Monte is president, not only performs this work for the United States but for many foreign governments and for several of the largest financial institutions throughout the country. George La Monte was born at Danville, Va., in 1863. In 1884 he was graduated from Wesleyan University.



GEORGE M. LA MONTE

He has been a manufacturer of safety papers for twenty-one years, and in addition to being president of George La Monte & Son is a director of the First National Bank, Bound Brook, and the Bank of Nutley, Nutley, N. J. He is a member of the American Historical Society, the Virginia Historical Society and the New Jersey Historical Society and his clubs are the Metropolitan, City and Alpha Delta Phi.

The advertising business has assumed such mammoth proportions in this country that the men who have been foremost in its development have attained fortunes therein. James Rascovar was born in Providence, R. I., but came with his parents to New York when a small boy. He was educated in the public schools and began work with the Wall Street News Bureau (1869), of which ex-Senator John J. Kiernan was president. Later, he formed a connection with Albert



JAMES RASCOVAR

Frank & Co., and was among the first to see the importance of supplying news to brokers, afternoon newspapers, hotels and clubs by a printing telegraph. This business developed enormously, and to-day Mr. Rascovar is president of the New York News Bureau which operates tickers in all the leading cities of the United States, recently housed in a large building of its own on Beaver Street. He is also president of Albert Frank & Co., and vice-president and director of the Hamilton Press. Mr. Rascovar is a devout believer in fraternal organizations, being a member of the Darcy lodge, F. & A. M., the Consistory of New York, 32d degree, Scottish Rite, and Olympic lodge, I. O. O. F. His coopera-

tion in many benevolent institutions has been notable, especially Mount Sinai Hospital, Montefiore Home, Lebaun Hospital, the University Settlement and B. P. O. Elks.

Although playing cards are not mentioned by Petrarch, Boccaccio or Chaucer, there is evidence that their use in Europe began in the 12th century. Like nearly every good thing that Western Europe possesses, cards came from the East. The Crusaders probably brought them. Games of cards were common in the 15th century, but although their form and faces were similar to those in use to-day, the pack did not contain a queen! The manufacture of playing cards in America dates back to the first quarter of the



STANLEY A. COHEN

last century and the present representative of that business, which has grown to large proportions, is Stanley A. Cohen, the third generation of his family who founded the enterprise in 1826. Mr. Cohen was born in this city, December, 1858, and finished his education at the Columbia Grammar School in 1876. He immediately began work in the factory of the New York Consolidated Card Company, of which his father was then the head. He served an apprenticeship in every branch of card manufacture, his determination being to master and perpetuate the oldest business in this line in America! Mr. Cohen has risen step by step, until he is now president of the corporation, having agents in all parts of the world. Mr. Cohen has invented all the modern methods and labor-saving machinery by which playing cards are now made. Louis I. Cohen, his grandfather, manufactured, in 1818, the first lead pencils made in America, and, about the same time, introduced steel pens into this country.

A New Yorker who comes out of the West is Bird S. Coler, who was born in Champaign, Ill., but early left for the East, where he was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Andover Academy, Mass. His



Hon. BIRD S. COLER

father had become a New York banker and young Bird enjoyed exceptional facilities to fit himself for a commercial career. I formed his acquaintance during the winter of 1895-'96 at a club dinner. I was charmed with his frank, affable manner. The follow-

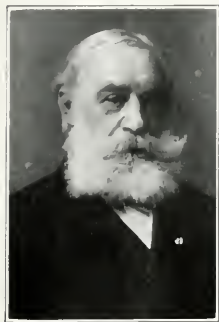
ing summer we renewed our friendship at the "Bryan" Convention, Chicago, where he was a delegate and I was a special correspondent. My most memorable meeting with Coler was at Grand Central Palace, where the Democratic city convention was held, on the night of his nomination thereat for the office of Comptroller of the city of New York. He was only 29 years of age, but sure of himself. I found him sitting on a box in a room below the convention floor, entirely alone, waiting for the verdict. When I joyously congratulated him, he said: "This is a very serious business for me, but I know I can make good. I have looked the place over, and I am sure I can do the work." At my request, Coler outlined in a column the policy he would follow if elected Comptroller—a statement so clear-cut, so free from usual promises that many of the other newspapers reprinted it the second day following. It became part of the campaign literature of the time. Bird Coler outlined the first clear plan for a strictly business administration of the office—a system that his successors have followed, but that never had been practiced by his predecessors. The management of the city's accounts was placed on a strictly banking-house basis. He was nominated for Governor of the State of New York in 1902, and polled

an enormous vote, although defeated by his Republican opponent. Again Mr. Coler took charge of the Guardian Trust Company until January 1, 1906, when he became President of the Borough of Brooklyn, and held the job four years. President Grout had been a personal friend as a fellow D. K. E., Littleton I had come to admire as a good fellow, but President Coler, Littleton's successor, always maintained the delightful qualities of mind found only in hearts that do not grow old with years.

Among the representative German-Americans of this city, Louis Windmuller has been one of the most active. He is a thorough American in every respect, although he was born in the old city of Munster and educated at the Gymnasium of that place. He came here when eighteen years of age, since which time his career has been one of continued success. To enumerate the financial institutions which he has assisted in founding would crowd out more desirable mention of his unflinching work for political reform and social uplift. He was one of the organizers of the Reform Club. An Independent in politics, he has voted according to his convictions, heading strong German movements in the metropolis first for Cleveland and then for McKinley. He has been a constant writer for magazines and newspapers, producing copy with equal facility in German and English. On occasions of financial crisis, especially when American credit was assailed in Europe, Mr. Windmuller has been prompt to send letters to the principal newspapers of Germany, explaining our financial situation. His diversions have been confined to the collection of rare books and pictures; his library contains several early books of Gutenberg, Caxton and other famous presses. He has been an ardent supporter of the various museums and historical associations and was especially proud of his membership in the Chamber of Commerce. He is devoted to country life and his home at Woodside, Queens Borough, is one of the most attractive in that charming community.

A fellow "Buckeye" whom the metropolis finally claimed, after a sturdy life of activities in this country and Europe, is Colonel William

D'Alton Mann, soldier, civil engineer, inventor and editor. Years rest very lightly upon him, for I see him in Central Park or on Riverside a-horse back every fair morning, in all seasons. Col. Mann was born at Sandusky City, Ohio, September, 1839, and was educated as a civil engineer; but when the Civil War came he was 21 years of age and went to the front as captain in the 1st Michigan Cavalry.



Col. WM. D. MANN

Called home by the Governor of Michigan, he organized and commanded the 7th Michigan Cavalry and was at its head in many engagements. His mind was always active in attempts to improve the comforts and sanitary condition of the men in the field and several valuable improvements of the accoutrements were made by Col. Mann.

When the war had ended, he was one of the first to attempt to prove to the Southern people that all northern bitterness was buried. He invested every dollar he possessed in Mobile, Ala., in a cotton-seed oil mill, giving employment to white and black labor. He induced northern capitalists to assist him in the promotion of railroad building in Alabama. He purchased the *Mobile Register* and edited it for several years, in addition to caring for his commercial interests. In 1869, Col. Mann was elected to Congress by an overwhelming majority, but the Reconstruction Judges refused to certify him, on account of openly avowed sympathy he had for the Southern people under the outrageous conditions imposed upon them by "carpet-bag" officials. He was not of their class; he had gone South expecting to pass the rest of his life there! In 1872 he patented the boudoir car that bore his name for many years in all parts of the world; he spent the ten years following in

Europe, introducing it there. Returning in 1883, he purchased "*Town Topics*" and has since conducted it as editor and publisher. In many respects it contains the best English of any newspaper in America.

"From machine shop helper at the age of 16 to president of a large manufactory employing several hundred men," summarizes the

career of Egbert Chaplain Fuller, born in Uxbridge, Mass., 1852. Realizing that success in life meant for him a fight, he responded to a natural inclination toward mechanics, began at the bottom and ended by becoming an expert machinist. He first turned his attention to the development and improvement of bookbinders' machinery. He formed a partnership in New York, Montague & Fuller, to



EGBERT C. FULLER

represent several large manufacturers of that class of machinery, but in 1904 Mr. Fuller bought out his associate and continued the business under the name of E. C. Fuller & Co. A large factory in Connecticut was purchased and enlarged, at which Mr. Fuller builds modern printing machinery. He is president of the Economic Machine Co. He owns a charming home at Pine Orchard, Conn., where he and his family spend most of the year.

What a pity New York couldn't have more Comptrollers with practical business training! In speaking of the reforms effected in Philadelphia under Comptroller Pattison, I showed how the right official in such a place could save to the city much money and much of its self-respect. We have had some excellent men in this office, since the creation of Greater New York. My personal friendship for Mr. Coler does not blind me to the earnest, conscientious and capable administration of the Comptrollership by Herman A. Metz. He showed himself to be a man of courage, political independence and staunch fidelity

to duty. I have known every Comptroller since the halcyon days of "graft" under the Tweed régime, bad and good alike, and I have no hesitation in ranking Mr. Metz very high among our faithful public servants. Before he entered upon his duties as an official, he had demonstrated his capacity as a business man by amassing a fortune in the chemical field.

The career of Franklin Murphy began in July, 1862, when at the age of 16 years he left the Newark Academy to enlist in the Thirtieth Regiment, N. J. V. He was born in Jersey City, January, 1846; but when ten years old his family removed to Newark. In the Federal service, partly in the Army of the Potomac and partly in the West under Gen. Sherman, he remained until the close of the war, when he was mustered out with the rank of first lieutenant. He had been at Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and had marched with Sherman "from Atlanta to the sea." Returning to Newark, in 1865, he founded the firm of Murphy & Co., varnish manufacturers. He was two years short of his majority, but the enterprise was a success from the first. From small beginnings the business has grown to one of the largest of its kind—"Murphy Varnishes" being known the world over. A corporation was formed in 1891, The Murphy Varnish Company, of which Mr. Murphy is the president. One of Mr. Murphy's elements of success has been the keen interest he has felt and displayed for the welfare of his workmen and of labor in general. For many years he has been a sturdy advocate of high wages for faithful services; he has constantly striven to lift American industrialism to a lofty plane.

Honors have come plentifully to Mr. Murphy, in recognition of his unselfish and public-spirited course. He was, early in life, a member of the Common Council in Newark; his neighbors sent him to the Legislature of New Jersey, and, as Park Commissioner, he laid out and completed the parks of Essex County. For many years he was Chairman of the Republican State Committee; President McKin-

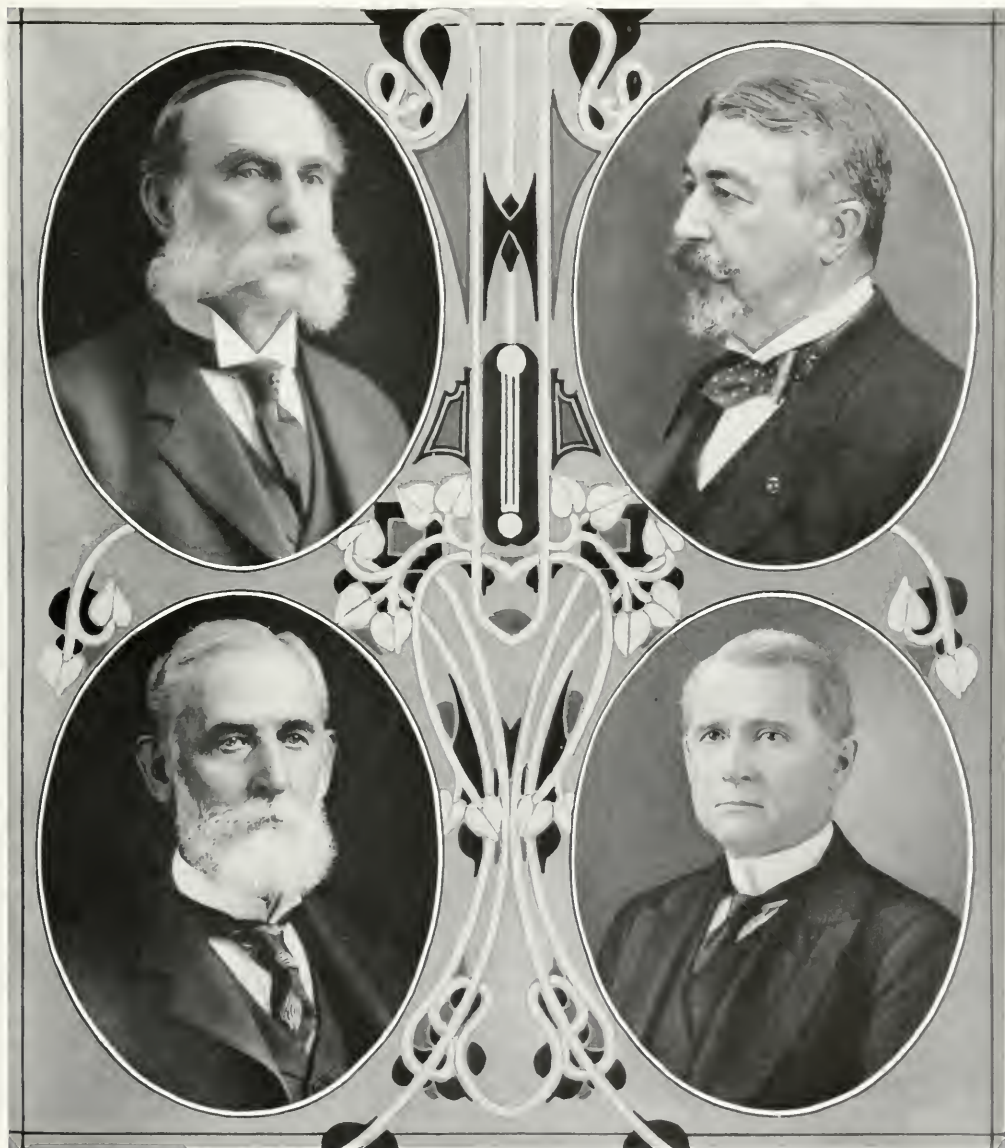
ley made him a Commissioner to the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900, and in 1901 he was elected Governor of New Jersey, for a term of two years. He has served as a member of the National Republican Committee since 1900. Mr. Murphy comes of Colonial stock and is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution—President-General in 1899—, the Society of Colonial Wars and the Society of the Cincinnati, the Loyal Legion, the Union, the Union League, Century, Republican clubs of New York.

Gilbert Collins, descendant of a Revolutionary family, was born in Stonington, Conn., August, 1846. He was privately educated and was admitted to the New Jersey bar in 1869. His success in his chosen profession has been noteworthy. He was appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey in 1897 and served until 1903, in which year he resigned. Judge Collins had previously distinguished himself during a term as Mayor of Jersey City, which post he occupied 1884 to 1886. Judge Collins' great-grandfather was a first lieutenant of the First Connecticut Line Regiment during the Revolutionary War. The grandson is therefore a member of the Sons of the Revolution and of a number of local clubs and societies in Jersey City and a strong Republican. Judge Collins is a partner in the firm of Collins & Corbin. His reputation for business judgment renders him of great value as director in several banks and trust companies.

An authority on white paper, both as to quality and economical methods of manufacture, is George F. Perkins, a retired manufacturer who is frequently appealed to for information and advice by committees inquiring into the duty upon wood pulp and the most modern methods of paper making. Mr. Perkins was born at Andover, Conn., in 1835, entered the public school at Lee, Mass., and took an academic course at the Charlotteville Seminary of New York State; he served an apprenticeship with a company building paper-making machinery and at the completion of his term worked for two years as a journey-

GEORGE F. PERKINS

FRANKLIN MURPHY



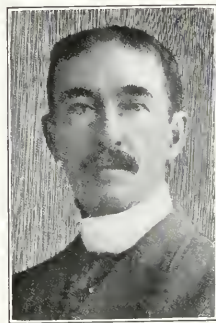
The Late JOHN F. DRYDEN

GILBERT COLLINS

FOUR REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS OF OUR NEIGHBORING STATE, NEW JERSEY

man. By private study he qualified himself as an expert accountant and for two years followed that profession. He responded to the call of the metropolis in 1858 at the age of twenty-three and returned to the paper business in the commercial end. About 1865 he and some fellow-workers organized the firm of Buchanan, Perkins & Goodwin, from which partnership Mr. Buchanan retired in a few years and the business was continued under the firm name of Perkins & Goodwin. After an active life, the subject of this sketch finally retired from active business in 1905, although he retained his connection with a number of banks and trust companies. He is Vice-President of the Title, Guarantee & Trust Company, President of the Provident Institution for Savings, a Director in the Pavonia Trust Company and in the Colonial Life Insurance Company of Jersey City. Mr. Perkins has never had any political ambition, but has been affiliated with the Republican party throughout his life; he has declined many public offices, preferring to devote his life to business rather than politics. He was induced to accept an appointment on the Board of Finance, but he declined to fill a second term. Socially, Mr. Perkins is fond of club life and belongs to the Union League clubs of Jersey City, the Merchants and Carteret. He is especially proud of his membership in the New York Chamber of Commerce. He is fond of books and is a patron of art and music.

Occupying an eminent place in the civic world of the State of New Jersey, James Edward Pope stands in a position of corresponding importance in the business world of New York. President of the Pope Metals Company and of the University of the State of New Jersey, Mr. Pope must devote a large part of what would otherwise be his leisure to the interests of Jersey City and of the State of New Jersey as a member of various civic commissions. He was born in the city of New York of English



JAMES EDWARD POPE

descent on both sides, tracing on the maternal side directly from Dr. George Buxton, physician to George Washington. He was graduated in 1882 from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, being a member of the Berzelius Society and of the Yale University Club of New Haven. He is also a member of the Meridian and Drug and Chemical Clubs of New York and of the Hudson County Historical Society of Jersey City, the American Civic Association, and the National Municipal League.

CHAPTER XX

TWO PALACES FOR BOOKS AND ART



THE new Public Library is housed in a \$12,000,000 marble building, a perfect specimen of the Greek order; its architects were Carrere & Hastings. It is a palace with a million books! The beautiful structure was largely built with the money left by the late Samuel J. Tilden, although the city added about \$5,000,000 thereto before completion. The books and pictures with which the interior is equipped and embellished come from the Astor and Lenox libraries. Shelf-room is provided for 2,700,000 volumes, without crowding. Even more wonderful than the exterior is the interior of the vast library, with its eighty miles of shelving, represented by 63,000 shelves. These provide accommodations for 3,500,000 books as the ultimate limit. About 2,700,000 of the books, when the extreme limit is reached, will be housed in the main stack room, with about 800,000 distributed through the other departments. The main stack room takes three hundred feet along the Bryant Park side of the building and seventy-eight feet on the Fortieth and Forty-second street ends. It contains seven floors.

All shelves, corrugated to supply ventilation, are adjustable and may be changed to fit books of any height. Not only are the ends of the stack shelves open for ventilation but in the corridors between the stacks the flooring on either side is left open so that there may be no chance for the accumulation of dust and that there will be an uninterrupted circulation of air. The artificial lighting is done by electric bulbs set overhead between the stacks. A button placed at the end of the stack will when pressed light three double rows at once. There are 30,000 electric lights in the building.

For the convenience of the attendant the stacks are divided into geographical sections and marked at the end N. W., N. E., S. E.,

S. W., and in addition a bronze tablet denotes the alphabetical order and the subjects represented in each stack.

The prompt despatch of books from the stack room to the main reading room is achieved by a system of lifts, four in the center, largely used during the day, and two at the end for returning books at night. Pneumatic tubes are used in connection with the lifts by which slips are sent from the main reading room to the attendants. An order is filled and the books returned by the lifts, operated by automatic electric attachments.

The main reading room is on the top floor and is identical in size with the stack room. Here is a collection of some 25,000 volumes arranged on shelves. These are free-to-hand books to be used by patrons of the library.

In the catalogue room which adjoins the main reading room are 6,600 card index drawers, in front of which tables are placed upon which to rest the boxes during a reader's search for his subject. An information desk in the center of the room has the pneumatic tubes close at hand. Into this the slips for books are handed for their destination in the main reading room and from there despatched to that part of the stack room where the books are kept. By placing your seat number on the slip books will be delivered by messengers directly to you, or if the reader desires to wander about until the book arrives he receives a number which appears on an illuminated indicator on the wall of the reading room as soon as the order is filled.

In addition to the main reading rooms, there are special rooms fitted up for students doing research work along special lines. Particularly valuable are the little rooms, where an individual studying some particular subject may, with his books and papers around him, work undisturbed for days.

There is a periodical room on the first floor on the Fifth Avenue and Fortieth street side, where are between 5,000 and 6,000 different periodicals, mostly domestic. One interesting room is that containing the Stuart collection, a part of the Lenox Library collection, which owing to the restrictions of the deeds of gift must be kept intact. It includes a collection of paintings, rare editions of books and prints and curios. The room will be closed to the public on Sunday, another stipulation of the donor. To provide an effective background for the pictures the walls have been covered with green silk burlap. Low bookcases with ventilated screened doors have been placed about the room for the books, while the paintings and prints are hung on the walls by a new method, the books being fastened in a narrow steel groove or channel which divides the wall about a third of the way down from the ceiling.

Under the dome of the north court on the first floor is the circulation department, accessible by an entrance on the Forty-second street side, so that it will not be necessary for patrons to pass through the main part of the building to reach it. At the left as one enters is the application desk, and directly opposite another bearing city, street, telephone and business directories. This convenience is supplemented by twelve telephone booths.

A newspaper room on the north side of the basement floor is fitted around the four sides with stacks for the back files of papers, while on tables in front of the windows will be racks with current issues.

The children's department is a long, low room on the Forty-second street side. Everything in the room is in proportion to the size of its clients. For example, the shelves are just high enough so that the average child may reach books at the top easily. The chandeliers are hung low and each window is an alcove with low tables and built-in benches that will accommodate six youngsters at a time.

In 1817 Robert Lenox bought thirty acres of land in what was the Ninth Ward. The tract was traversed by "the middle road," which is now Fifth Avenue, and the neighborhood was known as "Five-Mile Stone." In

1839 he made a will containing this devise: "To my only son, James Lenox, my farm at Five-Mile Stone for and during the term of his life, and after his death to his heirs forever. My motive for so leaving this property is a firm persuasion that it may at no distant day be the site of a village; and as it cost me much more than its present worth, from circumstances known to my family, I like to cherish the belief it may be realized to them. At all events I want the experiment made by keeping the property from being sold." A codicil changed the stipulation of never selling the land into advice, and until 1864 the advice was followed. Since then much of the property has been sold, Tweed, Sweeny and Connolly being among the purchasers of lots. One whole block was given to the Presbyterian Hospital, the ground and cash contributed by James Lenox being equal to \$800,000, and ten lots on Fifth Avenue to the Lenox Library.

At present, American art leads the world! Success in painting or sculpture must be due to egotism—the same is true of all great successes. Naturally, knowledge of technique is necessary. And yet that is not so important as sublime confidence in one's self; for, if one has that, the technique will be acquired. Nobody is literally "self-made." He must learn from some other mind, by instruction or observation. But, no matter how great the capabilities of an artist, he never will rise to the top unless he have supreme confidence in his imagination and in his capacity to execute. Curious that the requisite for success in art is the one thing that will destroy the efficiency of a man in commercial life!

Success in painting comes only after the closest communion with Nature. Ibsen applied the same rule to the drama, and demonstrated that a man without the slightest knowledge of construction, and with an indifference to plot almost contemptuous, can write plays that portray life as it is. He enunciated a great truth when he said that every family holds an acting drama in its clutches. Ibsen had only to lift the roof of a house to find a tragedy or a comedy.

French art has run its course for a generation or two. Every revival of art has been contemporaneous with some political or com-

mercial activity in the country where it has occurred. Modern art, as we understand it, sprang into existence in Italy about the middle of the 15th century. Bellini, who was Titian's instructor, was born in 1427 and Leonardo da Vinci in 1452; but Michelangelo, Titian and Raphael were all born within a few years of one another. Those five names are immortal. They are called a "school," but there wasn't any special intimacy between the men. Venice and Genoa were then the greatest ports on the Mediterranean. Titian lived to 99 and then died of the plague at Venice. Michelangelo lived 89 years. There was a hundred years art supremacy for Italy, unquestioned and indisputable! Then the art center moved to Spain, and the so-called school of Seville produced Velasquez and Murillo. The former was only 19 years the predecessor of the latter. Then the angel of painting hovered over Holland and we have Rubens and Rembrandt. These four wonderful men were almost contemporaries—indeed, all were alive at the same time. The Flemish school endured until the later years of the 17th century, when the art microbe crossed the channel to London. The English school reached its highest excellence in Reynolds, Gainsborough and Turner. Sir Joshua was just as much responsible for Turner, a poor barber's son, as was Bellini for Titian—and no more. Turner would assuredly have been appreciated by this time if Ruskin hadn't "discovered" him. The English painters continued to produce good work until after the fall of Napoleon. But Napoleon's vandalism in gathering together in the Louvre the art treasures of Europe created the so-called modern French school. It is called "modern" to distinguish it from the dainty but not great work of Claude Lorraine, Watteau and Greuze that had preceded it. Several art centers formed. The most important was at Barbizon, a small village near the forest of Fontainebleau. Theodore Rousseau was its founder, and he gathered round him Corot, Dupre, Daubigny and Diaz. The colony spread to the adjacent villages of Chailly and Marlotte. Later followed Troyon, François Millet, Courbet, Fleury, Veron, Fleurs and Riou. These were nearly all landscape painters; next came the figure painters. Paris teemed with good and

indifferent work. Meissonier led that field; Gerome a poor second. With the "Fron-Fron" artists, like Boldini, true art has little patience.

The American school is unqualifiedly the best in the world at this time. How long this preëminence will remain is a hazard to guess; but there has been a group of landscape painters, the ranks of which are depleted by the deaths of George Inness, Winslow Homer, Julian Rix and others, who have established American art on a plane from which it is not likely to be dethroned for a generation. This is ascribable to the splendid prosperity of the United States since the Civil War. The grandeur of Venice and Genoa was responsible for the painters that gave to Italy her glorious place in art, not the cultivated tastes of the Popes or the Medici. Wealth is the patron of art! Without wealth, art is unappreciated. Men like Yerkes, Carnegie, Clark and Widener, who have little of the artistic sense themselves, are the real promoters of art! It sounds sordid to an abasement to say so, but it has always been true and ever will continue to be.

What a wondershop is the Metropolitan Museum of Art! The Egyptian mummies and grave-trinkets, 5,000 years old; the Etruscan pottery; the Cypriot collection; the statuary, in modern originals and plaster replica of the best days of Greece and Rome; the tapestries and gossamer laces of France and the Low Countries; the silver work of the old guilds of Florence, Venice and London, and so on to the end of the catalogue. Truly a wonderful place, that few appreciate at its true worth.

The splendid architectural development of the new metropolis, which began about 1885, is due entirely to the race of superior architects that developed in this city. The movement was led by McKim, Mead & White, some years before that time, and from their office, as a training school, emerged many of these successful men. Among them must be mentioned the late John Mervyn Carrere, born in Rio de Janeiro, 1858, who came to New York when three years old, was sent abroad when a young man for a long course of study in Switzerland and Paris, graduating

at the Ecole des Beaux Arts—a pupil of Leon Ginain and Victor Ruprich Robert. About the same time, another young man, Thomas Hastings, son of the ex-president of the Union Theological Seminary, born in New York, 1860, was a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. He returned home to form a partnership with Mr. Carrere, in 1885. He had had the benefit of ten years' study at the Ecole des Beaux Arts and had been a companion of Mr. Carrere in the office of McKim, Mead & White. These two young architects were thoroughly aglow with enthusiasm for their profession, aroused by much travel and personal inspection of the chief architectural wonders of the Continent.

When I come to speak of the work of these two men and what they have done for the advancement of architecture in the United States, I am at a loss where to begin. The one feature that gave initial velocity to the development of Florida as a popular Winter resort for American and even European visitors was the creation of the wonderful hotel system starting at St. Augustine and stretching down the coast as far as Miami. Chiefest of these great structures was the Ponce de Leon Hotel, at St. Augustine. Its plans are on the Moorish order and every effect of apparent lightness, grace and coloring, for which Arabic art is famous, was employed by these architects. New Yorkers forever feel a sense of gratitude to Carrere & Hastings for their design of the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue, which combines external beauty with perfect interior equipment for the handling of several million volumes. The approaches to Manhattan Bridge across East River are their handiwork. Visitors to Ithaca, New York, cannot fail to admire the immense but graceful Goldwin Smith Hall, on the eastern side of the Campus, facing the original buildings of Cornell University, and bearing the charming title "College of the Humanities." The larger and less ornate Rockefeller Hall at Cornell University, built for purposes of scientific research rather than for the study of arts and letters, was also designed by them. The State of New York and the city of Buffalo were placed under lasting obligations by these architects, whose designs for the setting of

the Pan-American Exposition were the marvel of this country and Europe. Memorial Hall at Yale University, a structure of much beauty, rose under their hands. The Lafayette Monument, in Paris, and numberless important buildings throughout this republic, together with scores of residences, might be added to their record. Mr. Carrere was injured in an automobile accident in the Spring of 1911, and died after several days of suffering.

The next time the reader of this page passes St. Paul's Chapel he should stop and study the architectural effect of the National Park Bank building, a comparatively low building surrounded by skyscrapers, and realize the difficult problem with which its architect, Donn Barber, had to grapple. It is a pleasure to talk of a comparatively young man who has accomplished much for himself and at the same time been a constant inspiration and "booster" of younger artisans in his own profession. The Atelier Donn Barber, on East Forty-second street, is one of the most interesting places in the metropolis, solely from the viewpoint of achievements, for the benefit of young architects.

Mr. Barber was born in Washington, D. C., in October, 1871, of New England and Revolutionary stock, although his father had been previously a resident of New York for many years. Having prepared at Holbrook Military Academy, Briarcliff, N. Y., young Barber entered Yale and was graduated Ph.B. in 1893. He then spent a year at Columbia in special architectural study, and in 1895 entered L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. The diploma he received from that institution in 1898 was the ninth awarded to an American student in architecture. He won nine medals from the French government. After a tour of study among the architectural wonders of the European cities, Mr. Barber returned to New York to enter the office of Lord & Hewlett, architects; he completed a thorough apprenticeship there and with Cass Gilbert and Carrere & Hastings. In 1900 he opened an office of his own.

What Donn Barber has accomplished in ten years stamps him as a fine example of the strenuous life. I shall not undertake to mention all the notable and characteristic edifices

THOMAS HASTINGS

The Late JOHN M. CARRERE.



*Prominent
Architects
New York
City*



GEORGE W. KRAMER

DONN BARBER

he has designed, but the National Park Bank structure has already been cited. It is a truly interesting example of this architect's ingenuity in dealing with a difficult situation. Its exterior is so admirably composed that it does not look stunted by the tall Colonial Trust building adjoining standing on the former site of the New York *Herald* building. The interior is a most sumptuous renaissance banking room composition. The Connecticut State Library, the Supreme Court building, the new homes of the Travelers' Insurance Company and of the Hartford National Bank, all at Hartford, are equally worthy of individual description. The new Lotus Club structure, in West Fifty-seventh street, is characterized as the most decorative use of brickwork to be seen in this country. Interiorly, it is a delight to the eyes. In the government competition lately held for the three department buildings in Washington, Mr. Barber won the Department of Justice building from twenty architects, representing the cream of the architectural world in America. His success in this the most important competition that has ever been offered in this country places him indisputably in the very first rank. The Chattanooga Union Railroad station, the new house of the Capital City Club, Atlanta; the White Plains Hospital, and the splendid country mansions of W. B. Dinsmore, at Tuxedo; of E. C. Converse, at Greenwich; the model farm of Richard Delafield; the Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York, show the diversity of Mr. Barber's genius.

The one thing that appeals to me is the practical creation of an Ecole Barber, at the Barber atelier, where students of architecture go to have their work criticized. If encouragement be justified, students are advised to take a full course at the Beaux Arts, Paris. Fourteen students from the Atelier Barber are studying in the French capital. Mr. Barber has written and lectured on architecture. He is editor of the *New York Architect* and is a member of societies and clubs almost without number.

When an architect specializes in a particular class of designing and is sufficiently successful to maintain his supremacy in the building of

churches and other religious edifices for forty-odd years, he is sure to become a man of distinction in his profession. George Washington Kramer did not heed the call of the city until 1894, when he was forty-seven years of age. He came from Ashland, Ohio, originally, but he had chiefly distinguished himself as the founder and head of a large architectural firm at Akron, where his designs for Sunday school buildings received the name of "The Akron Plan." Mr. Kramer was born to the building business because his father was a builder before him. At Akron, his association with Jacob Snyder & Co., engaged in designing and building churches in all parts of the Middle West, permanently deflected his mind to that branch of work. This led to the origination of the modern type of church plan as adapted to the non-ritual or evangelical churches, now known throughout Christendom as the Akron System. The popularity of the Kramer plans compelled him to discontinue all other branches of architecture and make this his exclusive specialty. Prior to becoming a church builder, Mr. Kramer had designed college buildings, school and court houses, and numberless public institutions. Especially do I remember him as the architect of the reconstruction of Oberlin College, where he transformed an archaic and dingy collection of buildings into modern form, giving to the aged institution its campus and quadrangles. He was also employed to design the first building of the Ohio Agricultural College, and the great Dueber-Hampden watch and case factory at Canton, O. Mr. Kramer was one of the founders of the Western Association of Architects, which was subsequently merged into the American Institute. I must not forget to mention that Mr. Kramer invented a complete system of prison locks by which all cells in the same sections of such institutions are simultaneously closed, and which is now generally used throughout the country. He originated the Fan Furnace System of heating and ventilating so extensively used in climates too cold for steam, and on this account was elected honorary member of the National Association of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. According to Mr. Kramer's opinion, one great fault with our Ameri-

FRANCIS H. KIMBALL

CHAS. F. H. GILBERT



JOSEPH HOWLAND HUNT

RICHARD HOWLAND HUNT

can buildings is the habit of building for today, expecting to remodel or tear down and build larger to-morrow; in consequence, the question of durability in selecting materials doesn't receive sufficient attention. He has argued from the outset that it costs very little more to build for a century than for a generation; the extra outlay is economy. Mr. Kramer originated the now popular type of diagonal or pulpit-in-the-corner church, and over three-quarters of all modern non-liturgical churches in the United States are based on some form of the Kramer plan. He has planned and designed over 2,000 churches for different denominations in all parts of the world, costing from \$3,000 to \$300,000, and has justly earned the title of "The Church Architect." It is said of him that he has designed "forty miles of churches."

New York originally stood upon an island of rocky hills and intervening marshes and, when the rock lay far below the surface, the problem of finding secure foundations for large buildings was a great one. In some instances contractors had to go down nearly a hundred feet to secure proper bottom. Francis H. Kimball was the originator of the caisson system in foundation construction, now universally adopted. The use of this system has made possible the rearing of structures of great height, that fifteen years ago would have been a defiance of natural laws. This is Mr. Kimball's chief pride, although his achievements in architecture are eminently noteworthy. He was born at Kennebunk, Maine, 1845, and he learned the building trade from practical beginnings. Later, he served with Louis P. Rogers of Boston. When Mr. Kimball was commissioned supervising architect of the new buildings of Trinity College, Hartford, he went to London and studied in the atelier of William Burgess, a master of the French Gothic school. Since the completion of the beautiful buildings at the Connecticut capital, Mr. Kimball has been the authority on this style of architecture in America. The Casino (of Moorish type), the Garrick and Fifth Avenue theatres in this city were designed by him. Kimball & Thompson were the architects of the Manhattan Life building,

on lower Broadway, in the rearing of which the caisson system was first utilized.

Another man who has helped, architecturally, to enrich and beautify Greater New York is Charles Pierrepont H. Gilbert, born in the metropolis, 1863. From earliest boyhood, he set out to be a civil engineer and architect. His whole life has been devoted to the study of painting, sculpture and the fine arts, backed by a thorough special training in civil engineering and architecture. Mr. Gilbert always has practiced on his own account; has designed many important hotels, bank buildings, churches, railroad stations, office buildings and private residences. He is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, a member of the Architectural League, the Fine Arts Society, the Municipal Arts Society, the Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, the Society of the War of 1812, the New England Society and the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Gilbert is a charter member of Squadron A., N. G. S. N. Y. He belongs to the Metropolitan, Union League, Riding, Racquet, Lawyers' clubs, Sleepy Hollow Country Club and New York Golf Club.

Architects are born not made; often they inherit the art of designing from their fathers. This is especially the case with Richard Howland Hunt, whose father was one of the most distinguished members of his profession in this country. Mr. Hunt was born at Paris, France, in 1862; he was educated at the Institute of Technology and finished his studies at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts. From a small sketch left by his father, Richard Morris Hunt, he completed the new wing for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the façade of which is one of the architectural beauties of this city. Among the countless structures that Mr. Hunt has designed may be mentioned Quintard Hall and Hoffman Hall at Sewanee University; Kissam Hall at Vanderbilt University; Schmid House; "Idle Hour," for W. K. Vanderbilt's Long Island estate, and the Schieffelin town house. He is a member of all the scientific associations allied to architecture and of the Players and Century clubs.

Another member of the Hunt family who has distinguished himself in architecture is Joseph Howland Hunt, a brother of the above, and of the same firm. He was born in New York City, March, 1870, was educated at St. Mark's School, Southboro, Mass.; then went to Harvard University; studied at Columbia College and L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. He traveled extensively in Europe studying architecture and visiting all the famous cathedral towns of England, as well as the Continent. He also spent considerable time on the Island of Sicily, examining the splendid remains of Greek temples to be found at Girgenta. The fine old church at Palermo was made a subject of special examination. Mr. Hunt is very fond of shooting and sought big game in Canada and the Rockies. He has visited the Bermudas. He is a member of the National Guard of this state and belongs to Squadron A, the crack troop of New York. He is secretary of the Fine Arts Federation; treasurer of the American Society of the Beaux Arts; treasurer of the Architectural League; member of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, the New England Society, the Municipal Arts Society and the Graduates Association; belongs to the University, Racquet and Tennis, Harvard and Players' clubs. Mr. Hunt has utilized his travels in every possible way to increase his architectural knowledge. He has at his finger tips the details of most of the grand palaces of Italy, France and England. He has especially studied the Gothic, although he has given much time to Moorish remains in Spain.

So many men have been conspicuous in the creation of modern New York, and their shares in the splendid results have been so varied that it almost seems invidious to single out any one architect for special commendation; but an exception may be justifiably made in the case of Julius Franke, who, although one of the younger architects in this great com-

petitive city, really merits the admiration of his fellow countrymen. Mr. Franke is a native of this city, born 1868, and educated at the public schools, the College of the City of New York and the Cooper Union. At the age of 18 he began the study of architecture in the office of architect Duenkel, of Hoboken, and after accumulating sufficient funds by four years' work, he went to Paris for special observation. There he received great encouragement and mastered all schools of architecture from the early Norman to the most modern. Notre Dame Cathedral became as much of an enthusiasm to him, architecturally, as it was to Victor Hugo. He traveled extensively, after the completion of his course of study, and personally examined many of the notable architectural marvels of the Old World. Before going to Europe, he entered the office of George B. Post, and one of the first responsibilities committed to him by Mr. Post—although barely twenty-one years of age—was the supervision of the Pulitzer building, fronting City Hall Square. This task required his constant attention for nearly a year, and he gave to it the same concentration of thought that has characterized his subsequent work. Upon his return from Europe the firm of Maynicke & Franke, which erected more than 200 large buildings in New York City, was formed. The one that most promptly recurs to me is the new Fifth Avenue building, on the site of the old hotel of that name. When I asked Mr. Franke what had induced him to adopt this line of activity, he replied: "I could not get along with my father in his business and I selected architecture, in the firm belief that it was best suited to my inclination and capacity." The speaker was proud of the fact that he always had had to work for a living. He has been a grand juror for six years. His clubs are the New York Athletic and Republican; he is a member of the American Institute of Architects.



JULIUS FRANKE

JOHN V. SCHAEFER

The designing of beautiful architectural structures is, of course, a condition precedent to their erection; but a competent builder to accurately execute the designs is of equal importance. For this reason John V. Schaefer, Jr., deserves a place well up in the list of those who have contributed to the architectural beautifying of the cities of this country. Mr. Schaefer was born in this city in 1872, finished his education in the city of New York and then took a post-graduate course in architecture in Vienna. His business career began in association with his father, as an interior decorator; but, in 1889, he started for himself and six years later incorporated under the firm name of John V. Schaefer, Jr., & Company,—having for his partners H. V. Carrère and D. H. Mapes.

Mr. Schaefer has been successful from the outset, always making a specialty of high-class private residences, both city and country, and institutional buildings. Among the finest examples may be mentioned the residence of

Edwin Gould, at Ardsley; Daniel and Murray Guggenheim, at Elberon; Stephen C. Millett, at Irvington; Forsyth Wickes, at Tuxedo, and Percy Strauss, at Red Bank. The beautiful memorial building at Cornell University, dedicated to Goldwin Smith and known as "The College of Humanities," and Rockefeller Hall, upon the same campus, were built by this firm. Concordia College, at Bronxville, and the Administration Building and Concourse in Bronx Park are also their work. Bethany Memorial Church and Day Nursery, in this city; the Westchester Court House at White Plains; a group of twenty-eight buildings for the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, of Pleasantville, and the Glen Cove Bank, on Long Island, are products of their skill. Mr. Schaefer is treasurer of the Blane Stainless Cement Company, a director of the Hungarian-American Bank, of New York, and director of the International Import and Export Company. He is a member of the University Club, of Washington, D. C., of a similar organization of college men at Pleasantville, N. Y.,

and of the New York Athletic Club of this city. He is a Democrat and the only public office he ever has attempted to attain is that of School Director in the town of Mt. Pleasant, Westchester County, where his summer home is located.

As the architect of several of New York's leading hotels, Henry J. Hardenbergh has contributed much to the structural beauty of the city.

Mr. Hardenbergh was born in New Brunswick, N. J., February 6, 1847, and when eighteen years of age took up the study of architecture with Detlef Lienau. After five years of thorough preparation, he, in 1870, commenced active practice in New York City, and has been eminently successful, designing many buildings that are recognized as among the finest in the metropolis. These include the Dakota, Waldorf-Astoria, Plaza and Manhattan hotels and the American Fine Arts Society building.

Mr. Hardenbergh resides at Bernardsville, N. J., and his studio is at No. 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York City.

Another architect from the West who has attained a high measure of success in this city is Albert Frederick D'Oench, born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1852, and graduated twenty years later M.E. from Washington University in that city. Thence he went abroad and studied at Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, Germany, finishing at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in that city. Returning to New York, in 1875, he began his professional career as an architect and pursued it with distinguished success. He was Superintendent of Buildings of the city of New York, 1885-'89; member and Chairman of the Board of Examiners of the city of New York, 1900-1902. He is a director of the Germania Life Insurance Company and of the American Eden Musee Company. He is now senior member of the firm of D'Oench & Post; a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and of its New York Chapter; member of the Architectural League of New York and of the Beta

Theta Pi fraternity, the Automobile, Reform, Graduates and Manhasset Bay Yacht clubs. Mr. D'Oench is especially fond of country life and has a place at Manhasset, Long Island, known as "Sunset Hill," where he passes a large part of the year.

The State of Ohio has contributed to the metropolis a successful architect in the person of William Wells Bosworth, born at Marietta, 1869, educated at Marietta College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. Mr. Bosworth has engaged in practice under his own name and in connection with Jarvis Hunt, of Chicago. He is an Associate of the American Institute of Architects; corresponding secretary of the Societe Beaux Arts Architects; Companion of the First Class (by inheritance) of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Ohio Commandery. He belongs to the Century, Players' and other social organizations.

I want to talk about the man who built two and a half miles of the first New York Subway. He is a born engineer. A passion for constructive work directed the mind of John J. Hopper toward a career as civil engineer and contractor. He was born in Manhattan, November, 1833, educated at the public schools and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1877—a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He took a special course at the Thayer School of Civil Engineering, connected with Dartmouth. When the agitation for the construction of the subway from the Battery to Van Cortland Park had taken shape, Mr. Hopper was one of the earliest bidders and secured a contract as stated above, completing the work days ahead of time. He is of Dutch ancestry, his family having lived in New York and New Jersey for two and a half centuries. He belongs to the Independence League and was its candidate for Governor against Dix and for sheriff of New York County 1911. He is a member of the Reform, Single Tax, City, Engineers' and Dartmouth clubs, the Municipal Arts Society, American Society of Civil Engineers and the American Geographical Society.



WM. W. BOSWORTH



JOHN J. HOPPER



WM. H. McCORD

What is technically known as "skeleton" construction in modern habitations might be justly described as a phase of the evolution of modern civilization. The development of this particular phase may be partly attributed to the fact that a little less than a half century ago a boy named William Hewlett McCord, disregarding the predilections of his parents for a professional career for their son, went with the firm of J. B. and W. W. Cornell, manufacturers of architectural iron, and learned the trade with them. Born in Newburgh, Orange County, 1847, he was educated in the public schools and at what is now the University of the City of New York. Joining the above-mentioned firm at an early age, he went, in 1870, to the Architectural Iron Works, which I remember as the firm that built the Grand Central station, lately razed. Little did I think, when contemplating the erection of that then remarkable structure, that I would live to see it torn down as inadequate to the requirements of an overgrown traffic. In 1876 the firm of Post & McCord was established. I believe they erected the first fireproof structure, the original Morse Building, at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and later, Temple Court, still standing. The first "skeleton" steel structure in New York, according to Mr. McCord, was the Chatham Bank building, at John Street and Broadway. The important part played by Post & McCord in their field is evinced by a contemplation of Madison Square. The won-

derful Metropolitan Life Tower, as well as the late Madison Square Garden Tower, the Fifth Avenue Building, the Brunswick Building and that at 334 Fourth Avenue, owes its steel skeleton to this firm. Other remarkable works of architecture, as regards steel framework, attributable to Post & McCord, are the buildings of the University of New York, the City Investing Building and the thirty-nine-story Bankers' Trust edifice at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets.

Many of the public buildings of Brooklyn are the work of the P. J. Carlin Construction Company. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and the Hall of Records are noteworthy examples. This firm was founded by Patrick J. Carlin, who was born in Rathmelton, County Donegal, in 1851. He saw but little of the land of his birth, coming to this country when an infant with his parents. When twelve years of age he entered upon a practical education in his present vocation, being set to bricklaying by his father.

In addition to the buildings mentioned, the Carlin Construction Company has erected some of the Naval Academy buildings at Annapolis. The company also completed the capitol at Albany. Mr. Carlin is first Vice-President of and particularly interested in the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society; President of the Prospect Gun Club and was formerly President of the Emerald Society of Brooklyn and of the St. Patrick Society.



ROBERT C. BURNSIDE

THOMAS DIMOND

CHARLES CRANFORD

After several years' training in the active business of a New York banking house, Robert Clifford Burnside became President of the Asbestolith Manufacturing Company, a corporation of which the late C. T. Barney was practically the owner. The Asbestolith Company supplies granite for building purposes. Mr. Burnside was also associated with the late Thomas B. Reed and Payson Tucker, of Maine. Mr. Burnside was born in New York City in 1866, and was educated at the New York public schools. His company supplied the granite for Grant's Tomb, the Smith Memorial of Philadelphia, the house of former Senator Clark on upper Fifth Avenue, as well as for the Clark tomb at Woodlawn, the Dun building and the Bowling Green building and other important buildings throughout the country. Mr. Burnside is descended from Sir William Wallace, on his father's side. He is a Mason, a member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, of the Modern Woodmen of America, Royal Arcanum, the Republican Club and Railroad Club.

The growth of demand for structural iron and steel used in buildings has developed several notable characters in this city. Thomas Dimond was born at Garrisons, N. Y., in 1854, but was early transplanted to New York, where he enjoyed the benefits of our public schools, took a course in business at Packard's and studied architecture under James Renwick, the designer of Grace Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral. Mr. Dimond worked

on plans of the latter structure. On the completion of that splendid edifice, he began the manufacture of architectural iron work, associated with an uncle. His father had originally been in this business. He has always taken an active interest in New York real estate and believes that the region around the new Pennsylvania railroad station will become the future business centre. He is interested in horses, is a director of the Westchester Horse Show Association and has a fine country place at Rye. He was for many years a member of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y.; he is a vestryman of All Angels' Episcopal Church and belongs to numerous clubs and social organizations.

Charles Cranford was born in New York in 1868, entered the employ of the Inman Steamship Company in 1882 and that of the Commercial Bank in 1885. With the latter institution he remained five years, leaving to form the firm of Cranford & Valentine, contractors, which partnership existed till 1905. In the construction of and removal of grade crossings on the Brighton Beach Line, Mr. Cranford performed his work so capably and expeditiously as to earn the gratitude of the residents of Flatbush and following this achievement a public dinner was given to him.

Mr. Cranford is Vice-President of the People's Surety Company, President of the Flushing Bay Improvement Company, and Vice-President of the Borough Development Company.

When a large or difficult contract is announced, Michael J. Dady is sure to be found among the bidders—often the successful one.



Col. M. J. DADY

My especial interest in him is that he began life as an office boy in a newspaper office. He was a glutton for hard work and soon decided that his craving therefor could be better utilized in some other line of endeavor. As he intended to end by being a constructor of large buildings, he learned the trade of masonry, that he might begin at the bottom and know all about his life's

occupation. Nothing in the way of information escaped him. He soon knew exactly how many bricks a competent mason could lay in a day's work and how few an incompetent man "scratched through."

When he became wise enough to go alone and secured his first contract, Michael J. Dady made a beginning in politics. His political career is an interesting one. He has shown much independence at times and has been "inside" and "outside the breastworks" whenever his conscience dictated. Mr. Dady was born in Brooklyn, April, 1850, and attended its public schools. He tells me the better part of his education was obtained in a newspaper office. When he entered the office of William C. Kingsley, a contractor, he mapped out his future course. He worked as a mason on the General Post Office building, at Broadway and Park Row. Five years later he was general superintendent of all national buildings under construction in New York City! Naturally, when a Federal building was decreed for Brooklyn, he became superintendent of construction. After several experiences in partnership, with excellent men, Mr. Dady decided to go alone in 1893. The Michael J. Dady Contracting Company was formed—he being sole owner. Under this name Mr. Dady has completed some of the largest undertakings in this country. One wing of the

Metropolitan Museum of Art was constructed by him. He has had municipal government work of huge proportions. His contract with the Spanish government to build the sewers of Havana, Cuba, amounted to \$14,000,000. The Spanish-American War defeated this contract, but the Government of Intervention allowed Mr. Dady \$250,000 for work done.

Mr. Dady has been very prominent at times in Brooklyn politics; he has been delegate to three National Conventions, twenty years on the Republican State Committee, and an elector on the McKinley ticket. He is a member of many clubs.



OLAF HOFF

When the tunnel under the Detroit River that connects Detroit with Windsor, Canada, was decided upon by the Michigan Central Railroad, one or two unsuccessful attempts

having previously been made to complete it. Olaf Hoff in 1906 submitted plans that unfolded a previously untried method of tunnel construction. These plans were adopted and the contract awarded his firm.

What seemed an impossible undertaking was successfully completed by the middle of the year 1910. A trench was dug in the bed of the river by the use of floating dredges; steel tubes 23 feet 4 inches in diameter and 260 feet long, reinforced every twelve feet with transverse partitions or diaphragms of steel plates, were floated over the trench and sunk into the ditches by filling them with water. They did not lie directly on the bottom of the river bed but were held suspended several feet above to permit the filling in of concrete, thus giving to them solid foundation. When the concreting was finished, water was pumped from the tubes and concrete lining placed inside.

Mr. Hoff was granted letters patent for this invention, which establishes a new era in subaqueous tunnelling.

Mr. Hoff was born at Smaalenene, Norway, April, 1859; he received a technical education at Christiania, taking his C.E. degree in 1879. He came to the United States in the same year and from that time until now has been engaged in numerous bridge undertakings and other engineering projects in this country and Mexico. He has lately had supervision of the construction of the new Vanderbilt Hotel on Park Avenue. During four years' connection with the New York Central & Hudson River railroad he built or renewed more than four hundred bridges on that line. He built for the Great Northern Railway the great steel structure across the Mississippi River at Minneapolis.

His history in this country is a continual career of successes since the day he entered the services of the Keystone Bridge Company of Pittsburg in 1880.

He is now engaged in the practice of engineering in this city with an office in the Singer Building.

Among his inventions are methods of submarine pile driving, reinforced concrete piles,

grain-bin construction of reinforced concrete and fireproof flooring.

He is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the National Geographic Society, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

One of the authorities in this country on water supply and sanitation is Cornelius Clarkson Vermeule, a civil engineer of national reputation, who for thirty years has been chief consulting engineer for the State of New Jersey. He was born in New Brunswick, N. J., 1858, and was graduated at Rutgers College twenty years later. Three years' subsequent study secured for him a degree of



CORNELIUS C. VERMEULE

civil engineer. Although he had joined the engineering staff of the Newark Aqueduct Board, he took charge of the topographical survey of the State of New Jersey. This important work occupied ten years, and, when completed, was the first scientific survey made by any state in the Union. Without precedent to guide him, Mr. Vermeule accomplished this task. At the time he undertook this work,

he was twenty years of age. In 1888 he opened an office on Broadway and has since acted as advisory engineer for many of the cities and private water companies of the Middle States. He has constructed large plants in numerous cities. He acted as consulting engineer for the Republic of Cuba on questions of water supply and sanitation. He constructed a new sewerage system for Cienfuegos, Cuba. He became interested in the development of Maine seaside property,—planning and building York Cliffs and Passaconaway Inn. His ancestor in this country was Adrian Vermeule, who came from Vlissingen, Holland, in 1699; he was an educated man and became town clerk and voorleser of Harlem, N. Y. Moving to Plainfield, N. J., in 1735, the family acquired an estate of twelve hundred acres. Adrian's son, Cornelius, was a member of the Committee of Safety and Provincial Congress, during the Revolution. The son of this man, in turn, named Cornelius, served as Captain in the Somerset Militia throughout that war. The Vermeule homestead, at Plainfield, was the scene of many gatherings of heroes during the most trying periods of the War for Liberty; Washington was a frequent guest. The subject of this sketch belongs to the Century Association and the Holland Society. Although holding an appointive office, he never has been a candidate for a political one. In politics, he always has been an Independent.

Railroad management of this country is to-day in the hands of comparatively young men. An example is seen in Henry Gordon Stott, who at the age of forty-five is Superintendent of Motive Power for the Interborough Transit Company of New York City. Mr. Stott was born in the Orkney Islands, Scotland, in 1866. After attending the public schools, he took a course at Watson's College, Edinburgh; but his technical education was received at Glasgow, where he specialized in mechanical engineering and electricity. He at once sought employment with an electric light company at Glasgow, but soon was appointed an electrician on board the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's steamship "Minia," employed in making deep sea re-

pairs on Atlantic cables. He duplexed the Direct United States Cable Company's main line, at that time the longest cable (2,750 marine miles) ever duplexed. In 1889 he joined the Brush Electric Engineering Company, of England; next he was sent to Madrid for the installation of the English Electric Light Company, of that city, and, in 1891, he came to America and installed the Buffalo Light & Power Company. He then joined the Manhattan Railway Company of this city, installed the third rail system and soon attained the commanding place he now holds.

Among the prominent consulting engineers of lower Broadway, I must not fail to mention Col. John Bogart, who, after graduating at Rutgers College, became a consulting engineer with the New York Central Railroad and afterward assisted in the construction of Central Park. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the engineer service of the Federal Army and had charge of the construction of the fort at the Rip Raps, Hampton Roads. He served until 1866. In 1870 he became chief engineer of the Park Commission of Brooklyn, but soon resumed his connection with the public parks of Manhattan Island, continuing as chief engineer until 1877. Since the latter date, he has been engaged upon important municipal work at New Orleans, Baltimore, Chicago, Albany, Nashville and in South America. In this connection, his planning of the West Side parks of Chicago and of the park system of Newark and the Oranges and that of Albany deserves especial notice. He built the Washington Bridge across the Harlem; was consulting engineer for the Niagara Falls Power Company, the New York Rapid Transit Commission and the New York State Board of Health. He was State Engineer of New York for four years, and has served as an officer of the American Society of Civil Engineers.

Recently he has designed and constructed many hydraulic and electric developments financed in New York City; some of the larger ones being those of the St. Lawrence Power Company, the Atlanta Water & Electric Power Company, the Cascade (British Co-



ALFRED CRAVEN

Col. JOHN BOGART

ALFRED P. BOLLER

lumbia) Company, the Chattanooga & Tennessee River Power Company. He is the New York member of the U. S. Board on the deep waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and on the American Commission of Congresses of International Navigation. He has been the Engineer officer of the State National Guard. He is a member of many social and scientific organizations.

The success of the subways uniting the various sections of this great city has been due to the care and ability bestowed upon the original designs by the engineers who made them. At present, the progress of the subway extensions is in the hands of a thoroughly capable engineer, with a Naval Academy training behind him. I refer to Alfred Craven, who since 1884 has been actively engaged as a civil engineer in this city. Originally, he belonged to New Jersey, having been born at Bound Brook in 1846. He was appointed to the United States Naval Academy, where he was graduated with honors in 1867. Mr. Craven remained in the service until 1871, when he resigned to accept a place with the California Geological Survey. He remained on the Pacific Coast until 1884, when he came to this city to accept an offer from the Aqueduct Commission. For six years he worked on reservoirs, dams and aqueducts, being division engineer most of the time. In 1900

the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners chose him as a division engineer and five years later he became Deputy Chief Engineer; when Henry B. Seaman, chief of the Engineering Department, resigned, Mr. Craven succeeded him. He has been in continuous practice of his profession for thirty-nine years.

Among the distinguished civil engineers who have specialized upon railroad-bridge construction in this country is Alfred Pancoast Boller, who came to this city from Philadelphia, where he was born in 1840. After securing a degree at the University of Pennsylvania in 1858, he took an engineering course at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., until 1861. He has been in continuous practice of his profession ever since, conducting important works in various parts of this country, as assistant chief, consulting or contracting engineer. He is now of the firm of Boller & Hodge. Among the large enterprises he has carried out are the double track steel bridge over the Hudson, at Albany, a similar structure over the Thames, at New London; also, a four-track structure connecting Duluth and Superior City. He served as consulting engineer in the Department of Parks and Public Works of New York City, and designed and constructed the extension of the Wabash lines into Pittsburg. He is author of "A Practical Treatise on the Con-

struction of Iron Highway Bridges;" he has been a constant contributor to technical journals. He is a member of the British Institute of Civil Engineers and of the American Society of Civil Engineers. In politics, Mr. Boller is an Independent Republican; his club is the Century.

One of a distinguished galaxy of Kentuckians who have fought the battle of life successfully in the metropolis is Albert R. Ledoux. Born in Newport, on the south side of the Ohio river, November, 1852, he studied successively at Columbia School of Mines, Berlin University and the famous University of Göttingen, from which latter he was graduated with the degrees of A.M. and Ph.D. He also received the degree of M.S. from the University of North Carolina in 1880. From 1876 to 1880 he served as chemist and member of the State Board of Health in North Carolina. Since that time he has practiced independently as consulting mining engineer, metallurgist, assayer and chemist. The firm of Ledoux & Co. has attained a national position as metallurgists. By far the larger part of the copper produced in the United States, Canada, South America and Australia passes through their hands for assay and the certificates of this firm are known and accepted throughout the civilized world. The eminence that Albert Ledoux has achieved in his profession is evidenced in the fact that he has been elected President of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

He is also a member of the American Scientific Alliance, the American Chemical Society, the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the Canadian Mining Institute, New York Academy of Science, Society of Chemical Industry, A. A. A. S., and New York Zoological Society. The City, National Arts, Baltusrol Golf and Storm King Golf clubs have his name on their membership rolls.

Another New Jersey contribution to the successful engineers of the metropolis, born under the shadow of the New York sky-line almost at Passaic, is Mason R. Strong, a descendant, in the 9th generation, of Elder John Strong, who sailed from England in the ship "Mary and John" and landed in New England, 1631, was prepared for college at the Albany Military Academy; he was graduated from the School of Arts, Columbia University, 1889, and then spent a year at the Columbia School of Architecture,—one of the divisions of the "School of Mines" as it was then misnamed. He entered the office of the Chief Engineer of the Erie Railroad Company, and became responsible for all structural questions with regard to bridges and buildings, with official title of "Engineer of Bridges and Buildings." The jurisdiction of this office extended over the entire Erie system, including the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. and the Chicago & Erie R. R. In 1896 he became the responsible engineering represen-



ALBERT R. LEDOUX



JOHN J. CARTY



MASON R. STRONG

tative of the Erie Company on the great Buffalo City Grade Crossing Elimination, where many millions of dollars were spent.

In 1906, he left the Erie to be associated, at 7 Wall Street, with the late W. Wheeler Smith, prominent among New York City architects for upwards of forty years, to whose business he has succeeded. For over a year after leaving the Erie, however, he was retained as consulting engineer on that company's official list. From 1890 to 1906-7, the track and structures on the Erie were practically rebuilt, many interesting structures being erected. Among them is the world-famous Kinzua viaduct, finished in 1900, 2,000 feet long and 304 feet high. There were many other important viaducts, two being over 3,000 feet long each.

In private work Mr. Strong was the structural consulting engineer for the Empire City and Belmont Park grandstands; and this year, as architect and engineer, built the new grandstand at the historic Goshen track for the Orange County Driving Park Association, besides the regular architecture work of the office. He has membership in the Society of Columbia University Architects, American Institute of Consulting Engineers, American Society of Civil Engineers, Columbia University Club, and Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He is one of the Health Commissioners of the City of Passaic, N. J., and a member of its Board of Trade; a Republican in politics; and a member of the Reformed (Dutch) Church.

Some one once defined an engineer as "a man who could do with one dollar what any one could do with two." This definition has reference particularly to skilled intelligence of the first order. I am now about to speak of a man who has contributed vastly to the development of the telephone system of the United States. Since the year 1876, when Alexander Graham Bell made it possible for two people to converse over a wire so successfully that voices could be recognized, the telephone has become one of the industries of scientific value so great as to defy prognostica-

tion. At first the world was incredulous, but the instrument first became useful and then an absolute necessity.

The science of telephony bears an intimate relation to my own profession, for in these days the telephone is used by a large part of the metropolitan newspapers for the collection of afternoon and late night news. It has become an indispensable part of the machinery of daily journalism. In a position to observe its development, I have often marveled at the achievements of John J. Carty, present chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. To his genius is largely due the growth from two crude sounding boxes, connected by wire, to the present system of multiple switchboards.

Mr. Carty was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1861, and at an early age entered the service of the Bell Telephone Company. He literally began at the lowest round of the ladder, but his progress toward the important place he now occupies has been steady and always earned. He has been accorded the distinction that sometimes, not always, rewards genius and constructive accomplishment. He is a prominent member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers.

Many thousand words would be needed to tell the story of Mr. Carty's various improvements. Especially has he given service in rendering speech over the wire clearer, in removing the induction noises and in expediting by his constantly improving switchboards promptitude of intercommunication. It is a matter of tradition that when the first telephone line was opened between New York and Philadelphia it was difficult to persuade the honest Quakers that they were really talking with some one in the metropolis. Mr. Carty is largely responsible for rendering the voice of the speaker so distinct that it can be recognized. After the first long line had been opened in Chicago, St. Louis was connected up, then Denver and in a few months San Francisco will be brought into conversational touch with the Atlantic seaboard.



Capt. DAVID L. HOUGH



P. H. DUDLEY



PAUL G. BROWN

David L. Hough has become one of the most successful engineering contractors in the country.

Mr. Hough was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., in 1865, and was educated in the public schools and by a private tutor. After graduating from Yale University in 1885 with the degree of Ph. D., he served an apprenticeship as machinist and boilermaker. His first employment was as chief engineer in the structural department of R. D. Wood & Co., Philadelphia, and he became in succession chief engineer and general manager of the East River Gas Company, and general manager of the National Contracting Company. He is now president of the United Engineering and Contracting Company, The Cuban Engineering and Contracting Co., the New York Tunnel Company and the Hough-Wickersham Realty Company.

Mr. Hough was a captain in the 1st Regiment, U. S. Volunteer Engineers during the Spanish-American War, and also held the same rank in one of the companies of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

He is a member of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Gas Institute, Theta Xi Association, and the University, Engineers, Yale, American Yacht, Turf and Field and City Lunch clubs of New York City; the University of Philadelphia, the Graduates of New Haven and the Vedado Temis of Havana, Cuba.

Iowa's contribution to the engineering talent of New York is Paul G. Brown, Vice-President and Managing Engineer of the United Engineering & Contracting Company. Born at Red Oak, Iowa, 1871, he had his preliminary schooling at Tabor College and Wyoming Seminary, and finished at Cornell University in a special engineering course. He began as a rodman in the Chicago Bureau of Engineering, then served in the construction of the water-works tunnels under Lake Michigan. He rose to be engineer in charge of that branch of the city's works. Several firms having city contracts aggregating millions of dollars abandoned them, but Mr. Brown took them over and completed them at less than contract prices. He was among the first to devise methods for soft ground tunnelling, since employed so effectively in Hudson and East River subterranean work. In 1899 he removed to Pittsburg to become chief engineer and superintendent of a large contracting corporation, and during that connection (1904) constructed about five miles of exceedingly difficult tunnel for a new water supply system of Cincinnati. He came to New York as engineer-in-charge for the contractors of the Terminal Improvement of the New York Central Railroad. As a side issue he completed the "Belmont Tunnel," under the East River to Long Island City—devising the coffer-dam on Man-of-War reef. He then engaged with the United Engineering and Contracting Company as managing engineer in the construction of the Pennsylvania Rail-

road tunnels across Manhattan Island. Mr. Brown is considered a national authority on tunnel construction. He belongs to a dozen social organizations, among which are the Cornell, D. K. E., Whist and Engineers' clubs of New York.

A great railroad corporation like the New York Central, having mighty rivals, naturally secures the best possible engineering talent both for active work and for consultation. The growth of the permanent way since the days of the strap rail has not been effected without a constant exercise of the keenest scientific judgment. There is as great a gulf of experiment, not to say anxiety, between the three-inch strap rail of soft iron and the six-inch steel rail of the present day, weighing 100 pounds to the yard, as there is between the original "Rocket" locomotive and the gigantic 250-ton engines that draw the 18-hour trains to Chicago. The "Rocket" could hardly pull three Concord coach-bodies mounted upon trucks, whereas the latest type of express locomotives whisk a ten-car train of steel Pullmans across country at 60 miles an hour. To these changed conditions the ever-thoughtful civil engineers attached to these progressive railroad corporations have chiefly contributed. In this class of men belongs Plimmon Henry Dudley, one of the foremost metallurgical experts in this country. He was born at Freedom, O., May, 1843; educated at the public schools, attended the Hiram College, where President Garfield had been a professor. I first heard of him as the chief engineer on the Valley railway, but he had been city engineer of Akron four years prior to that time. From his earliest student days he had been a constant observer of railroad building; he realized the future growth of that great public servant, the railway; he divined its weakness and set about a search for improvements. In short, even while superintending the construction of roads, sewers and various municipal improvements at Akron, his active mind was largely devoted to railroad construction. Therefore, we find him an inventor of the dynagraph, track indicator, strematograph for recording strains in rails under

moving trains and several other equally valuable innovations now in general use. He it was who designed the first five-inch steel rail used in the United States, in 1883; this was followed by the first six-inch steel rail, 1892. Mr. Dudley was first to announce that decay in wood is caused by fungi and not by animal parasites as popularly supposed. He has attended railway conferences in all parts of the world. Is a member of numerous scientific bodies and is to-day consulting engineer for the New York Central.

A man of whose acquaintance I am especially proud is Rossiter Worthington Raymond, scientist, lawyer, author, and I beg to add, philosopher. There is little opportunity in a brief review of such a busy life to more than hint at its accomplishments. Dr. Raymond was born in Cincinnati, April, 1840, was educated in America and in Europe—winning high honors at Heidelberg and Freiberg. He served through the entire Civil War as aide de camp with the rank of Captain, after which he was consulting engineer in New York for four years; United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics, two years. He became Professor of Economic Geology at Lafayette College, 1870, remaining 11 years. He has edited several engineering and mining journals, lectured on mining law at Columbia University and is a member of the bar. He was one of the founders, ex-president and the present secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers and is a member of several foreign scientific societies. His largest scientific work, as an author, is "Mineral Resources of the United States, West of the Rocky Mountains," 8 volumes. He belongs to numerous scientific and social organizations.

An engineer who deserves mention because of his achievements is Peter Elbert Nostrand, who, as assistant engineer, designed and supervised the construction of the first elevated railroad in Brooklyn; made the original start with the Cape Cod Canal in 1880 and was chief engineer for the construction of the Broadway and the Third Avenue cable railways in Manhattan.

The invention and successful development of a number of important improvements in processes for ore treatment, now being adopted by the leading metallurgical establishments all over the world, and known as the "Dwight and Lloyd Process," has placed Arthur S. Dwight among the leaders in his profession.

Mr. Dwight was born in Taunton, Mass., March 18, 1864, and graduated from the Brooklyn Polytechnic in 1882, and the Columbia School of Mines in 1885, the latter institution conferring upon him the degree of Engineer of Mines. Immediately upon gradu-

Development of the mining interests in this country owes nearly as much to laboratory research work as to prospectors who have spent years of lonely quest among the mountains seeking mines. One of the best consulting engineers in this line known to me is George William Maynard, born in Brooklyn, June, 1839, and graduated from Columbia College in 1859. After graduation he took a course in chemistry in the Columbia College laboratory and in the autumn of 1860 went to Germany and put in two and one-half years at the Goettingen University and the Royal School of Mines, Clausthal. His first pro-



ARTHUR S. DWIGHT



GEORGE W. MAYNARD



EDWARD D. MEIER

ation and continuously for twenty years afterward, he was engaged in the successful handling and direction of a number of important mining and smelting enterprises in the Western United States and Mexico.

In 1906 he located permanently in New York City as consulting mining engineer and later organized and became president of the Dwight & Lloyds Metallurgical Company. Mr. Dwight is a life member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, a member of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy of London, England; the Engineers' Club of New York, and the Society of Colonial Wars. He is listed as a non-resident lecturer at Columbia University, in Mining and Metallurgy.

fessional work was in Ireland as Superintendent of the Metallurgical Department of a copper mine.

On his return to New York in 1864 he established a mining engineering office and chemical laboratory and subsequently a branch office in Central City, Colorado, where he remained until the winter of 1867. In 1868 he was appointed Professor of Mining and Metallurgy at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. In 1873 he was called to London, which became his headquarters for the following six years. In 1876 he erected a copper plant in Russia for an English company. In 1878 he investigated the Thomas Basic Steel Process and on his return to America disposed of the patents to the Bes-

semer Company, Limited. He also introduced the Bower-Barff Rustless Iron Process. He was one of the original members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers; a charter member of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America; a member of the Iron and Steel Institute, London; the Institution of Mining & Metallurgy, London, and an honorary member of the Alumni Association of the School of Science, Columbia University. Mr. Maynard is at present in general practice as a consulting engineer.

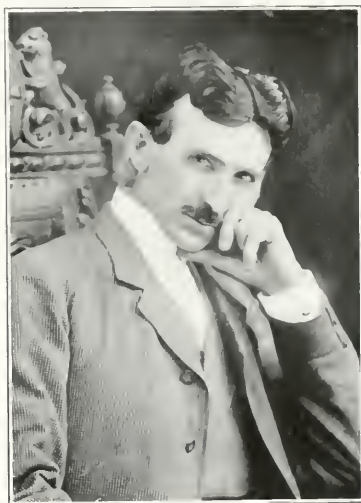
A young man should be thankful to be in a position to choose his life's work through natural fitness and inclination. Edward D. Meier inherited a love for machinery and consequently, when he started in the business of making locomotives in 1862, he entered upon an occupation that ensured to him happiness and success. Born at St. Louis, in 1841, he received his education at Washington University of that city and later studied for several years at the Royal Polytechnic Institute in Hanover, Germany. His return to America saw him launched upon a very successful career, broken only by two years of participation in the Civil War. Since that time Mr. Meier has displayed genius and versatility in the designing and manufacture of cotton machinery, blast furnaces and in the development of water tube boilers. He is President, Chief Engineer and Director of the Heine Safety Boiler Company. Mr. Meier has a leading part in many associations of his craft.

What possible use had Niagara ever been to the human race until Nikola Tesla, and friends who financed his scheme, put the falling waters to work?

A deal is heard about "vandals who would rob us of the greatest natural phenomenon on earth." I am aware that this is the popular view. But, how many of the hundred thousands of good Americans who jump to the conclusion that it is better to preserve a big waterfall for the edification of visiting bridal couples than to employ it turning lathes, driving looms or propelling railroad trains, realize that this "spectacle" is maintained for the enrichment of greedy hotel managers and of a few make-believe Indians, who sell fake moccasins?

I have been a visitor at Niagara since 1864, when, as a boy, I climbed to the top of "Terrapin Tower," on the brink of the Horseshoe fall. When that ridiculous addition to nature was torn down, a mighty howl was raised. "The falls never will be the same!" we were told. When Table Rock fell, a similar cry was heard.

Now, commercialism is drawing off so much water that the volume going over the cliff is noticeably reduced. Mathematicians produce



NIKOLA TESLA

calculations to prove that in a few more years all the overflow of the Great Lakes will be going through the turbines and the "spectacle" will cease to exist. Very well! We can do without the waterfalls; but light, power, transportation and manufactured products, representing the labor of man, are necessities!

I have nerve enough to declare that all of Niagara, as a "spectacle," doesn't compare with one additional cotton or woolen mill, giving employment to several hundred active and clever American artisans. That is only one result of the "robbery of Niagara." Putting the water to work may cause a falling off in trolley traffic through the Niagara gorge; but it will not render marriage unpopular, or

by that means curb the growth of our nation.

The United States and Canada had these falls, 165 feet high, for more than a century and annually allowed nine hundred quadrillion gallons of water that they could not drink go to waste! Some of these citizens were imbibing beer and rum when they might have been drinking this beautiful, God-given water! The aborigines liked the falling waters! Had they used them to bathe in, no doubt they would have retained possession of this vast territorial empire. To what use did they put the beautiful Niagara? To most romantic use. Over its brink, in the light of every harvest moon, they sent the fairest Indian maiden, seated in a frail canoe and chanting a hymn to the Great Spirit. That was picturesque; that was as good use as the falling waters had ever been put to—although severe upon the girl. But it was beautiful, and, perhaps, it was true! The aborigine had been driven from his ancestral tepee; maiden sacrifice had been abolished, like that other popular custom of the sutee in Hindustan; but the waters had flowed on and should swirl forever!

Nikola Tesla now promises a perfect solution of the problem of energy transmission. He undertakes to deliver electrical energy, without the help of wires, from one point to any other point upon the earth's surface, for domestic and commercial use. The Boer in Pretoria will be able to buy his house light and heat from Niagara. This marvel will give the final touch to aerial navigation! Nature will be harnessed with the electrical flash and weather will be regulated by man instead of man being regulated by weather! Tesla is sure that all things now achieved by the use of coal can be better done by electricity, which means that all coal used will be converted into electrical energy at a few centers and distributed from there. This will save 90,000,000 tons of coal annually. He believes in harnessing every horsepower of waterfalls in this and other countries. Most original of all the students of electricity in this country is Nikola Tesla, son of a distinguished Greek clergyman. His mother was a famous inventor from whom he derived taste for mechanic arts. Born at Smiljan, Lika, a border country of Austro-Hungary, he was educated

in the elementary schools of his native place and graduated at Carlstadt, Croatia, 1873. Originally destined for the clergy, he prevailed upon his parents to send him to the Polytechnic School in Gratz, where for four years he studied mathematics, physics and mechanics; following with two years in philosophical studies at University of Prague, Bohemia. His practical career began in 1881, in Budapest, Hungary, where he made his first electrical invention, a telephone repeater, and conceived the idea of his rotating-magnetic field; thence he went to France and Germany, where he was successfully engaged in various branches of engineering and manufacture; since 1884, in U. S., of which he is a naturalized citizen. Author of numerous scientific papers and addresses. Among his inventions and discoveries are: System of arc lighting, 1886; Tesla Motor, and system of alternating current power transmission, popularly known as 2-phase, 3-phase, multiphase and polyphase systems, 1888; system of electrical conversion and distribution by oscillatory discharges, 1889; generators of high frequency currents and effects of these, 1890; transmission of energy through a single wire without return, 1891; the Tesla Coil or Transformer, 1891; novel system of electric lighting by Tesla tubes, 1891; investigations of high frequency effects and phenomena, 1891-93; system of wireless transmission of intelligence, 1893; mechanical oscillators and generators of electrical oscillations, 1894-95; researches and discoveries in radiations, material streams and emanations, 1896-98; high potential magnifying transmitter, 1897; system of transmission of energy by refrigeration, 1898; art of Telautomatics, 1898-99; discovery of stationary electrical waves in the earth, 1899; burning of atmospheric nitrogen, and production of other electrical effects of transcending intensities, 1899-1900; method and apparatus for magnifying feeble effects, 1901-02; art of individualization, 1902-03; since 1903 chiefly engaged in development of his system of world-telegraphy and telephony, and the design of a large plant for the transmission of power without wires, to be erected at Niagara. His most important recent work is the discovery of a new mechanical principle, which he has embodied in a great variety of machines, as reversible gas



GEORGE S. GREENE, JR.



ALLEN N. SPOONER



ERNEST P. GOODRICH

and steam turbines, pumps, blowers, air compressors, water turbines, mechanical transformers and transmitters of power, hot air engines, etc. This principle enables the production of prime movers capable of developing ten horsepower, or even more, for each pound of weight. By their application to aerial navigation, and the propulsion of vessels, high speeds are practicable.

Improvement of the waterfront of the North River has been the chief thought of every Commissioner of Docks. The extreme width of the river being less than a mile, the dock-head line was fixed many years ago and the problem of lengthening the piers became one of purchasing land behind the bulkhead, most of which had been filled in, and restoring to the river water space that had been taken from it. George S. Greene, Jr., prepared elaborate maps forecasting the wharf system as it is to-day. Mr. Greene was born at Lexington, Ky., November, 1837, and is a brother of Gen. Francis Vinton Greene. He entered Harvard, 1856, but left before graduation to study civil engineering under his father. He was assistant engineer on the Croton aqueduct; built several railroads in Cuba and managed copper mines on Lake Superior; became engineering chief of the Department of Docks, 1875, and 1898 consulting engineer. Many valuable improvements in instruments used by the U. S. Coast Survey were made by him. The new Chelsea docks were planned by him

and he has received entire credit for the same. They are objects of pride to every New Yorker.

This city is one of the greatest fields in all the world for competent and experienced consulting engineers, a fact due to the enormous aggregation of capital centered here. All the great industries of this country have their New York offices, to which are attached the best engineering ability that money will hire. Among this class is Ernest P. Goodrich, who at the age of thirty-seven distinguished himself as the chief engineer of the Bush Terminal and its affiliated companies. In that capacity he had charge of the construction of their \$10,000,000 railroad and steamship warehouses. Mr. Goodrich hails from Michigan, where he was born at Decatur, in 1874. He was city engineer of his home town at twenty years of age. He was prepared at the State Normal College, graduated at the University of Michigan as B.S., 1898, and C.E., 1900. He was commissioned by President McKinley a civil engineer in the Navy, serving principally at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He resigned to take up the work for the Bush Terminal Company above mentioned. Mr. Goodrich has served as consulting engineer in various capacities for the Borough of Manhattan and serves the city at present in that line. He delivered a course of lectures at Columbia University on engineering subjects. His specialty is water front and dock engineering, mann-

facturing development and reinforced concrete. He is a member of many scientific societies.

In no one feature has the great port of New York more noticeably advanced in its facilities for handling the vast commerce that comes hither from all parts of the world than in the improvement of its wharf system, which to-day compares favorably with that of any maritime city of the world. Especially has this development been noticeable on the North River, where, during the past few years, the municipality under the direction of the Commissioner of Docks has created a series of the longest and most capacious piers known anywhere. The man responsible for the construction of the Chelsea piers, with their white-stone façades, is Allen Newhall Spooner, a graduate of Columbia School of Mines, as civil engineer. Mr. Spooner was born October, 1844, in Jersey City. He began as a rodman and draughtsman for the Pennsylvania railroad. His family was related to Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine. His first experience in dealing with wharf construction was in 1887, when he became a supervising engineer for the Department of Docks and Ferries of Jersey City. Next, he was consulting engineer of the Passaic Valley District Sewerage and Drainage Commission; the Midland Railroad Terminal Company, of Staten Island; the New York Dock Company; James Shewan & Sons' Dry Docks; New York and College Point Ferry, and the Port Morris Terminal and Astoria Ferry. For 14 years Mr. Spooner had charge, as Division Engineer, of the Department of Docks of the pier and wharf system of the East River (Manhattan), between the Battery and 125th street, Harlem River.

These qualifications peculiarly designated him for the Commissionership of Docks, to which Mayor McClellan appointed him in 1908. Mr. Spooner is a Democrat and a member of the Jersey City, Columbia and University clubs; the American Society of Civil Engineers and of the Masonic and Psi Upsilon fraternities.

Another Philadelphian who is at the head of a large manufacturing business, with head-

quarters in New York, is Henry Robinson Towne, a mechanical engineer of international reputation. As president of the Merchants' Association of New York, an organization which commands the respect of every citizen of the metropolis, Mr. Towne is especially worthy of mention in this volume, as that association has accomplished more practical reforms affecting the average householder, business and commercial man than any other of its kind,—these results being attained by compelling the enforcement of all good laws upon which the common welfare depends.

Mr. Towne's record as a mechanical engineer is very extensive. Born in Philadelphia in 1844, he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania for two years, and was given an honorary A.M. degree in 1887. He studied also at the Sorbonne, Paris, taking a course in physics, and in the office of Robert Briggs for a special course in engineering.

The vital step in his life was taken in 1868, when he became associated with Linus Yale, Jr., in the manufacture of locks and builders' hardware. Upon Mr. Yale's death, shortly afterwards, Mr. Towne became president of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, whose extensive works, employing 3,000 people, are located at Stamford, Conn. He is a life member and ex-president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He is the author of many valuable technical papers and treatises on mechanical subjects.

Any beginner in the profession of civil engineering fortunate enough to secure several years' experience in the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, probably one of the best training schools in the world, has a start in his career that is to be envied. John A. Bense, State Engineer, was born in New York City in 1863 and took a degree at Stevens Institute of Technology, 1884; after which he at once secured a place on the field staff of the Aqueduct Commission of the City of New York, leaving that work to accept a position with the great railroad company above mentioned. Thus equipped, he becomes assistant engineer in the Department of Docks and during six years of service rose through the various

grades to assistant engineer in charge of construction, designing and building many of the great waterfront structures of the city. Meanwhile, he was called to Philadelphia to design and execute stupendous waterfront improvements for the Girard estate. Mr. Bensel became engineering chief of the Department of Docks and Ferries of this city in 1898 and under his immediate direction the famous Chelsea piers were constructed. Having served as Chief Engineer for seven years,

Company and was stationed at New Orleans, La. Later, he was division engineer of the New York Subway and chief engineer of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. He was a partner of William Barclay Parsons when both were Consulting Engineers to New York City. Mr. Klapp went to the Spanish War as first lieutenant and quartermaster of the 2nd United States Volunteer Engineers and was promoted to the rank of Captain. He is a member of the American Society of Civil



Capt. EUGENE KLAPP



JOHN A. BENSEL



WILLIAM D. MARKS

he was appointed Commissioner of the Department, which position he held for two years, reorganizing the Staten Island and other ferry service. He was made president of the Board of Water Supply in 1908, giving him direction of the new Aqueduct System by which water is to be brought from the Catskill Mountains. Mr. Bensel was elected State Engineer in November, 1910.

"*The House Beautiful*," a magazine of landable and valuable purpose, owes its existence to Eugene Klapp, its founder, publisher and editor for three years. Eugene Klapp was born in Orange, N. J., on May 23, 1867. He studied engineering at the Columbia School of Mines, served as assistant engineer, engineer of maintenance and later as chief engineer of the South Side Rapid Transit Railroad in Chicago. He then became manager of the National Contracting

Engineers and of Delta Psi. His clubs are the St. Anthony and Columbia University.

William Dennis Marks is a Missourian, who has won exceptional prestige as a mechanical engineer and as the author of several textbooks on engineering. He was born in St. Louis, 1849, and in 1871 was graduated from Yale with the degrees of Ph.B. and C.E. Afterward, he engaged in special studies in preparation for the profession he was destined to adorn. During the period 1871-'73 he was employed as practical engineer by railway and manufacturing corporations. He served for 2 years as lecturer on mechanical engineering and later became Whitney professor of dynamic engineering at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Marks has held such important offices as President and chief engineer of the Edison Electric Light Company, and has acted as special consulting engineer and ex-

pert in gas and electric lighting for New York, Buffalo and other large cities. He is an honorary life member of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia and belongs to the American Philosophical Society.

Richard T. Dana, civil and consulting engineer, was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale in 1896, taking the degree of Ph. B. in civil engineering. Mr. Dana has practiced his profession of consulting engineer with remarkable success. He acted as assistant engineer of the Erie Railroad Company for several years, since which time he has practiced independently. Mr. Dana is, at present, chief engineer of the Construction Service Company, and consulting engineer of the Danesville & Mount Morris Railroad Company. He served with the Connecticut Naval Militia and is a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and American Institute of Mining Engineers. Mr. Dana is a member of the New York Railroad and Yale clubs.

Colonel Charles Warfield headed the daring and successful party that performed the historic feat of burning the ship *Peggy Stewart* in Annapolis harbor. This family is one of the oldest of Maryland; its forebears came to America in 1663 and received grants of land, by Royal Patent, in Anne Arundel and Howard counties. Lewis Warfield was born in Baltimore in 1864. He was graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1885, and taking up, as a specialty, the study of transportation engineering, served with the Baltimore & Ohio, Erie and Pennsylvania Railroads until 1901. During that time he was also vice-president and trustee of various street railroads. In 1901 he became one of the three founders of the Donald Steamship Company, and was chosen vice-president of the Occidental Construction Company, engaged in the development of the Pacific Coast of Mexico. He is a member of the New York Yacht Club.

Dr. James Douglas, the mining engineer and railroad man is a native of the city of Quebec, where he was born in 1837, and who

has resided since 1875 in the United States. The father of Dr. Douglas was a medical man, who for many years was one of the proprietors of the Beauport Asylum near Quebec, and one of the first men in Canada to introduce modern and humanitarian methods in the care and treatment of the insane. Dr. Douglas took his B.A. degree at Queens University, Kingston, Ontario, in 1858, and completed his education at Edinburgh University. Until his migration to Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, to take charge of the copper works there, he was Professor of Chemistry in Morrin College, Quebec. He is a member and has been twice president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers; he is also a member of the American Philosophical Society, the American Geographical Society, the Society of Arts of London, the Iron and Steel Institute of London, and has received the gold medal of the Institution of Mining and Metallurgy of London, of which he is also a member. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History of New York and of the General Memorial Hospital. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by McGill University. Dr. Douglas is the author of "Old France in the New World," "Canadian Independence and Imperial Federation," and was a Cantor Lecturer of the Society of Arts. He is a member of the Century Association, the Engineers Club and the Adirondack League Club.

In speaking of street names, one naturally asks: "Who was Ann?" This little thoroughfare was not always headquarters of cast-off material. With the surrounding territory Ann Street once formed a part of the first Dutch Governor's garden. Later Gov. Dongan got the property, and his heirs sold it in 1762 to Thomas White, one of the great merchants of the day. He cut the land up into building lots, and what more fitting monument could he pay to his wife than to name one of the streets for her! It was Mrs. Ann White who ceded to the city the little alley between Broadway and Nassau Street known as Theatre Alley, reminiscent of the days when the popular Park Theatre stood just above the Park Row Building overlooking the square.



CHAS. H. ZEHNDER



ROBT. B. STANTON



DAVID W. PYL

Another man who has grown with the development of the coal and iron industry in northeastern Pennsylvania is Charles H. Zehnder, who, although nominally a New Yorker, is resting after a life of commercial activity at his country seat, Allenhurst, New Jersey. Born in Northumberland County, Penn., 1856, he was educated at the public schools. He began an active business career as clerk in a national bank in his native commonwealth. In 1879 he went to Berwick, Pa., with the Jackson & Woodin Manufacturing Company (carbuilders), rising to the presidency of that corporation. In 1896 he became president of the Dickson Manufacturing Company of Scranton, remaining five years, during which time he assisted in organizing the Allis-Chalmers Company, merging the machinery building interest of the Dickson corporation with the new company. He formed the Allegheny Ore & Iron Company of Virginia, 1902, acquiring three blast furnaces and valuable iron ore lands. This property was later sold and his interest transferred to the bituminous coal and coke regions of West Virginia, where he became president of the Austen Coal & Coke Company. With two brothers, he organized the Scranton Bolt & Nut Company of Scranton, Pa., of which he is vice-president. He is a director in the following corporations: Equitable Life Assurance Society, Empire Steel & Iron Company of Catsauqua, Empire Trust Company of

New York, Union National Bank of Philadelphia, a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Union League clubs of New York and Philadelphia, the Lawyers', Railroad and New York Athletic clubs of New York.

Among the prominent mining engineers of this city, I must not overlook Robert Brewster Stanton, who has travelled in all parts of the world, including the Dutch East Indies, examining mineral deposits. Mr. Stanton was born in Woodville, Miss., August, 1846, and was valedictorian of the class of 1871 at Miami University, Ohio. There he secured Phi Beta Kappa and is also a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. His first work was as a levelman on the original surveys for the Atlantic & Pacific railroad in Indian Territory; thence, he entered the construction department of the Cincinnati Southern railway; then became division and later chief engineer of the Dayton & Southeastern; next a division engineer of the Union Pacific railroad from '80-'84 when he built the now famous "Georgetown Loop" in Colorado. Meanwhile, he had been devoting all spare time to study of mining engineering and, in 1891, he switched to that profession, in which he has been successful. He has reported on mines throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico, Cuba and the Dutch East Indies. As chief engineer of a proposed railroad

down the Colorado River of the West, he led, in 1889-90, the second successful expedition that ever passed through the Grand Canon of that river, following Major Powell's first exploration of 1869.

He is a member of the Engineers' Club, American Society and the British Institution of Civil Engineers, American Institute of Mining Engineers, the British Institution of Mining and Metallurgy, and other societies.

A prominent New York manufacturer of railway supplies entered his present field through the gateway of journalism. I refer to David Walter Pye, born in Brooklyn, November, 1870, and prepared for a business career at a local college. When fifteen years of age, he was a reporter on the staff of the *Argus*; thereafter engaging with the Pintsch Light Company, that supplied illumination on railway cars. There he developed much aptitude as purchasing agent and soon had entire charge of the commercial branch of the company. In 1910 he was offered the presidency of the United States Heat and Lighting Company—an amalgamation of the National Battery Company and the Bliss Electric Car Lighting Company. Large factories for the construction of this light have recently been opened at Niagara Falls. Mr. Pye has many social affiliations and is fond of outdoor sports—belonging to the New York Yacht, Crescent Athletic and Columbia Yacht clubs. He is a member of the Maritime Association of New York, the Japan Society and several other clubs.

The first time one hears Vandam Street, in Greenwich Village, mentioned, if he has had a pious bringing up, the name will cause a shock; but a hasty run through the Dutch chronicles will unearth old Rip van Dam, who was somewhat of a man in his day.

The origin of Marketfield Street, an obscure little lane leaving Broad below Beaver—the existence of which isn't known to one stock broker in a hundred—is clouded in antiquity. It was likely as not the market place in early Dutch days. The fort at the Battery and a few houses thereabouts were the germs of the present imperial city.

With the growth of mechanical inventions have appeared new professional activities and special nomenclature descriptive thereof. For

example, marvelous strides in electrical science have rendered necessary a technique of its own. Mechanical devices have not been confined to any one field, however, and demand for expert opinion regarding the projected investment of large sums of money in manufacturing enterprises, together with advice as to proper localities for mills or points of distribution,



JAMES N. GUNN

induced a thoroughly equipped scientific mind to undertake the creation of an absolutely novel profession. I refer to James Newton Gunn, who blazed an entirely new trail in science by announcing himself as "an industrial engineer," meaning thereby "an authority and advisor in production engineering." Not only did Mr. Gunn give to his new profession its name but he developed it into a highly successful achievement, proving it to be a branch of engineering that devoted itself to various factors of production in industrial fields with the chief object of increasing efficiency. James Newton Gunn was born at Springfield, Ohio, in 1867, and obtained his preliminary education at the public schools of that city. He then studied under private tutors and spent a year in Europe, investigating manufacturing methods and labor conditions. He is a lecturer on industrial organization at Harvard University. His ancestors came to Dorchester, Mass., in 1635; and a son of Thomas Gunn, from whom he is directly descended, moved to Milford, Conn. He is a member of the Lotos, Engineers', City, Midday clubs of New York, and of the Colonial at Cambridge, Mass.

If John William Rapp, the president of the United States Metal Products Company, had believed that "opportunity knocks but once at a man's door," he would not hold the im-

portant position in commercial life that he does. Mr. Rapp took hold of many opportunities and worked upon them. Some failed, but that did not prevent his trying another; he mastered his trade as a sheet metal worker, beginning as a boy helper at the bench and rising to the top rung of the ladder as expert workman; he then opened a modest little workshop in East 66th Street, for the manufacture of skylights and roofing; he foresaw in



JOHN W. RAPP

the fast growing building industry, as apartment houses seemed to spring up over night, that for the public safety the old fashioned wooden doors and windows would have to be replaced by something more substantial as fires swept away many of the new buildings. "Doors and windows must be fireproof," he said, "and sheet metal is the material for it." Acting upon the thought, he produced a few samples and the contractors and builders at once saw that the great problem of the fireproofing industry was solved. From that time on the firm of John W. Rapp & Company had all the orders they could handle; "the acorn had grown to an oak tree," and when the United States Metal Products Company was incorporated, John W. Rapp was its president, and

to-day it may be said that there is not an important modern building put up in New York City that has not some of its material within its walls.

Recently, the new Vanderbilt Hotel caught fire on the fourth floor. The house had just opened to the public and was well filled with guests. The corridor was piled with new furniture wrapped in burlap and excelsior—the most inflammable material—and was a seething mass of flames when discovered. What happened? The furniture was burned, but the fire died where it originated. It could not pass the hollow steel doors of the corridors and elevator shafts of the manufacture of the United States Metal Products Company. Occupants of the floors above and below the fire did not know there was a fire. With the exception of the loss of the furniture no damage was done.

"The construction of a building may be perfect," said Mr. Rapp, "but as long as wood is used for doors and windows or partitions the danger will exist. Our new method of construction eliminates wood entirely for all interior trim; the windows, doors, partitions, wainscoting, etc., are made of indestructible material—fireproof, absolutely so, beyond question. Every room is a unit in itself and if a fire starts in it, it is confined to the rooms in which it originated. That's the whole story."

The manufacturing plant of the company is at College Point on the Sound, occupying five blocks square and the executive and general offices are at 203-205 West 40th Street, New York City. The company has branches in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston and San Francisco, and owns and controls seventy or more patents for metal trim and appliances for buildings. Mr. Rapp is a director in the Colpo Realty Company; the R. & J. Realty Company; the Arsen Building Company; Star Carborator and Supply Company; Reliance Roller Bearing Company; Member of the Building Trade Association; trustee of the Flushing Hospital; member of the Catholic Club, Queens Borough Chamber of Commerce; the Shinnecock Club, Whitestone and Knickerbocker Yacht Clubs and the College Point Club.

Born in the city of Albany in 1844, Edward Guyer Burgess was educated in the public schools of Jersey City and began the battle of



EDWARD G. BURGESS

life as a boy with the jewelry firm of Alexander McDougal in Cortlandt Street. After several years of experience that one does not appreciate at the time but value in later life, Edward G. Burgess went with Paul Groul with whom his father was associated in the grain business. This has been his occupation through life, and he has achieved an unusual degree of success there-

in. Mr. Burgess is now president of the International Elevating Company; has served several years as vice-president and president of the Produce Exchange. He is a member of of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, American Museum of Natural History, Sons of the American Revolution, National Geographic and New York Botanical Societies; he belongs to the New York Athletic, Montclair Arts and Montclair Club, and is a founder of the Essex County Country Club.

The Ackers are a family that has largely retained the blood of its Dutch ancestry. The first member of this family in America landed here in 1663. David D. Acker, who died in 1888, established the firm of Acker, Merrill & Condit, whose name is a household word. His eldest son, Charles L. Acker, succeeded him and died in 1891. This man's son, Charles Livingston Acker, was born in 1872, was educated at the University Grammar School and was graduated therefrom in 1889. In October of that year he entered the service of the above firm, but a year after the withdrawal of the Acker family from the business, in 1891, resigned. In 1907, in connection with Augustus B. Carrington, Mr. Acker organized the Manhattan Mortgage Company. He is treasurer and a director of this firm. Mr. Acker also was one of the organizers of

the Guarantee Mortgage Company, of which he is a director, a member of the Executive Committee and Treasurer. He was for some time a member of Company B, Seventh Regiment.

It is pleasant to read poetry about the sea; but it is a different matter to wrest from its waters a living.

The ocean is the greatest hunting ground in the world. Its waters outside the three-mile limit do not belong to any man or nation.



WALTER E. ASHCROFT

Hunters of the sea have been famous since time began, but providers of sea food for the hungry public are those who merit most attention from a domestic view point. Walter E. Ashcroft was born in England in 1873, came to this city as a boy and was educated at Trinity School. He engaged in the wholesale fish business and is now president of Warner & Prankard, vice-pres-

ident of the New York Fish Company and secretary of the Continental Fish Company, the three places located in the wholesale fish market—Warner & Prankard at No. 22 Fulton Market, the New York Fish Company at No. 15 Fulton Market, and the Continental Fish Company at No. 26 Fulton Market. In religion he is an Episcopalian, and in politics a Republican.

On the east side of Broadway, from Maiden Lane above Fulton, was the ancient Van Tienhoven farm. Most of it finally became the property of an association of five shoemakers and tanners and is popularly known as the Shoemakers' pasture. Most prominent of these was John Harpending, whose homestead was on the corner of Maiden Lane and Broadway. From him John Street gets its name, and the valuable holdings of the Dutch Reformed Church in that locality, between Broadway and William Street, come from his bequest to that denomination of the greater part of his property.



WILLIAM J. GAYNOR
MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

From a recent snapshot taken while addressing an audience
on city affairs

Many of our city streets were named after the War of 1812 in honor of warriors who were prominent in that conflict. Perry is an example. On the east side there is quite a batch of these 1812 war hero thoroughfares, including Forsyth, named for Col. Forsyth, wounded in Canada; Chrystie, for Lieut. Col. John Chrystie, killed at the Niagara frontier; Eldridge, for Lieut. Eldridge, scalped in Canada; Allen, for Lieut. William H. Allen, wounded in the naval fight between the Argus and the British ship Pelican; Ludlow, for Lieut. Ludlow, killed in action between the Chesapeake and the Shannon; Pike, for Gen. Pike, killed in the attack on Toronto in 1813. Worth Street was so named in honor of Gen. Worth, killed in the Mexican War. It supplanted the earlier name of Anthony, after Anthony Rutgers, through whose farm it ran.

Among New York's citizens hailing from the Orient none is more highly esteemed than Hayozoun Hohnannes Topakyan, Consul General of Persia at this port. He is an Armenian, born at Sazaria, Turkey, November, 1864, and is a descendant of an ancient Armenian family. Having completed preliminary studies in his native town, he attended the American college at Bardizak to learn English. After mastering the details of trade with his father, he removed to Constantinople and became a commission



IL H. TOPAKYAN

merchant. Coming to the United States on business, he was so pleased with American institutions that he decided to remain. He reached New York in 1887, and, in a modest way, began the importation of Persian, Turkish and India rugs. His business, based upon absolute fairness in dealing, has steadily grown until Mr. Topakyan is to-day the largest private importer of Eastern rugs. In recognition of his services in introducing the weaves of Persia to this country, the Shah designated him as Imperial Commissioner for Persia at the Chicago World's Fair. The Persian and Ottoman pavilion at the Exhibition was built at Mr. Topakyan's personal expense and he received the thanks of the Commissioners and President Cleveland for his labors in behalf of the great fair.

He was awarded forty-eight diplomas and an equal number of medals for the superiority of his display of Oriental goods. He was decorated by the Persian, Turkish and Venezuelan Governments. From Persia he received the Imperial Order of "The Lion and the Rising Sun;" from Turkey, the "Magdiya," and from Venezuela, the "Buste del Lisueto." He was also informed a short time ago by the Persian Legation at Washington that they had received a communication from his Highness, Mohtachemos-Saltaneh, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Teheran, Persia

informing the Legation that the Imperial Government had conferred upon Consul-General Topakyan an imperial gold decoration for his long and valuable services. It is stated that no Consul has ever before received such high decorations.

The Academic Society of International History of France has also recently conferred the gold medal of the society upon Mr. Topakyan in recognition of his efforts in Oriental research.

Among the many other posts of honor that Mr. Topakyan has been called upon to fill is that of the honorary vice-presidency of the International Peace Forum, of which John Wesley Hill is president and of which, also, Wm. H. Taft is honorary president.

As evidence of his devotion to this republic, Mr. Topakyan, in 1907, presented to the United States, to be hung in the White House, a Persian rug worth \$50,000—one of the finest specimens ever brought to this country. Its texture is of imperial silk, marvelously woven and set with a multitude of rubies, pearls, turquoise and other precious stones. The gift was accepted by President Roosevelt and it now hangs in a massive mahogany frame upon a wall of the White House.

Mr. Topakyan lives in the Summer at "Persian Court," Morristown, N. J., a typical Oriental home, handsomely decorated and furnished with Eastern materials. He is highly philanthropic. I have learned that he supports twenty-eight orphan children. As a leader in the Armenian colony, he has been a constant worker for the amelioration of conditions among his former countrymen. Since becoming an American, he has joined the Republican party and is active in politics. He is a member of many clubs and social organizations.

Were it not for the policy long ago adopted by Trinity Church to give the names of its Wardens and Vestrymen to many streets as they were laid out from time to time through the broad acres of its church farm more than one of the great leaders in the early mercantile and social life of the city would now be forgotten. These commemorate the activities of Gabriel Ludlow, Matthew Clarkson, Col.

Bayard, John Reade, Joseph Murray, John Chambers, Stephen De Lancey, Robert Watts, Elias Desbrosses, Edward Laight, Dr. John Charlton, Humphrey Jones, Anthony Lispenard, Gov. Morgan Lewis, Thomas Barrow, Jacob Leroy, Frank Dominick, John Clark, Rufus King, the Rev. Dr. Beach, and that worthy old Dutchman Rip van Dam.

There are many self-made men in this big city; an example is found in the case of Victor A. Harder, born in Manhattan, 1847, and



VICTOR A. HARDER

educated at the public schools. He started work as a bookkeeper with Mayor Lane in 1869, soon developing into a traveling salesman, where he attained much success. He secured an interest in the manufacturing business in 1876 when the firm name was changed to Mayor Lane & Co. Since that time Mr. Harder has bought out his partner and made a corporation of the business.

He explains his success only upon the grounds that he "got to work and hustled." He is president of the Essex Foundry, Newark, N. J.; the Powhattan Brass & Iron Works, Charleston, W. Va.; Mayor Lane & Co., and the Victor A. Harder Realty & Construction Co., New York City. Mr. Harder is a 32d degree Mason, a member of the Mount, Riding and Driving and Prospect Gun clubs.

At this time, when doctors and paymasters are scrambling for the privilege of describing themselves as Captains and Rear Admirals, it is gratifying to find an old Navy officer who when he asked for retirement from the Naval Militia of New York insisted upon retaining the title of Commodore, which he bore in the Naval Militia, instead of acquiring a higher one. In a remarkable letter which Commodore Jacob William Miller has sent to Governor John A. Dix, he said that experience of twenty years in the United States Navy



RICHARD C. VEIT

JOHN H. FLAGLER

LAUREN J. DRAKI

led him to believe the grade of Rear Admiral should be bestowed only upon those who are to fill executive positions at sea, and that it should be restricted to officers of the regular service commanding fleets. The title of Commodore being traditionally an honorable one, he deemed it a great privilege to be allowed to retain it. Commodore Miller was born in Morristown, N. J., June, 1847, son of a United States Senator from that state. He entered the Naval Academy, 1863, and was graduated, 1867. The following twenty years were passed in service in all parts of the world. During the winter of 1877, he was on board the "Vandalia" when General Grant visited the Levant on his trip around the world. On resigning from the Navy in 1883, he became identified with railroads. In 1889, he was elected president of the Providence & Stonington Steamship Company; later he became vice-president of the New England Navigation Company, which controlled all the Sound steamers; resigning this post in 1909, he has since been vice-president of the Cape Cod Construction Company. He is a member of the University, Century, Naval Academy Alumni and many other clubs and societies.

Playing an important part in the industrial history of the country, John H. Flagler has capped his achievements by shifting to commercial lines and directing the affairs of Hegeman & Co., which probably controls the world's largest amalgamation of wholesale and retail drug and chemical stores.

Mr. Flagler was born in Cold Springs, Putnam County, New York, and was educated at the Academy of Paterson, N. Y. His early experience was with Haldane & Co., maternal uncles, who conducted an iron business. He then organized the firm of John H. Flagler & Co., and started the manufacture of tubing at East Boston. This firm eventually became the National Tube Works and was removed to Pennsylvania, being finally absorbed by the United States Steel Corporation.

Mr. Flagler is an earnest yachtsman and has been connected with the American and Atlantic Yacht clubs. He is also a member of the New York Yacht, Railroad, Lawyers, Lotos, and Engineers' clubs of New York, and the New York Historical Society and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

From office boy to manager of the Marine Department of the Standard Oil Company, and to stockholder of that gigantic corporation, is the accomplishment of Richard C. Veit. He was born in New York City, November 17, 1855, and at the age of thirteen years entered the employ of the company as an office boy at three dollars per week, rising gradually through many responsible positions until he reached his present place. He is, in addition, interested in several industrial concerns and is vice-president of the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital.

Mr. Veit is a patron of St. Mark's Hospital and is a member of the American Museum of

Natural History, the New York Zoological Society, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Lotos Club and the New York and Atlantic Yacht clubs.

Nearly a half century spent with the Quincy Mining Company of Lake Superior, Michigan, has made William R. Todd a notable figure in the copper mining industry of the United States.



WILLIAM R. TODD

Mr. Todd was born at Cambridge, Mass., June 15, 1837, the son of John Neathy and Julia (Parsons) Todd, and was educated in the public schools there and in Brooklyn. He went to Houghton County, Mich., in 1859, as a clerk at the Quincy Mine. During 1864 and 1865, he was in the Navy as clerk to Capt.

G. H. Scott, U. S. Navy, senior officer in command of the United States blockading fleet off Charleston, S. C., serving on the ships "Canandaigua" and "John Adams." After the war he operated oil wells in Kentucky and in 1869 was elected secretary and treasurer of the Quincy Mining Company, with headquarters in New York City. In 1902 he was made president of that corporation which position he has since held.

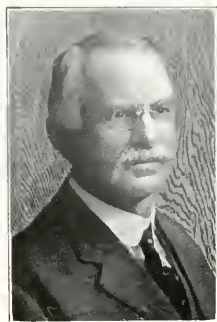
A man who has attained prominence in the oil industry is Lauren J. Drake, who was born in Concord, Erie County, N. Y., January 29, 1842. He was educated in the public schools of Buffalo and at the Springville Academy and at the age of twenty-two removed to the oil fields of Pennsylvania and became a conductor on the Oil Creek Railroad. In 1875 he removed to Keokuk, Ia., and from thence to Omaha, Neb., to become general manager of the Consolidated Tank Lines Company.

He was in 1896 made general manager of the business in the nine states comprising the Standard Oil Company, of Indiana, and in 1902 was called to the company's office in New York City. He is a director of the Standard Oil Company, of N. J., and vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, of Indiana and the Galena Signal Oil Company. He is also president of the Standard Oil Company, of Kentucky.

Mr. Drake is a member of the Union League Club of Chicago and the Essex County Country Club of New Jersey.

Customs house brokerage is one which calls for exceptional qualities and experience. Marshall Joseph Corbett, one of the leaders in

this business, is the descendant of old and honored American families on both sides. Born in 1843 in Brookdale, Pa., the first noteworthy event in his career was his enlistment for service in the Civil War. Mr. Corbett has to his credit participation in some of the most historic actions, including Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, the Atlanta campaign and "Sherman's March to the Sea."

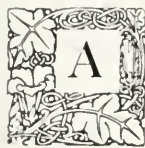


MARSHALL JOS. CORBETT

Leaving the army upon the declaration of peace with the brevet rank of Major, conferred for meritorious service, he became eventually a clerk in the U. S. Appraiser's Department. Rising to the post of examiner and assistant appraiser of merchandise of the port of New York, Mr. Corbett has become an expert in customs usages and regulations as well as in the science of appraisement. Consequently, upon quitting the service after twenty-two years' experience, in 1892, he was in an exceptional position to build up the successful business that he has.

CHAPTER XXI

ECHOES OF THREE WARS



As a guest of John Russell Young, I visited the battlefield of Gettysburg in the fall of 1894, and walked with General E. P. Alexander over the half mile of up-hill land, crossed by Pickett's men in their immortal charge against the Federal position at the top of that slope. Although 34 years had passed, a memorable incident occurred after reaching the crest of the hill.

Upon a granite base stands a mammoth open book. The monument bears the inscription: "Highwater Mark of the Confederacy." Upon one page of that big bronze volume are set down the names of the Federal commanders on that bloody field; upon the other page are the names of the Confederate chieftains.

When the visitors looked, behold General Alexander's name stood immediately below those of Longstreet and Lee! He had commanded the artillery that covered the assault by Pickett's men—a charge felt to be hopeless when ordered. General Alexander heard the command delivered to Pickett by an aide from Longstreet. Years afterwards it was said General Lee never approved of the wanton destruction of life; about this General Alexander was uninformed. It was the forlorn hope, after the checking of Stuart's cavalry in the sunken road, behind the same elevated ridge—a continuation of Cemetery Hill. In "The Confederate War," Eggleston says: "The story of Pickett's charge may now be told to Northern ears as surely sympathetic with the heroism shown in that world-famous action as are any ears at the South."

Another monument atop that hill causes the blood to tingle; it is erected to General Lewis Addison Armistead, a Confederate, who actually broke through the thin Federal line defending the crest, and was killed three

rods inside. Busy as the defenders were at the time—for the enemy was then at arm's length—strenuous efforts were made to capture Armistead alive. He was frantically slashing and lunging at everybody within reach, but not a Federal gun was raised to shoot him. He sneered at demands to surrender; a soldier undertook to disarm him by bayonet fencing, so sincere was admiration for his bravery. Report differs as to how Armistead was killed; he was not deliberately shot. The accepted theory of Federal soldiers, at that danger point during the terrible crisis, is that a fragment of shell brought him down. There stands his monument, and old Federals, as well as Confederates, get damp in the eyes when they gather before it. General Alexander only saw that final grapple of North and South at Gettysburg from a distance. He was in the valley, overseeing the service of the field guns, the roar of which must have shut out the unearthly shouts of assailants and defenders or shrieks of the dying. A revelry of death was in progress upon that field!

When I read of the unveiling of the statue to the glorious Lawton, the man who won the only fight at Santiago de Cuba, I remembered his conduct there, as described by Major-General Joseph C. Breckinridge, at Old Point Comfort, within an hour of landing from the transport that had brought him home. Lawton was the Leonidas of that battle!

I wish I could reproduce the fire and the vigor with which General Breckinridge recited the first complete story of that two-days' fight. We were seated in one of the sun parlors of the Hotel Chamberlin, Breckinridge walking about the uncarpeted apartment. He had been talking for forty minutes about the difficulties that confronted General Shafter—difficulties that Shafter afterward described to me, when I had a talk with him aboard the "Mohawk" at Fort Pond Bay and he made that

memorable utterance: "The men who ordered a summer campaign in a fever-infested country are responsible!"

"It has not been told; but the attack upon San Juan Hill failed!" said General Breckinridge, speaking solemnly. "The Spaniards were intrenched in most modern fashion—meaning they had burrowed in the earth. Instead of throwing dirt in front of them, they had placed it behind them. They had solid earth between them and our bullets. Quite a difference! As for our men, they stood in the open. Each American soldier was like a savage, and represented only what he was worth in shoe leather, as a mark for Spanish marksmen. Here was the problem: We wanted the San Juan earthworks, but the El Caney blockhouse on our flank must be captured first.

"John Chaffee was the sublime figure of the night of June 30. He got his men splendidly intrenched, personally supervising every detail. He didn't sit down, much less sleep. And this was wise, because we had determined to assault San Juan Hill—a position that would be called an impregnable position by every writer on the art of war since the repeating arm has come into universal use. Chaffee knew as well as did Lawton what the task meant! His men made pits in which they 'covered themselves with the planet'. The little hill of earth that the old-time soldier threw in front of his trench was not a protection; it was a mark!

"The El Caney blockhouse was taken by assault early next day (July 1); and after that position on the right had been secured, Lawton was to act with the other two divisions in delivering a swinging, solar-plexus blow. He had gone over the ground on the map during the night of June 30 and by reconnaissance in the early morning that followed. Everything depended upon Lawton! We were short of artillery, which was imperative for Lawton's proper support, in case he encountered stubborn resistance. This aid he had every right to expect, because the Spaniards were admirably placed in rifle pits, constructed, as I have said, with highest military art.

"After the capture of the fort at El Caney

came a hitch; troops at that point were virtually called off. To have obeyed orders would have meant an abandonment of a desperate bit of success,—an act humiliating to every officer and man engaged in the movement. The courier passed down the line until he reached Lawton's division. No sooner had this man heard the orders than, his face aglow with the fire of battle, Lawton exclaimed:

"I can't quit!"

"The serious problem was put up to me," continued Breckinridge, "and I said: 'You must take the village, also.' That was done in thirty minutes. Many deeds of bravery occurred during that first day's fight; but I was not a personal witness to them. The attack on San Juan by Hawkins had failed and the fact was generally known throughout both armies.

"The morning of July 2 broke clear and beautiful, with Lawton's division on the right and Bates' independent brigade on the left of a position everywhere beleaguered. Our men on the hill crest were still there, chiefly in holes in the ground, dug during the night; but the heart of every officer and every man in the plain below throbbed with an ardent desire to go to the support of comrades in such a forlorn position. In the early morning light, Hawkins could be seen recklessly exposing himself to flying bullets.

"After such breakfast as only the more fortunate of us could eat, serious alarm arose as to whether we had not advanced beyond reach of our supplies. Remember, the roads were mere torrent paths, through which wagons could not be drawn, and the Spanish artillery on the heights above us covered all the middle ground across which stores would have to be transported. All day long the next move was canvassed. Troops at the front hadn't a thing to eat except what they carried on their backs. Our forces spent that entire day in the face of the enemy, but there wasn't any fighting. To send the main body to the support of Hawkins and to attempt to carry the heights by storm would have produced a catastrophe, with which Skobeloff's attack upon the Gravitz redoubt before Plevna, in September, 1877, would have been

trifling. A grave council of officers assembled that night at El Paso; but a conclusion was not reached.

"On the morning of July 3 the situation was hazardous! Several men of tried and indisputable courage hesitated to advise. Hawkins' position was perilous. Withdrawal, which every officer of experience felt in his heart would have been good tactics, was not considered, because the next day would be July 4. We knew nothing about the splendid victory of the American fleet off the harbor's mouth! But the Spaniards knew and a truce was proposed. This was followed on our part by a peremptory demand for unconditional surrender. It was acceded to."

"Do you mean that the demand for surrender was made at a moment of peril to the American troops?" I asked, amazed.

"I mean that we demanded Toral's surrender at a time when our retreat appeared to be imperative," answered General Breckinridge.

The lesson of this statement would appear to be Lawton won the first day's fight, that the second day's battle was without decisive result, and that the fleet under Admiral Sampson brought about the surrender of the land forces of Spain at Santiago.

Sad so gallant a man as Lawton subsequently lost his life in the Philippines, when he possessed so many of the elements of a great commander! He ought to have a monument on the Prado at Havana, because his heroic firmness, at a critical moment, made the victory at Santiago de Cuba possible.

When the arrival of the Spanish prisoners from Santiago was expected at Portsmouth, N. H., I was specially engaged by the *World* to meet the transport "St. Louis," which was bringing Admiral Cervera and 320 men, and to describe the landing. I was also expected to get an account of the voyage, because most of the other metropolitan newspapers had correspondents aboard. It was not a task for a novice, but I felt confident of success until I attempted to procure a pass for the incoming ship from Rear-Admiral Carpenter at the Kittery Navy Yard. He refused to aid me in any manner, although I enlisted the good

offices of an old friend, Col. James Forney, U. S. M. C.

In New Hampshire's only port all incoming vessels are boarded by an official known as a "Harbor-Master." He lives at New-castle, southeastern entrance to the harbor. I drove five miles to that village, installed myself at its only hotel, and secured the coöperation of its proprietor in order that I might make the acquaintance of the harbor-master. That official was invited to the hotel and joined me in the café. Before midnight, by means of stories and good cheer, I had thoroughly ingratiated myself with the retired ship-captain who held the important post of harbor-master. By one o'clock I had secured an appointment as deputy harbor-master, entitling me to go in the boat with my chief when he boarded the "St. Louis."

That was an anxious night, because the vessel was expected any hour.

The big transport steamed into port the following afternoon; the deputy harbor-master was the second man to board her, following his chief up the gangway with all the assumption of authority he was able to affect and returning the salute of the officer of the deck.

In my official capacity I explored every corner of the ship, as authorized to do; visited the deck stateroom of the captive Spanish admiral and obtained, by inquiry among the younger officers of the vessel, complete details of the voyage. Having been informed that Captain Goodrich, the commanding officer of the "St. Louis," had issued an order forbidding anybody to address Admiral Cervera unless spoken to by him, an interview was not attempted; but I stood very near to him hoping that he might speak to me. That was what happened! I had learned my Castilian at Madrid years before, but some of it had been retained.

The Admiral was gazing at a windmill on the hills behind Kittery. Its arms were swinging like those on the little red mills of his native La Mancha, when he turned and impulsively addressed the supposed official:

"*¿Que terano es este?*" (What land is this?) pointing beyond the Kittery Navy Yard.

"*Le Estado de Maine!*" I replied.

Admiral Cervera started. He had heard the word "Maine" before, amid the fire and smoke at Santiago!

"I don't comprehend," he said, slowly.

"The men go ashore in Maine; but you and Captain Enlate will be taken to Annapolis," I explained.

"Ah!" sighed the captive hero; "*Lora, itiendo!*" (Now, I understand).

I had the climax of my five-column despatch, and the horses that dragged my carriage through the deep sand to the telegraph wire at Portsmouth did not go fast enough to suit me. It was "a first pager," sure enough.

The Plain of Abraham is to be made a reservation of the Dominion of Canada. Why this hasn't been done long ago is inexplicable. It is the one bit of land at Quebec really historic. Every visitor to the fine old city takes a calash in order to ride up the hill back of the citadel for a walk over the Plain of Abraham. Or, if they are stopping at the Chateau Frontenac,

they will walk along the Dufferin terrace to the long wooden stairway and ascend thereby to the weedy field where a crucial battle between English and French was fought.

To my way of thinking, one of the finest emblems of human brotherhood in this wide world is the monument in the little cemetery upon the Quebec Heights to Wolfe and Montcalm. The tall obelisk is intended to honor the two heroes equally. In my travels I never have stood before any one monument that produced the same mental effect as does this shaft. It is the only instance that has crossed my orbit in which the English have done full justice to a fallen foe. When one remembers how Napoleon was treated at St. Helena, and how the Colonial prisoners were allowed to rot in the ships in New York harbor, the touch of humanity seems more remarkable.

Visit the field of Waterloo and search in vain for any British recognition of Blücher's vital aid to Wellington!



CHAPTER XXII

EVOLUTION OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION



THE Metropolis has always associated preëminence in the Law with Philadelphia. The Quaker City had its Brewster, Sharswood, Brown, Cassidy and Dougherty at the same era in which Clinton, Brady, Graham, Evarts, Carter, Vanderpoel and Townsend upheld up the dignity of the New York bar. There were many other able lawyers in the two cities. All these pleaders have passed to a higher court. Joseph H. Choate had come from Boston with a letter of introduction to William M. Evarts bearing the potent signature of Rufus Choate. Judge A. J. Dittenhofer had already earned his title and was as active as he is to-day, when he counts his years by threescore and ten. The late Colonel John J. McCook had torn himself away from his beloved Ohio to build up a large practice in the metropolis. Elihu Root, hailing from Hamilton village and college, was making a place for himself. He had been an adviser of William M. Tweed; but the same could be said of other reputable lawyers. John D. Townsend, for example, acted for Tweed in his final trial. All these *avocats* were hustling when I first knew them, but their subsequent laurels and financial rewards were assured. While serving as Foreign Editor of the *Herald*, my hours of work being at night, I entered Columbia Law School. When Dr. Theodore W. Dwight was Professor of Constitutional Law at Columbia University, young men came hither from all parts of the English-speaking world to sit under his instruction. Such a teacher is rarely met in academic work; there was a *timbre* in his voice that aided memory by compelling recollection of the precepts enunciated.

In the time of Cicero, somewhat of a Roman lawyer, acceptance of a fee for legal services was not an act of good form. Oratory suf-

ficed for argument, and renown took the place of all other rewards. Conditions are somewhat changed in our day. Mr. Evarts is said to have received \$200,000 for an opinion embraced in the single word, "Yes." William Nelson Cromwell, who was in Columbia Law School when I was there, received from Eugene Zimmerman a fee of \$100,000 for adjusting the tangled affairs of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. This occurred less than ten years after leaving Professor Dwight's class-room; but since that time, Mr. Cromwell has made the monumental record of a million-dollar fee, in addition to "disbursements," as a reward for selling the French Panama Canal Company to the United States Government. When one remembers that the Frenchmen received \$40,000,000 for a completely bankrupt enterprise, concession and unfinished canal, their attorney served them faithfully and the payment was not excessive—representing as it did six years of constant attention and one hundred trips to Washington. Mr. Cromwell will always be known as "the genius of the Panama Canal."

The charming personality of the late Algernon S. Sullivan has been mentioned in an early page of this volume. I now come to speak of a younger man, who, after graduation from Columbia Law School, became associated with Mr. Sullivan in the practice of law. In a few years, the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell was known from one end of the United States to the other. This was largely due to the energy and success of the junior partner, William Nelson Cromwell, in the reorganization of great corporations. After the death of Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Cromwell carried to complete success several of the most stupendous schemes of corporate organization ever attempted in any land.

If ever a mortal won the order of knighthood at the hand of the God of Success, Wil-

liam Nelson Cromwell is that man! What manner of man is he? Snow-white hair and mustache accentuate strong lines of determination in his keen, earnest face. The dark-blue eyes are its most distinctive feature. Hardly above medium height and rather slender of figure, his broad shoulders indicate athletic training or open-air work early in life. He was born in New York, January 4, 1854, and is a son of Colonel John Nelson Cromwell, of the Forty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, who was killed in battle, July 16, 1863, soon after passing unscathed through the three days' carnage at Gettysburg. The subject of this sketch was educated by private tutors, owing to his delicate health, and was graduated at Columbia Law School in the class of 1877. The man of to-day is very striking in personality and figure, and would be singled out among a multitude by any student of men. As mentioned, he is now senior of the firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, founded by Algernon S. Sullivan, a Sir Philip Sydney in chivalry, benevolence and gentleness of character. Throughout his career at the bar, Mr. Cromwell has made a specialty of corporation law and was one of the pioneers in the formation of the gigantic companies for which the United States is noted. As a reorganizer of bankrupt firms, he has earned renown; he has always succeeded in restoring crippled concerns to a paying basis. Grappling with large corporations, involving millions of money, was not an act of novelty to Mr. Cromwell, therefore, and when he undertook to rehabilitate the character of the Panama Canal Company and to sell its charter to the United States, he went about the task with the same enthusiasm he had displayed on many previous occasions. Had he not organized the National Tube Company in 1899, with a capital of eighty million dollars? Why should he balk at making a sale of property inventoried at only half as much?

The supreme *coup* of this brilliant counselor's life was the final success of six years of ceaseless effort whereby he changed official and sentimental preference for the Nicaragua route for an Inter-oceanic canal to a Congressional majority favoring Panama. The need of an isthmian canal had been conceded for

fifty years; but Nicaragua was the only route discussed by American engineers. Commission after commission had reported in its favor, never a favorable word for Panama. Meanwhile, a French company had been organized, hundreds of millions of francs subscribed and work had begun, under the direction of the creator of the Suez canal, Count de Lesseps. The French corporation had been wastefully extravagant and had reached a point at which popular criticism denounced its management and criminal prosecution against its chief directors was instituted.

Such was the situation when William Nelson Cromwell undertook the seemingly impossible task of changing American sentiment. He was counsel for the Panama railroad, originally an American corporation that had been taken over by the French Canal Company. For that reason, Mr. Cromwell was known to the officers of that organization. He conceived the idea of having the United States take over the Panama enterprise. Investigation showed that the French company was not in desperate straits, as currently represented, and at the time Mr. Cromwell undertook to convince the Frenchmen they had best sell out to the United States more than three thousand men were at work on the Canal. Hardly crediting this statement, given to him in Paris, Mr. Cromwell cabled to this city and sent a photographer to Panama, with orders to walk over the route of the waterway and take a picture every mile.

Before Mr. Cromwell could begin the task of convincing the American Congress of the wisdom of digging the great ditch and owning it, instead of letting France get a foothold upon the Isthmus, he had to persuade the French Panama Company to fix a price and consent to sell. This task looked like a forlorn hope, almost to the last moment. But he finally succeeded!

Then he moved his base of operations from Paris to Washington. For two years, during sessions long and short, William Nelson Cromwell was appearing before committee after committee, always talking in the same confident manner. There is a quality in his voice that evinces sincerity, and this had much to do with the effects of more than a hundred

addresses made before Senators and Representatives, in and out of committee rooms. Never, in or out of session, did he ask any Congressman to vote for Panama. It was a never flagging campaign of education; but it was waged in the open and through the mails by the distribution of maps, every one of which was attested by United States Ministers, by engineers of international reputation and eminent travelers. The workmen of Mr. Cromwell's Bureau of Education were sleepless! But Mr. Cromwell did not have any associate counsel; his was the directing mind.

When Philander C. Knox, Attorney-General of the United States, went to Paris, he did so to submit Mr. Cromwell's written opinion upon the validity of the title of the French Canal Company to the highest authority on French civil law, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Early Mr. Cromwell had satisfied himself that the title of the French corporation was beyond question, all statements to the contrary. The famous Parisian *avocat* gave several weeks to an examination of every phase of the contracts, and reported unequivocally in favor of the Cromwellian brief. Diplomatic art of the highest Bismarckian class must be credited to the victor in that campaign, from first to last, because the weapon of absolute truth was always employed. Diplomacy and double dealing are far too often and justly associated; but they had no part in this negotiation. As Senator Hanna said, "Cromwell was 'Johnny on the spot,' always prepared to answer questions, always ready with proofs,—*proofs*, remember,—to sustain his contention." As a truth, Mr. Cromwell was not acquainted with many Senators or Representatives.

At the critical moment, when the hour for a summing up of evidence for and against the Panama route was approaching, the terrible disaster at Martinique, the eruption of Mount Pelée and the utter destruction of the city of St. Pierre, occurred! With an instinct truly journalistic, Mr. Cromwell seized upon the calamity, and, by maps, showed that five active volcanoes were marshalled along the line of the proposed Nicaraguan canal. Mr. Cromwell said to the writer a few hours after the vote had been taken:

"Mount Pelée won the fight for Panama!"

A few days later, when the bill ordering the purchase of the French interests had been signed by President Roosevelt, the counsellor told me an even more characteristic thing,—so curious and so personal that it describes



WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL

the man better than would a regiment of words:

"How can I epitomize the anxiety and toil of the past five years? I have literally lived upon night trains between New York and Washington; I have made more than four hundred trips to the Capital! Ah! I *can* give to you a hint of my feelings! When my train pulled out of Washington that afternoon of victory, I gazed from the car window long and intently at the great white dome on Capitol Hill. Why? Nearly every time I had arrived in or

departed from Washington I had seen that lofty object with shiverings of anxiety, disquietude and pain. It mocked me in my bitterest moments; its calm placidity added to my despair. Thousands of hours, precious to a man with only one life, vital to his hopes, apparently had been wasted, with the connivance of that bulging dome. But, when I looked it in the face that never-to-be-forgotten day, I mentally said: 'You terrify me no longer. You can stay there, forever; I have fought you to a finish,—and won!' It was a feeling of triumph, an indescribable thrill of victory over the inanimate, that I cannot expect any one to comprehend."

When one gets to talking about lawyers whom one has known during an experience of forty-odd years with New York newspapers, there is practically no end to the names and faces that come before one; some of them will be described in this volume. Many I have known personally, some even intimately; others a bowing acquaintance carried on for years, and with the remainder a knowledge of many of the things they have done.

It is a great profession in New York—the law—it has attracted the best minds of the country; the rewards are better, when one wins, than in perhaps any other walk of life. There is many a failure, too, sad ones at that; but New York doesn't care for failures, and I'm going to draw only on those who are winning.

When I was in Washington in 1886, one of the ablest Constitutional lawyers in the United States Senate was John Coit Spooner, of Wisconsin. Although he had occupied a seat in the Chamber less than one year, he was recognized as an expert debater and commanded attention whenever he addressed that body. That he would eventually come to New York to practice his profession, after his ambition in statesmanship had been fully gratified, was inevitable. This he did in 1907, while retaining his official residence in Madison, Wisconsin. Senator Spooner was born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1843, a descendant of William Spooner, who came from England in 1637 and settled at Dartmouth, in the colony of Massachusetts. Young Spooner attended the public school of Madison and

entered the University of Wisconsin in 1860. In response to the call from President Lincoln, he recruited a company from the University students, stipulating with the faculty that the members be allowed to graduate as if not enlisted. Although entitled to a commission, he enlisted as a private in Company B, 40th



JOHN C. SPOONER

Wisconsin Infantry, served through the hundred days' term and reenlisted for three years as Captain of Company A, 50th Wisconsin.

He began the study of law and was admitted to practice in 1867. Meanwhile, he was serving as military secretary to Governor Lucius Fairchild, with the rank of Colonel and for two years was Quartermaster-General of the state. He was Assistant Attorney-General during 1869 and '70. At the end of his term, he removed to Hudson and soon acquired a large practice; he was counsel for two new railway companies, the West Wisconsin and North Wisconsin. When these roads were merged into the Chicago, Minneapolis & Omaha railroad, he became general counsel.

He was elected to the State Legislature in 1871, his most important service in that body being the passage of a bill to levy a general state tax to be added annually to the income of the University of Wisconsin. When the Vanderbilts secured control of the railroad of which he was general counsel in 1884, Mr. Spooner resigned. A year later, he became a candidate for the United States Senate and began his campaign with an agreement that nothing disrespectful in speech or newspaper should be spoken or written about his opponent. He was elected in January, 1885, and took his seat on March 4th. He was one of the youngest members of the Senate, but, as I have said, he soon took rank as an orator and lawyer of brilliant attainments. While serving as chairman of the Senate Committee on Claims, he saved the government more than \$30,000,000. Senator Spooner made several memorable addresses. His eulogy of Vice-President Hendricks on the occasion of the memorial service is recalled. An episode between Spooner and Butler, of South Carolina, will long remain a tradition of the Senate.

Spooner was advocating the admission of South Dakota as a state (1888), when Butler objected to Dakota "trying to break into the Union." Spooner instantly retorted that Dakota had as much inherent right to "break in" as Butler's state (South Carolina) had to "break out." In 1890, Senator Spooner made a stubborn effort to have sugar placed on the free list and some of his speeches in behalf of that measure were eloquent. When his term ended he removed from Hudson to Madison, the capital of his state, where he devoted himself to a large general practice. He fought the attempted gerrymandering of the legislative and congressional districts by the Democrats. He was unanimously nominated for the governorship in 1892, but was defeated by Governor Peck. He was again sent to the United States Senate in 1897, where he added new laurels to his fame as a statesman. During the ten years of his second service in the Senate, he made speeches or debated upon 450 different subjects.

Many of the most distinguished lawyers of the metropolis are acquisitions from other states. For example, the dean of the profes-

sion, Joseph H. Choate, comes from Massachusetts, and Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer from South Carolina. The present head of the legal department of the Western Union Telegraph Company, George Hadsall Fearons, hails from Kentucky, where he was born, at



GEORGE H. FEARONS

Newport, 1853. His father was a distinguished lawyer in the "Blue Grass State" and was Mayor of his town. Of course, the Fearons are of Irish descent; the family, originally French, had first settled in Essex, England, but later removed to Dublin, where the father of the present counsellor was born. On the maternal side, I find Kentucky blood, directly descended from a family of Connecticut Quakers. Mrs. Fearons' father had removed

from Dunkirk, New York, to New Haven, on account of Indian outbreaks on the frontier. George Hadsall Fearons began his school days at Newport but was soon transferred to Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland; he took his Bachelor of Arts degree at St. Francis Xavier College, Cincinnati, in 1871. A brief post-graduate course was had at the St. Louis University, Missouri, and subsequently study was had at Paris, Stuttgart and Heidelberg, under private tutors. Returning to his native state, young Fearons read law with the late John G. Carlisle at Covington, meanwhile taking a course at the Cincinnati Law School.

Mr. Fearons heard "the call of the city" in 1875 and, coming to New York, opened a law office. He soon returned to the west, and for three years taught school at Toledo and Cincinnati, Ohio, serving as principal in both places. I next hear of him as a clerk in the Superintendent's office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at Cincinnati. There he appears to have found his *métier*, and, in 1881, on the call of Norvin Green, then President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, young Fearons triumphantly "came back" to New York as an assistant in its legal department. Nine years later, he was made general attorney for the great corporation, a position he still holds. His rise to this post of distinction was earned by strenuous service in various parts of the country, wherever actions at law demanded his presence. He acted as general counsel for the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company; was an organizer of the American District Telegraph Company of New Jersey, and, for twenty years, has been legal representative in the United States of the great British corporation, the Anglo-American Cable Company. He is President of the Havana District Telegraph Company and Vice-President of the Dominion Messenger & Signal Company of Canada, and attends to the legal business of sixty other corporations in this country and Europe.

The scope of Mr. Fearons' duties is very broad: not only has he charge of all the local legal business of the Western Union Telegraph Company but is expected to protect its interests throughout the States of the Union, ap-

pearing in the highest courts of every one of them. A highly memorable case, carried to a successful finish in the Supreme Court of the United States, was the "Primrose" litigation that settled for all time the liability of a telegraph company under the contract with the sender of a message, as printed upon the back of a message blank. He showed that the duty of such sender was to read and, if necessary, have explained to him the terms of the contract into which he entered when he signed his name upon the face of the blank. When the City of Richmond, Va., undertook to oust the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company from its streets, involving the rights of telephone corporations under the Act of Congress of July 24, 1866, Mr. Fearons carried the case to the highest court in this land and won it.

I should want a whole volume to recount the legal achievements of Judge John Forrest Dillon, who, although he came back to us from the west, where he had spent his boyhood in Iowa, was born in Montgomery Co., N. Y., December 25, 1831, and at the age of nineteen, having removed west with his parents, took a degree of Doctor of Medicine at the Iowa University. After six months' practice of that profession, he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1852. Between that time and his return to New York in 1879, he was appointed Prosecuting Attorney, Judge of the 7th Judicial District, Ia., Judge of the Supreme Court, and a U. S. Circuit Judge. This last office he resigned to accept the post of Professor of Real Estate and Equity Jurisprudence at Columbia University, where he remained for three years. Since then he has been general counsel for the Missouri Pacific Railroad Co., the Western Union Telegraph Co., the Texas Pacific Railroad Co., and other Gould corporations. He is the author of many books upon law and jurisprudence and of an admirable life of Chief Justice Marshall.

When it comes to mixing oil and law, Mortimer F. Elliott, General Solicitor of the Standard Oil Company, is probably the most competent man in the United States. For several years he has borne the brunt of the legal contests directed by the government and

private individuals against the great corporation. Sometimes his opponents seem to be gaining an advantage in one court, but Solicitor Elliott triumphantly bowls them out in another. A constant, unending struggle exists, on the part of critics and rivals, to invade a field the Standard Company has made its own. Mr. Elliott did not reach his present eminence by any short cuts; he attained it along the straight trail of thoroughness. He is to-day justly regarded as the dean among the old corporation lawyers.

There wasn't any oil agitation in Tioga County, Western Pennsylvania, when Mr. Elliott was born. He spent his boyhood on a farm and was a very handy youngster about the place when he wasn't attending district school. When he grew large enough to contemplate an advanced education, he attended the Alfred University at Alleghany, N. Y.; but he left before graduation and returned to his home county to study law in the office of Judge Wilson. He worked to support himself during all the time he was reading law. After admission to the bar, he caused his name to be painted on a board over the door of his office. Although the letters were large and the announcement of his determination to practice law was direct and unequivocal, the good people of Tioga County declined to take notice. Instead of business coming to him, young Mr. Elliott had to go in search of it. He thoroughly prepared every case he handled. It was said of him that if he were to have litigation involving the paternity of a dodo, Elliott would have become an authority on dodos before the day of trial. About this time, political friends advised him to go to Congress. He was nominated and elected to the House of Representatives; but one term was sufficient and he returned to the practice of law, with gladness. The new oil districts in Northwestern Pennsylvania and Southwestern New York developed almost as much litigation as oil. Several cases of that sort came to the hands of Mr. Elliott and in their study he was brought to a comprehension of the utter inadequacy of existing statutes for the protection of the great oil industry. Law hadn't been made to fit an oil "strike." Apparently, the assumption had been that every-

body engaged in the oil business was a person of integrity; but constant claims and counter-claims made by litigants disproved it. Some people in that part of the world were not honest. Mr. Elliott made a study of the oil business from every view-point. He visited the wells, learned how they were drilled, studied indications favorable to the finding of oil, learned how it was pumped, stored and piped and became, literally, a practical developer of



MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT

oil property. He won most of the cases entrusted to him; as the oil area broadened, his business grew with its expansion. People who had controversies about claims rarely consulted anybody else. The litigant who first got Mr. Elliott's ear considered himself fortunate. Some of his most stubbornly contested cases were against the Standard Oil Company, and, in them, he proved himself more than equal to their cleverest attorneys. Following its usual custom, this corporation secured the exclusive control of Mr. Elliott's gray matter! The big company didn't relish legal defeats any better than it did trade defeats. In 1892 Mr. Elliott went to Oil City as attorney for

the Standard Oil Co., for the fields of West Virginia, Indiana and Ohio. In 1898 he came to New York as assistant attorney for the Company. In 1903 he assumed control of the legal department and in 1905, upon the death of S. C. T. Dodd, Mr. Elliott was promptly advanced to the vacant place, at the head of the company's legal department.

My first vivid recollection of Stewart L. Woodford goes back to a raw and windy October day in 1868, when, with a few other expectant students of the about-to-be-born Cornell University, I stood at the lofty hill-top at Ithaca, prospective site of campus and college buildings, and heard his admirable address accepting the first gift of woman to the nascent institution of learning. He was a younger man then; was Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, a devoted friend of the young President, Andrew D. White, and of the founder, Ezra Cornell. I have heard him speak probably a hundred times in the years which have followed, but the mental picture of this finished orator of thirty-three, with a splendid war record and an enviable political career to his credit, can never be effaced. Perhaps my own loneliness and distance from home may have caused his naturally sympathetic nature to appeal to me. I thought his recitation of the verses from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," inscribed by Miss Jenny McGraw upon the bells of the chime she had given, the most finished bit of eloquence I had ever heard. We met for the first time that evening at a reception given by President White.

General Woodford's career has been one of complete success, whether it be judged from the viewpoints of political, professional, military, financial or diplomatic careers. This can be said of few men. He was born in New York in 1835 and has always been a lover of city life. Widely as he has traveled in later years, he always returns to the place of his nativity with gladness. He took his college course at Columbia, in his day highest in classical standard of any institution of this land and having Charles Anthon as its Hellenic champion. Since graduation in 1854, he has been the recipient of about a dozen honorary degrees from various institutions.

He began law practice in this city just before the Civil War and was serving as Assistant United States District Attorney of the Southern District of New York when he secured an appointment as Lieutenant Colonel of the 127th New York Infantry and went to the front. He was soon raised to a Colonelcy and at the close of the war was breveted a Brigadier-General of Volunteers "for zeal, efficient and generally meritorious conduct." Hence his title, which was earned by nearly three years of active service in the face of the enemy. He resigned from the army, August 23, 1865, having acted as military commander of Charleston and Savannah. Returning to law practice in this city, his natural predilection for politics made him a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and he was triumphantly elected; he was the choice of his party (Republican) for Governor in 1870, but was defeated. He was President of the Electoral College in '72 that cast its vote for General Grant. Then he was sent to the Forty-third Congress, but resigned after a year and a half. It seems idle to mention the distinctions which have been showered upon General Woodford. He was United States District Attorney in this district for six years and was a member of the Commission that drafted the Charter for Greater New York, 1896.

When complications became imminent between this country and Spain, growing out of mistreatment of the Cubans by Captain-General Weyler, President McKinley despatched General Woodford to Madrid as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of King Alfonso XIII. Personally, the American Minister was popular; but when war was declared, in April, 1898, he returned home, stopping in Paris en route to transfer to the British Ambassador, then hurrying to Madrid, authority to act for American residents in Spain during the continuance of the then inevitable conflict. These two diplomats discussed for the first time the results that must follow necessary acquisition of the Philippines by the United States. After nine years of active devotion to his profession which followed General Woodford's return to New York, he was chosen President of the Hudson-Fulton Commission, one of the most

successful celebrations of two great historic incidents in the history of this continent, namely, the discovery of Manhattan Island and the first practical use of steam as motive power upon the Hudson River. At the Republican National Convention of 1898 he placed Governor Hughes in nomination for the Presidency. Since that time he has traveled extensively in Europe and has been the recipient of distinguished honors from its Monarchs and Presidents. The Emperor of Germany last year decorated him with the Crown Order of the 1st Class.

The Kentuckians believe in the breeding of horses and the development of good blood in men. The Meany's of Kentucky and the Shannons of the same state are the progenitors of Edward P. Meany, Brigadier-General of the National Guard of New Jersey. Judge Edward A. Meany, his father, served most capably and honorably upon the bench of that state and enjoyed a brilliant and successful career at the bar; and his grandfather, Captain Henry Gould Shannon, served in the War of 1812 and in the Mexican War. Commodore Barry and Captain John Meany of Philadelphia were also members of this family. Born in Louisville, Ky., 1854, Edward P. Meany was educated in his native state and admitted to the bar in 1878 after thorough preparation by his learned father. General Meany did not take long to find his level in his profession after he came East. In 1884 he became vice-president of the New Mexican Central & Southern railroad and obtained from the Mexican Government the concession under which it operates in that republic. He also represented that company in Europe. General Meany served as counsel for the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., and has occupied several important positions in the executive service of that and its tributary corporations. As a Democrat he was a delegate to the National Conventions in 1896 and 1900, always supporting the cause of sound money. Since 1893 he has served as Judge Advocate-General of the State of New Jersey with the rank of Brigadier-General. He is vice-president and a director of the Trust Company of New Jersey, a director of the Colonial

Life Insurance Co. of America, the National Iron Bank of Morristown and many business corporations. He is a member of the Lawyers, Morris County Golf and Morris County Country



General EDWARD P. MEANY

clubs, the Whippany River and Morristown clubs, and possesses a charming country place near Morristown, which is a reproduction on a smaller scale of the home of his ancestors in the old world.

Heeding the call of the metropolis, Willis T. Gridley relinquished a lucrative law practice in Syracuse, came to New York City in 1901, and quickly attained prominence at the Bar here.

Mr. Gridley was born on a farm near Fayetteville, Onondaga County, N. Y., January 10, 1870. His preliminary education was received in the district school, after which he attended the Polytechnic Academy at Chittenango, N. Y., driving four miles night and morning and in addition attending to his farm work. He graduated in 1888 and won the Cornell University scholarship. Just be-

fore taking the scholarship examination, his grandfather, Daniel Gates, told him that if he won he would defray his expenses at college. He graduated from Cornell LL.B. with the Class of 1892, and Mr. Gates presented him with one hundred shares of Western Union Telegraph stock. He was admitted to the Bar, February 10, 1893, and had the unusual



WILLIS T. GRIDLEY

honor when only twenty-three years of age of being chosen attorney of the Salt Springs National Bank of Syracuse, N. Y., and though young in years and practice, his ability was demonstrated when he vanquished a firm of old and experienced attorneys.

While Mr. Gridley represented the bank a bitter fight arose between the different factions to gain its control and the opposing force engaged Hiscock, Doheny & Hiscock, then

the most influential and successful law firm up-state. A secret move by these attorneys gained a majority interest for their clients, but when they attempted to have the necessary stock transferred, Mr. Gridley stepped in and defeated the movement. This stock, thirteen shares, which carried control with it, the owner had agreed to sell to Mr. Gridley's clients, and the opposing faction bought it after having being notified of this contract. By virtue of this agreement, Mr. Gridley obtained an injunction restraining the transfer of the stock and the opposing counsel got out a writ of mandamus compelling the transfer. For weeks the situation remained unchanged until the opposition gave in and offered to sell all interests to the defending faction, which thereby retained control of the bank.

Mr. Gridley had a large corporation practice in Syracuse, representing many large firms in Utica, Watertown, Cortland, Binghamton and other points in that judicial district. Since coming to New York City he has appeared in many important cases, among them being that of Miss Laura Glover, of Atlanta, Ga., who is bringing several suits to recover the lost estate of her mother, uncle and grandfather, amounting to something like \$3,000,000. Most of this property was disposed of by the public administrator in office about the time of the Civil War, and actions for recovery will be brought against the city, the National Bank of Commerce in New York, the New York Central Railway Company and many others.

He is also attorney for the contestant in the Lester Will Case, which involves the control of an estate valued at \$800,000.

Mr. Gridley is a descendant of Judge Philo Gridley, an eminent jurist of Utica and is a son of Daniel Webster Gridley, who was named for the illustrious statesman, and who was, prior to his death, November 21, 1911, president of the Fayetteville & Syracuse Railroad Company. His grandfather, Daniel Gates, was one of the pioneers of Madison County, and amassed a fortune of nearly \$2,500,000. Upon his death he left considerable fortunes to Mr. Gridley's mother, Helen M. Gridley, who is owner of the Gridley Block in Syracuse, and the largest individual stock-

holder in the Thousand Island Park Association Company; to his son, ex-State Senator Frank H. Gates, and to each of his grandchildren.

Mr. Gridley is a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association, the Society of the Onondagas and the Delta Chi fraternity. He was a member of all the leading clubs in Syracuse, but since his residence in New York City has not taken any interest in clubdom.

The middle west, from whence has come so many men to achieve honor and distinction in New York City, has made a worthy contribution to our professional ranks in Wilson B. Brice, whose ancestors were originally English settlers in the colony of Virginia. His forebears were men of stamina, education and versatility, who blazed the trails on the then western borders, and afterwards settled down as leaders in the civilization that followed their efforts.

It would have been unnatural for Mr. Brice to have entered mercantile pursuits. He is a lawyer and in adopting a profession only followed the bent of six generations of studious ancestors who have been lawyers, physicians, clergymen, or army or navy officers. Mr. Brice was born in Tarlton, Ohio, June 4, 1863, and graduated from the Greenfield High School, 1879; the Salem Academy, 1881; the National Normal University, A.B., in 1882, and Harvard University, LL.B., in 1888. He was admitted to the bar in Cincinnati in 1889 and came to New York City in 1894.

Mr. Brice has made a specialty of trial and appellate work, usually being trial counsel for defendant corporations and has been eminently successful, not losing a case for over two years. In one instance, the jury disagreed, two others were settled during trial and the balance of the cases, thirty in all, were won at trial and affirmed on appeal. His thorough preparation, fair-minded presentation and skilful examination of witnesses led a Supreme Court Justice to name Mr. Brice, and three other attorneys, as the "four best trial lawyers that had been before him."

The reasons for Mr. Brice's success are undoubtedly his thorough democracy, his power of attracting and holding attention and his

forceful and convincing manner. He is skilful in oratory—not the kind that talks over the juror's heads but at them—and his plain and logical conclusions are not to be controverted.

An important case in which Mr. Brice figured, together with David McChure and the late John Notman, was where he represented the property owners on William Street who were opposed to the construction of a subway under that thoroughfare. The Rapid Transit



WILSON B. BRICE.

Commissioners contended that the Commission appointed to determine whether the subways should be built as planned, must include William Street or ignore all the other routes. Counsel contended they could cut out William Street and the court sustained the contention. The preparation of the brief and the argument of the law on the subject were left to Mr. Brice and it received the commendation of his associate counsel. As advisor for a life insurance company, Mr. Brice procured a decision from the Appellate Division, that where a company has been induced to issue a policy through false representation as to the health of the insured, the company can cancel the policy without first offering to re-

store the premium. It was the first decision of the kind in the United States.

He is a member of the law firm of Van Schaick & Brice, with offices at No. 100 Broadway, and is a director of the Van Schaick Realty Company, the New Holland Land and Mortgage Company, the New Jersey Gold-field Mines Corporation, director and counsel for the Bankers' Life Insurance Company, and is trial counsel for a railroad and several bank and insurance corporations.

He is a Republican in politics but has never held office, although he has frequently been urged by his friends to accept nominations.

W. B. Brice comes from illustrious ancestry on both the maternal and paternal sides. The Brice family was founded in America sometime prior to 1676 by John Brice, who came from England and settled near what is now Annapolis, Md. From him descended Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina branches of the family and his progeny included men of more than ordinary note. Col. James Brice and Capt. William Brice serving in the Revolutionary Army, Nicholas Brice being a distinguished lawyer and judge in Baltimore, Major-General Benjamin Wilson Brice being Paymaster-General of the United States Army during the Civil War, and the late Calvin S. Brice, United States Senator from Ohio.

Captain William Brice, the great-grandfather of Wilson B. Brice, served through the long struggle for independence of the Colonies. He was in the battle of Long Island, wintered at Valley Forge and played an important part at the battle of Trenton. He won a captaincy for bravery and died when only forty-three years of age as the result of exposure during the war. His wife was a Jones, who after the death of her husband removed to Harrison County, Virginia, now West Virginia, and her two sons married daughters of Col. Benjamin Wilson. The younger son became a distinguished physician in Newark, Ohio, and his only child was the late Major-General Benjamin Wilson Brice, a graduate of West Point who served in the Black Hawk and other Indian wars, and in the Mexican and Civil Wars.

The elder son of Captain William Brice

was Benjamin Jones Brice, grandfather of Wilson B. Brice. He was a lawyer and judge of one of the courts and a large land owner in Virginia. He had the most select library in all the section where he lived and from his own volumes studied French, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, becoming proficient in the latter when eighty years of age. He was a slave owner, but in his will freed all the slaves and left them each enough money or property to start them in an humble way, on their new life. His wife was Sarah Wilson, daughter of Col. Benjamin Wilson, and they had fourteen children, three of them being sons. The daughters with two exceptions married either lawyers or physicians.

Mr. Brice's father, Archibald Blackburn Brice, D.D., was the youngest son. He was a Presbyterian clergyman who received degrees of A.B. and D.D. from Waynesburg College; acted as editor of a religious publication for seven years and then entered actively into ministerial work for over 40 years, dying in Cincinnati in 1892. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, Dr. Brice, greatly aided in the work of enlisting troops and made many speeches in support of the Union. His views were so pronounced and his campaign so vigorous that the southern sympathizers referred to him as "Old Brice, the Union Shrieker."

The mother of Wilson B. Brice was Eveline V. Vose, of Vermont, whose ancestry was also noted, she being a descendant of the Voses, Mayos and Whitneys who were early Colonial settlers in and around Boston.

Mr. Brice's connection with the Jones family is through his great-grandfather, William Brice marrying Rachael Jones, whose father Griffith Jones, was a distinguished Welsh Baptist clergyman who came to America in 1749. Rev. Morgan Jones, father of Rev. Griffith Jones married the daughter of the Marquis of Cardigan, a house that is now extinct. Among the collateral relatives in the Jones family are Robert J. Burdette, the humorist and the late Col. A. E. Jones, who was Provost Marshal of Cincinnati during the Civil War.

In the Wilson branch of the family, Mr. Brice is descended from David Wilson, of Scotland, whose son David removed to Ire-

land in 1722 and was the father of William Wilson, who settled in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, in 1746. The daughter of his oldest son, Col. Benjamin Wilson, married Benjamin Jones Brice, grandfather of the subject of this sketch.

Col. Wilson was a man of distinction and an Indian fighter. He was a lieutenant in an expedition against the Shawnee Indians in Ohio and was a colonel of the Virginia troops in the Revolutionary War. At its close he was granted 4,000 acres of land in Licking County, Ohio, for his services. He was a delegate to the Virginia State Convention which ratified the United States Constitution, and was a member of the State Legislature for several years. He was a lawyer and after relinquishing practice was Clerk of the Court for many years. He had twenty-eight children, thirteen of whom were sons. He gave to each son a farm and to each daughter a dowry at marriage. At his death he left 127 living descendants.

A majority of Col. Wilson's sons became lawyers, one a Presbyterian clergyman and another president of the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Brice's ancestors were nearly all professional men. The women of the families all married men in that profession. It was, therefore, not strange that Mr. Brice should follow an inherent desire and enter the legal profession. He came to New York City a stranger and has won the confidence of every justice before whom he has appeared. While a Republican in politics, simply because he believes that party has given better administration, he is not subservient to bossism and fights hard and effectively when he thinks principle is being sacrificed for party interests. This was exemplified when he recently took sides against a Republican Congressional candidate in the Fifteenth District. This man was defeated by 1,200 votes when previous candidates of the party had been elected by 3,000 majority. Mr. Brice had served on the Republican County Committee and on the Executive Committee of his Assembly District and in repudiating the nominee of his party, he gave the newspapers such convincing reasons for his opposition, that

the voters were sure of his absolute honesty of purpose, and aided him in encompassing the candidate's defeat.

Augustus Van Wyck's career as lawyer, jurist and citizen is due to natural gifts and, in a large measure, to the circumstance that he has blended harmoniously in his person the best attributes of the Northland and the Southland—the practical strength of the one and the charming manners of the other. His New York father and South Carolina mother left their impress upon him, and for him both sections entertain admiration and esteem. He also has been President of the Holland Society and the Southern Society of New York, each claiming him as one of its own loyal sons. Born in the year 1850, his youthful days were passed in the South, and his manhood days in New York. He was fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated with high honors from North Carolina University.

At the bar of this big city, he soon attained great success, and was elected Judge of the Superior City Court of Brooklyn in 1885, and in 1895 became a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. From the latter position, he resigned in 1898 to become the Democratic candidate for governor, making a close race with Theodore Roosevelt, who was then fresh from San Juan Hill. He refused to return to the Bench and devoted himself to the practice of his profession, in which he almost immediately attained leadership.

As a Democrat, he has shown independence of thought and action, and yet he has been the official head of his party organization, and delegate to numerous conventions, local, state and national, over many of which he has presided. His influence was potential in the nomination and election of Mr. Cleveland to the presidency. He has twice led a successful movement to restore his party to power.

He has been counsel for the Episcopal Church for the Diocese of Long Island, as well as a member of its Executive Committee. He has also been trustee of several of the hospitals, of Adelphi College, of the Holland Society, St. Nicholas Society, Southern Society and New England Society, and is a mem-



AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK



EDWARD LAUTERBACH

ber of a dozen of the leading clubs of Greater New York.

When a young man begins practice at the bar with the enthusiasm that characterized Edward Lauterbach's entrance upon his professional career in 1865, success is only a question of time. He has ranked high in politics and at the bar; socially, he is a delightful companion. Edward Lauterbach was born in this city, on August 12, 1844, attended the common schools and took a degree at the College of the City of New York in 1864. He received first prize in declamation while at college and soon held high rank as an orator. He plunged immediately into practice and soon distinguished himself as a corporation attorney, especially as a railroad reorganizer. One of his most characteristic achievements was the unification of the New York Rapid Transit Systems. He also brought about the consolidation of the Union elevated railroads, was instrumental in compelling the electric companies to place their

wires underground, and reorganized and built up many railroad systems in different parts of the country. He also has been counsel for several surface railroads, including the Third Avenue Railroad. He was for seven years a member of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, and an active participant in all measures looking to the improvement of educational facilities in this state. He was for a long time Chairman of the Republican County Committee, and a close and trusted advisor of President McKinley in the affairs of this city and state and has been a delegate to all National and State Republican Conventions for years. He was for some time President of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, and took an active part in the removal of the College from its first site at Lexington avenue and Twenty-third street to the new building on Washington Heights. As a member of the firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson, he has conducted countless famous cases. Judge Hoadly, former Governor of



WILLIAM F. SHEEHAN



EDWARD W. HATCH



ALTON B. PARKER

Ohio, and Mr. Johnson are deceased; Mr. Lauterbach is at the head of the firm. He was at one time vice-president of the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Co., and has always been prominent in musical affairs in this city. He is a member of many social and charitable organizations. Mr. Lauterbach is a director in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York, which has charge of two thousand children, and President of the National Liberal Immigration League.

After achieving a high reputation as District Attorney and Justice of the Superior Court of the City of Buffalo, Edward Wingate Hatch was elected to the Supreme Bench, designated to the Appellate Division in Brooklyn. Subsequently he was transferred to Manhattan by Governor Roosevelt. In 1905, he resigned from the bench and entered the law firm of Parker, Hatch & Sheehan. Judge Hatch was born November, 1852, at Friendship, Allegheny County, N. Y., where he received a common school education. As the family was poor, he learned the blacksmith's trade, studying law meanwhile. He was attached to the law office of A. J. Lorish, of Attica, for two years, and was admitted to the bar in Buffalo in 1876. He succeeded Judge Barrett, deceased, on the Supreme Bench, in this city. He is a Republican, although both associates in his firm are Democrats. He is a fluent speaker, is Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the County Lawyers' Associa-

tion and member of numerous clubs, including the Union League, Manhattan, Lawyers' and Republican.

The Old Bay State makes a contribution to the New York Bar in the person of Fisher A. Baker, born at Dedham, February, 1837. After graduation at Dartmouth College, 1859, he took a course at Albany Law School. When the Civil War burst upon this country, he promptly closed his law office and volunteered in the 18th Massachusetts regiment, which joined the 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac. Mr. Baker served three years. In 1865, he removed to New York from Massachusetts and has practiced his profession here ever since. He has been especially successful in corporation cases. He is a director of the First National Bank of the City of New York and of the New Jersey General Security Co.; a trustee of the Bankers' Safe Deposit Co., and of the Hackley School, Tarrytown. When in college, he secured Phi Beta Kappa, and was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity; he belongs to the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He is a Republican and a Unitarian.

In the Spring of 1885, an active, brown-haired, young man made his appearance at Albany as an Assemblyman from Schuylar County. He attracted attention within a month by the incisiveness of his speech and the logic of his arguments. No one supposed that he was after the leadership of his party, held by James W. Husted, known as "The

Bald Eagle of Westchester," who had himself chosen Speaker whenever he pleased. When the Assembly convened in January, 1888, however, Fremont Cole was elected Speaker by a Republican majority. He was young for the place, having been born, as his name indicated, during the Fremont campaign. Mr. Cole comes of New England stock; the Dennisons, his mother's family, were among the earliest English colonists in Connecticut. His father's family had emigrated from Massachusetts to Putnam Co., New York, where its head had "lopped the bushes" to a considerable tract of wilderness and thus established an undisputed title to the land. On a bit of stream, he built Cole's mill and from this Daniel Cole, paternal grandfather of Fremont,—born at Carmel in 1779,—the family descends. Two grandsons of this man were soldiers in the War of 1812. Fremont Cole is the third son of a family of eight children, all reared in Cobert, upon a farm that had been in the family for a century. Fremont passed the first nineteen years of life on this farm. His education was that of a country school during winter only. At twenty, he began the study of law in Judge Hurd's office, Schuyler County. Admitted to the Bar in 1880, he went to Watkins, the town of the wonderful glen, to practice. His political career had already begun. He had served as clerk to the Surrogate, when in Schuyler County. Hardly had he hung out his shingle at Watkins before he smashed the so-called post-office ring in that place which had been managing the town to suit its members. He was elected to the Assemblies of 1885, '86, '87, '88 and '89, speaker last two terms. He served on the Railroad Committee and gained the hostility of the lobby. His work on the Judiciary Committee also attracted attention. Veritably, he was an excellent example of "the young man in politics." One thing about Fremont Cole that will not be forgotten by anyone who has heard him speak, is the confidence with which he states his views. In accepting the Speakership, he said: "Our high aim, kept ever in view, shall be to preserve this session free from the strictures of deserved criticism, and to adjourn it promptly." He is now practicing law in this city.

Hamilton College has furnished a great many brilliant men to this city, especially in the legal profession. Among them is James L. Bennett, born at Durhamville, Oneida County, N. Y., in 1849, and graduated from Hamilton College in 1871. He entered the office of Judge Irving G. Vann, of Syracuse; was admitted to the bar of Onondaga County. He responded to the call of the metropolis in 1885, where he at once plunged into the practice of his profession. His success in corporation law has caused him to be chosen president of the Guaranteed Mortgage Company of New York, President of the Long Island Realty Company, Director of the Manhattan Mortgage Company, and a director of several similar organizations. Mr. Bennett was United States District Attorney, appointed by President Cleveland, and served from 1895 to 1899. He is somewhat of a bookworm, especially fond of history. He is an enthusiastic golf player and is a member of the Salisbury Club. When I asked him about his fads, Mr. Bennett denied having any. He admitted to being a collector of books. He has traveled abroad and was most interested in the relics of Roman civilization, scattered through Europe. He is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi college fraternity and an active participant in its post-graduate annual meetings. Bennett & Kuster was organized in June, 1910.

The younger partner in this prosperous firm is Louis E. Kuster, of city birth, dating from December, 1868. His education was obtained in the public schools and his law degree, from the New York University, in 1893. Mr. Kuster made his own way in this world. In 1882, at the age of thirteen, he left the public schools to support himself, beginning work as a boy in the Astor library, where he remained three years and acquired a taste for reading; he was next employed in a mercantile house, until 1891. The first night law school in New York City was established in that year. It was originally under the patronage of the New York University, but developed into the Metropolis Law School, of which Abner C. Thomas, Surrogate of New York County, was the founder and dean. Mr. Kuster promptly took advantage of this

FREMONT COLE

JAMES L. BENNETT



LOUIS E. KUSTER

MIRABAU L. TOWNS

innovation and spent his nights in the lecture-rooms—while working for a living in the daytime. He was asked to enter the law office of Abner C. Thomas before he secured his degree and was admitted to the bar in 1894. During the legislative session of 1895, Mr. Kuster represented the office of the Corporation Counsel of the former city of Brooklyn, having charge of municipal legislation at Albany. He was connected with the Lawyers' Surety Company, of which Joel B. Erhardt, former Collector of the Port of New York, was president, soon becoming secretary of the organization and later its attorney. Resuming individual practice in 1903, Mr. Kuster accumulated a large clientage and argued many important cases.

The legal profession has furnished several of the most prominent literary men in America and one is always gratified to learn that an active practitioner at the Bar finds time to cultivate a taste for books outside his legal library. In saying this, I have in mind a highly interesting member of the New York Bar, Mirabeau L. Towns, who especially appeals to me as a newspaperman, because he is probably the greatest authority on the law of libel in this city. During the past ten years, he has been counsel in more than 250 libel suits—in all except six of these cases acting for the editor or newspaper. A proper interpretation of the law of libel, although the law itself be based upon a principle of justice which every conscientious editor thoroughly endorses, is often exceedingly difficult. It may be laid down as a journalistic axiom that libel is never intentionally committed! This is the theory upon which Mr. Towns proceeds to construct his briefs in libel cases. He comes to the metropolis from Alabama, where he was born in Russell County, January, 1852. He is a descendant of Revolutionary stock, through both sides of his house. He was barely nine years old when the Civil War broke out and could avail himself of only such educational advantages as existed during those troublous times. At the conclusion of hostilities, he was sent to Germany and remained there seven years. On return to the United States, he came to this city and entered the law school of New York University, from

which he was graduated in 1877. He began practice as a partner of Ludwig Semler, then Comptroller of the old City of Brooklyn. This firm continued until the death of Judge Semler, since which time Mr. Towns has practiced under his own name. He removed to Manhattan in 1906 and opened an office on Broadway, where his success has been continuous.

Mr. Towns early took an active part in politics. Indirectly, he had a large part in the passage of the consolidation act, because he secured the nomination of Peter H. McNulty for the State Senate and conducted his campaign against both old parties with success. McNulty cast the deciding vote for consolidation, creating Greater New York of to-day. Mr. Towns is fond of music and is known among his friends as the lawyer-poet, because he frequently introduces verse into his speeches. Mrs. Towns is distinguished for charities of a practical nature. She annually sends many children to homes in the West. Last Christmas, she gave 20,000 toy concrete houses to children of the poor, bespeaking a hope of future home far from noisy city streets. Mr. Towns is a member of many clubs.

Attracted to the profession of law by his intense liking for legal work, it is not strange that William T. Holt has been successful in practice.

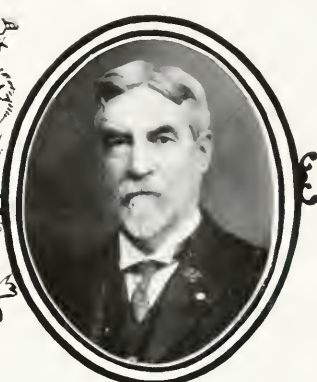
Mr. Holt was born in Esopus, Ulster County, N. Y., and was educated at the Kingston Academy and Albany Law School, graduating from the latter institution in 1876 and becoming managing clerk in the office of Charles A. Fowler, of Kingston, N. Y. Later he practiced his profession for some years in Kingston, and was one of the counsel for the West Shore Railroad during its construction. He was connected with the Internal Revenue Department from 1887 to 1889, but determining to devote his entire time to the practice of the law, he came to New York in 1889 and became a member of the firm of Van Hoevenberg & Holt, and upon the death of Mr. Van Hoevenberg organized the firm of Holt, Warner & Gaillard.



WILLIAM T. HOLT



JAMES A. ROBERTS



RUSH TAGGART

Mr. Holt resides in Richmond Borough, Staten Island, and is Public Administrator of Richmond County.

The state of Maine has sent to New York by way of Buffalo a lawyer of versatile ability in the person of James Arthur Roberts, who was born at Waterboro, in that State, March, 1847, and the history of his family is as rugged and sturdy as the mighty forests and towering mountains of his original habitat. Amid such surroundings he grew up and prepared for college; entering Bowdoin, he became a member of the D. K. E., and graduating with the class of 1870. He saw some active fighting during the Civil War with the Seventh Maine battery. After getting his degree at Bowdoin, he settled in Buffalo and being admitted to the bar, soon formed the firm of Roberts, Becker, Messer & Groat. Between 1875 and 1894, in which year he became State Comptroller, Mr. Roberts attained extraordinary success as a real estate lawyer; he served for three years as Park Commissioner of Buffalo, and in 1879 and 1880 was elected to the Assembly of the State of New York. Since 1902 he has been a resident of the metropolis, where realty has particularly claimed his attention. He is president of the Greater New York Home Company, the New Netherlands Home Company, and the Stuyvesant Home Company. In addition to many other positions of trust, he is a director of the National

Sugar Manufacturing Company, and other similar corporations. Mr. Roberts is the possessor of a library of rare Americana. He is president of the New York State Historical Society and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution. Considerable might be said about Mr. Roberts' Colonial ancestry. One of the first governors of the Colony of New Hampshire was his original ancestor, who came across the sea in 1623. He is a member of many social organizations.

The Western Union Telegraph Company made another draft upon the "Buckeye State" in the person of Rush Taggart for one of its most efficient minds. Mr. Taggart was born at Smitheville, Wayne County, Ohio, in 1849, of Revolutionary stock, and took a degree at Wooster University, 1871. He was the second man in his class and an enthusiastic Beta Theta Pi. Thence he went to the University of Michigan for a law course, completed in 1875. When the Hayden Survey in the far West was ordered by the government, Mr. Taggart was detailed as assistant geologist and spent two years in the work. On his return, he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Company, acting as counsel at Pittsburgh and for the Eastern Ohio division of the great railway system. He came to New York in 1887 to enter the office of Dillon & Swayne. Four years later, Mr. Taggart was appointed solicitor of the Western Union Telegraph Com-

pany. His fad is farming and he has a place at New Canaan, Conn., where he indulges his fancy and plays golf in the interim. He is a member of numerous clubs, both in and out of town.

The Public Service Commission of New York State has brought a number of men to the front in this city. The general counsel to that body, in the First District, is George S. Coleman, who was born in Flatlands (now part of Brooklyn) in 1856. He was graduated from Wesleyan University in 1876 and received its honorary degree of LL.D., in 1908. While at Middletown he was editor of the *Argus* and *Olla Podrida*, college publications. He won eight scholarship prizes and held first rank in his class. He was a Psi Upsilon. After graduation Mr. Coleman began reading law with Countryman & Bowen, Coopers-town, N. Y., taught for a year in Albany, took a course at Columbia Law School and was admitted to practice in this city in May, 1880. He served as a clerk with Shearman & Sterling for two years and then became managing clerk for Bristow, Peet & Opdyke until 1885, when he was appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel, which office he held until 1892, having special charge of matters relating to municipal taxation. The firm of Eustis, Foster & Coleman was then formed and as a member there-

of Mr. Coleman continued in general practice until 1899, when he returned to the city law department until his present appointment, nine years later. He is descended from Pilgrim and Puritan stock, his paternal ancestors including John Howland, of the "Mayflower," 1620, and Thomas Coleman, one of the associate founders of Nantucket.

A name much on the public lips is that of William R. Willcox, distinguished political and social economist, eminent lawyer and chairman of the Public Service Commission of New York City.

Mr. Willcox was born in Smyrna, N. Y., in 1863. He took the degree of A.B. at the University of Rochester in 1886, and that of LL.B. at Columbia in 1889.

Upon establishing his residence in New York City and having been admitted to the Bar, Mr. Willcox took an active part in Republican politics and ran for Congress against O. H. P. Belmont. Although he was not elected, he distinguished himself by greatly reducing his opponent's vote.

Mr. Willcox was appointed Park Commissioner by Mayor Low and served in that capacity throughout the latter's administration. He later served as Postmaster of the City of New York for two and one-half years, until his appointment in 1907 to the chair-



GEORGE S. COLEMAN



WILLIAM R. WILLCOX



HENRY W. SACKETT

manship of the Public Service Commission. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital, of all the more important clubs and of the Alpha Delta Phi.

A successful lawyer who has combined a sincere devotion to his own profession and a fondness for the treatment of legal questions in the editorial columns of the *New York Tribune* is Henry Woodward Sackett, born at Enfield, N. Y., 1853, educated at the Ithaca Academy and graduated at Cornell University, 1875 (Phi Beta Kappa). He came to New York and while studying law did considerable newspaper work; he began practice in 1879 and subsequently became senior member of Sackett, Bacon & McQuaid, chiefly engaged in corporation work. The present title of the firm is Sackett, Chapman & Stevens. He was for six years a member of Troop A and Squadron A. Governor Black appointed him aide on his staff with a rank of Colonel; during the Spanish-American War, Colonel Sackett served as Assistant Paymaster-General of New York in the Southern States. He is a Republican in politics and an Episcopalian in religion. He has served as Secretary of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission, as trustee of Cornell University, vice-president of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, commissioner of the Fire Island State Park and trustee for the Clarkson Home for Children. He has lectured on law at Cornell University. His recreations are horse-back riding, golf and arboriculture. He belongs to a number of clubs and spends his summers at "Quaker Ridge," Mamaroneck.

When a young lawyer leaves Texas, at the age of twenty-four to take a fall out of New York, with its strong skirmish line of established attorneys, he has to "make good" very soon or go back home! That's why I was early attracted to Martin W. Littleton, who came to New York in 1896, hired and furnished an office and before he had a single client returned to Dallas to get married. His idea evidently was to eliminate all possibility of failure by burning his bridges behind him. The story of Mr. Littleton's early life is simple enough. His father had lived in the mountains of East Tennessee, a small farmer. When the war broke out and the dissolution of the

Union was threatened, farmer Littleton and his five brothers utterly refused to discuss the nice points of secession; they declared that the Union had protected them and for the Union they stood. When the war was over, the federal soldier returned to his devastated farm in Roane County, Tennessee, hoping to wring a living from the scanty earth. In January, 1872, Martin was born. Nine years later the Littleton family trekked Westward to Texas and located upon a small farm. There were eight boys in the family by this



MARTIN W. LITTLETON

time and they were promptly sent into the cotton field. Some of them developed great expertness as horsemen. Most of Martin's boyhood was spent on the Texas prairies. He attended school whenever time could be spared from his work or the weather was too bad for farm labor. The family returned to Tennessee, but Martin and one of his brothers decided to remain in Texas. He tried his hand at railroading, was made a track-walker and saved money enough to attend school for eight months, at the end of which time he got day employment as a road builder, giving his nights to the study of law. He was examined and admitted to the bar before he

was twenty years of age. He was almost immediately made Assistant Prosecuting Attorney. The following year he went to Dallas and soon attracted attention by volunteering as attorney for a friendless negro, but clients didn't come and he sat for weeks, staying off landlord and landlady with promises of hope. Thus matters stood until the Bryan campaign when Martin Littleton took a firm ground against silver and was made an elector-at-large on the Palmer-Buckner ticket. Here he showed his wonderful ability as a spell-binder. He spoke in nearly every part of the state, generally capturing his audience, although unfavorably received and often threatened with knives and missiles.

In New York Martin and his wife, Peggy, settled in a little flat on Washington Heights. He had brought some letters of introduction but nobody of importance would recognize them. He and his wife spent all their free evenings at the lectures in the public schools and the free libraries reading. Finally, when hope was about gone, Mr. Littleton presented a letter to George Foster Peabody, who secured for him a position as clerk in a Brooklyn law office. Ultimately, he was appointed an Assistant District Attorney of Kings County. He was elected President of the Borough of Brooklyn in 1903. To come to a big city without money, friends or influence is a brave and plucky thing to do; but New York is a generous, hearty place, and though already

crowded has room for a sincere and earnest worker. Mr. Littleton's fame as a lawyer has been largely responsible for his splendid rise. He was chosen by the Democracy of New York to nominate Alton B. Parker at the Democratic National Convention of 1904. At the expiration of his official term in Brooklyn, he moved to Manhattan and has resided on this island ever since. The most picturesque incident in his career was his election to Congress in the First District in 1910. The district was strongly Republican and was especially noted as the home of Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Littleton made more than a hundred speeches, no community being too small for him to visit. He spent days and nights in an automobile, always accompanied by his wife, who became a thorough campaigner. There is no stopping a man like this! His election was a personal triumph, but only an incident to what the future holds for such a man.

Charles Carrollton Clark, born at Ozark, Mo., in 1874, reached New York by way of Texas. His parents emigrated from southwestern Missouri to the broad plains of Texas, where they took up ranch life. Young Clark lived the open-air existence of a cowboy and rancher on the Staked Plains from 1887 to '90. He then began the study of law, was graduated LL.B. at the University of Texas and began practice at Dallas, with his brother, Ross L. Clark. That partnership existed until 1898,



CHARLES C. CLARK



HENRY S. HOOKER



IRA J. DUTTON

when Mr. Clark removed to New York city and assisted Martin W. Littleton as trial counsel for the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. He subsequently had much corporation practice, among his clients being the Edison Electrical Illuminating Co., of Brooklyn, the Estates of Long Beach and other realty companies. He was alumni orator for the University of Texas in 1907.

Henry Stewart Hooker was born in San Francisco in 1880. He was sent East to the Groton school, a well-known boys' school, modeled upon the best English lines. Thence he went to Yale, where he was graduated in the class of 1902. A course at the New York Law School followed, where he took a degree in 1904. Meanwhile, coming to New York, he entered the law office of De Lancey Nicoll and familiarized himself with routine work of his profession. Mr. Hooker adopted the legal profession because his ancestors had been lawyers and prominent in the affairs of the republic. His great-grandfather was Governor Foote, of Mississippi, a descendant of Lawrence Washington, half brother of George Washington, who was also an United States Senator. His grandfather was Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada. Mr. Hooker became a member of the law firm of Crocker & Wicks in 1907 and is now a member of the firm of Marvin, Hooker & Roosevelt. He is a Republican and a member of the Union, Yale and Tuxedo clubs.

Among the lawyers of this city who have given special attention to realty practice, as well as corporation law, is Ira Jay Dutton, born at Sherman, N. Y., in 1859; educated at the Sherman High School, four years at Oberlin, and law courses at Columbia University and the New York Law School. He began to practice in April, 1901. Love of the profession of law inspired him and he soon acquired an excellent clientage. In February, 1907, he was injured in a railroad wreck at Brewster and was incapacitated for professional work for 2½ years. Since then he has reestablished his practice. Mr. Dutton has always felt interested in country life, particularly in abandoned farms of New England.

He owns 1,200 acres of these typical farms in Vermont with the intention of extending his acreage and reclaiming the wornout soil by scientific farming. In this task he has already had fair success. He is a director in Westbury Park, L. I., in the Wemlinger Steel Piling Company, and is a firm believer in the development of our national resources. His forebears were of Revolutionary stock.

Another contribution of North Carolina to the New York Bar is Williamson W. Fuller, born at Fayetteville, August, 1858; graduated at the University of Virginia, 1878, and educated in law at Greensboro, where he was admitted to the bar in 1880. At present he is general counsel for the American Tobacco Company and many other large corporations—a position he has won by sturdy work in his profession since his arrival in New York. I would like to refer to some of his early successes, but Mr. Fuller is averse. He is a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, the North Carolina Society and Southern Society of New York and the Aldine Association. His clubs are the Metropolitan, Democratic, Pilgrims and Ardsley.

Maine's contribution to the legal fraternity of this city is creditably represented by Jordan Jackson Rollins, born at Portland, December, 1869. After a course at Dartmouth College, closing in 1892, he was graduated at the Harvard Law School. He came to New York and studied with Daniel G. Rollins, securing an admission to the bar in 1894. He then formed a partnership with his preceptor and has since acted as counsel for many financial and commercial corporations. Mr. Rollins is a director in the Acker, Merrill & Condit Co., Casualty Company of America, New York City Railway Co., Windsor Trust Co., and McDonald Electrolytic Co. He is secretary of the New York Law Institute and member of the Bar Association. He belongs to many clubs, among them the American, Seawanhaka and Corinthian Yacht clubs; University, Harvard, Manhattan, Racquet and Tennis, New York Athletic, Union League, Metropolitan, Psi Upsilon, Dartmouth and Rockaway Hunt clubs.



GEORGE L. STERLING



ARCHIBALD R. WATSON



TERENCE FARLEY

The law department of the City of New York has contained a great many historic men. The Corporation Counsel appointed by Mayor Gaynor, Archibald Robinson Watson, is a young man to have attained such distinction. He hailed originally from the South, having been born at Holly Springs, Miss., in 1872. After a private preparation, he entered the University of Virginia where he received the degree of Bachelor of Letters in 1894. He came of a race of lawyers, several of his ancestors and immediate relatives giving their lives to that profession. Reaching New York at the age of twenty-seven, he organized the "Bench and Bar" Company and undertook the management of that successful legal magazine. Mr. Watson continued to edit this publication until he assumed public office under Mayor Gaynor. He came to New York with engagements for legal writing, which were carried on in the excellent law libraries of this city. This literary work yielded moderate support and bridged over the storm and stress period of a young lawyer's life. His first real opportunity came in the offer of a place in the offices of Nicoll, Anable & Lindsay, and was later admitted into full partnership in the firm which continued until his appointment as Corporation Counsel. Mr. Watson's ambition was expressed to the writer in the following language: "I considered New York the greatest city in the world and came, hoping to succeed where success would mean most."

A lawyer who has rendered highly efficient service to his associates at the bar by the capable manner in which he has served as an assistant in the Corporation Counsel's office, through many administrations since 1885, is George L. Sterling. He came to New York from Connecticut, where he was born December, 1855. His early education was at the two private schools of Strong and of Day at Bridgeport; he then entered Yale and was graduated in 1876. A two years' post-graduate course followed, and a law degree in 1880. He was promptly admitted to the bar and came to New York a year later, where he has practiced his profession ever since. As before mentioned, he became an assistant in the Corporation Counsel's office in 1885 and recently has introduced a new system of filing papers in the Hall of Records which has been of utmost use to lawyers who frequent that important institution. Mr. Sterling is a member of the Bar Association of New York and of the New England Society. He belongs to the University, Manhattan and Yale clubs.

The City Corporation Counsel's office is a splendid training school for young lawyers. Terence Farley entered there as a clerk when a very young man and while pursuing his legal studies at Columbia. He was born in this city, November, 1870, educated at the public schools and graduated from the University of the City of New York. After admission to the bar, he was appointed to a place

in the Corporation Counsel's office, having special charge of the appeal division, and in that post took part in, or handled entirely, many important cases. During the last twenty years, Mr. Farley has served under seven different Corporation Counsellors, which is presumptive evidence that he gave entire satisfaction and did not mix politics with his official duties. He is Chairman of the Registration Committee of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, a director of the Catholic and the Osceola clubs and a trustee of the Amateur Athletic Association.

Dudley Field Malone, now Assistant Corporation Counsel, was born in New York city, 1881, took an A.B. degree at St. Francis Xavier College and an LL.B. at Fordham, — serving as valedictorian of his class. He entered the law office of Judge T. C. O'Sullivan in 1905, and was then associated for four years with the firm of Battle & Marshall. After that time, he practiced independently until appointed to his present place in the Corporation Counsel's office. Mr. Malone has had varied experience in criminal law, especially murder trials. He made a specialty of municipal law; has represented the Catholic Hierarchy and also the Confederation of Churches of Greater New York and the Inter-Denominational bodies of Greater New York before the Legislature. He was an active campaigner during the last gubernatorial and

mayorality contests, probably making more speeches than any other man. He is a member of the Dwight Club, the Delta Chi legal fraternity, the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and of the Seventh Regiment.

The long service and frequent promotions of Curtis A. Peters is a fitting testimonial to his value as an attaché of the office of the Corporation Counsel.

Mr. Peters was born at Port Richmond, Staten Island, attended the College of the City of New York, and graduated from the New York Law School. After service as a clerk in the office of Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter, 30 Broad Street, shortly after graduation, he was appointed, in 1902, as a Junior Assistant Corporation Counsel in tax cases, by Corporation Counsel George L. Rives. He was made full Assistant Corporation Counsel by Judge John J. Delaney, during his term as Counsel, and during subsequent administrations of the office until he was finally appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel in charge of the division of taxes and assessments. As such he has charge of all tax litigation of the City of New York, including all special franchise tax litigation instituted by all the public utility corporations of the city.

An energetic assistant on the staff of Corporation Counsel Watson is William P. Burr, born in Dublin in 1856 and brought to this country by his parents when seven years of age. He was educated at De La Salle Acade-



DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

WILLIAM P. BURR

CURTIS A. PETERS

my, New York, St. James' College, Baltimore; and Columbia College Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1879, rapidly acquiring distinction as a trial lawyer.

Mr. Burr was named Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York in 1904, being placed in charge of the Division of Franchises, having supervision over all public utility corporations operating in the city. At this post he has tried and won many notable cases. Especially memorable is his contention for eighty-cent gas, in which litigation he bore the brunt of a popular fight to sustain the constitutionality of the law fixing the rate of 80 cents per 1,000 feet for illuminating gas. On the evidence he offered before the Special Master, Arthur H. Masten, the contentions of the city as to the law's constitutionality were finally sustained by a unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, the opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Peckham, January 9, 1909. This was one of the most important commercial cases ever decided by that great tribunal, because it affects every service corporation in this country! Six per cent. return on the present value of property actually devoted to the business of the Consolidated Gas Company was held to be reasonable and fair.

As a trial lawyer Hector M. Hitchings has won many important cases, a number of them being on appeals before the higher courts, and in this line of work he has attained great prominence.

Mr. Hitchings was born at Gravesend, Kings County, N. Y., December 12, 1855, the son of Benjamin G. and Catherine Newberry (Moon) Hitchings. He graduated from Exeter Academy in 1874 and from Amherst College in 1876, and then took up the study of law in the office of his father. He was admitted to the bar in 1879 and since that time has been very active in his profession, being now senior partner in the legal firm of Hitchings & Dow, with offices at No. 100 William Street. Mr. Hitchings is a Republican and has always taken an active interest in politics. He is an elder in Brick Presbyterian Church, a trustee of Christ Church and the Church of the Covenant and trustee and secretary of the McAuley Cremorne Mission. He is a member of the West Side Republican, River-

side, 21st Assembly District Republican, Englewood Golf, Shelter Island Golf and the Drug and Chemical clubs.

Always active in New York politics, Thomas F. Conway has been partially rewarded for his zeal and constancy to the Democratic party by elevation to the Lieutenant Governorship, but his friends assert that the party's obligation will not be fully discharged until he is chosen as Chief Executive of the State.

Mr. Conway is a successful lawyer who commenced life as a school teacher and who, while a "wizard of the birchen rod," studied law assiduously until he was competent to pass the examination and be admitted to the bar, in 1885. Always active in politics, Mr. Conway was nominated for Attorney-General in 1898 and at the Rochester Convention in 1910 was candidate of the northern section for Governor, being unanimously given second place on the ticket when Dix was nominated. He adheres strictly to the policies embodied in the platform and is active in carrying them out.

Mr. Conway is a member of the firm of Conway & Weed, and has a large practice in the city, state and Federal courts.

The old South state contributes the next lawyer that comes to mind, R. Floyd Clarke, born at Columbia, South Carolina, October, 1859, but removed with his parents to New York, directly after the Civil War. Here, he attended the public schools and was graduated at the College of the City of New York, 1880. He was among the last students who sat under the magic tongue of Dr. Dwight at Columbia Law School, where he took a degree, *cum laude*, winning in 1882 the first prize in municipal law. Next, I knew of him as managing clerk of Olcott & Nostre, admitted a member of the firm in 1883. In 1885, he organized the partnership of Clarke & Culvert, which continued until 1903, since which time Mr. Clarke has practiced on his own account. He has been counsel at various times for large interests and corporations, memorably the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company, which had charters from the two states to throw a span over the Hudson River, and later for the North River



HECTOR M. HITCHINGS



THOMAS F. CONWAY



R. FLOYD CLARKE

Bridge Co., which possesses a similar grant from the Congress of the United States. Mr. Clarke was also the legal advisor of the George A. Fuller Co. when it first entered New York, and of the Lake Superior Corporation. He tried against ex-Surrogate Rastus S. Ransom, the famous Kemp will case. In international litigation, Mr. Clarke represented the claim of the United States & Venezuela Co.,—meaning the Critchfield asphalt concession,—against the South American republic, which finally went to The Hague Tribunal and was settled for \$475,000. He has handled the claims of private individuals in arbitration cases between Mexico and the United States, regarding the boundary dispute over the El Chamzal Tract of lands at El Paso, Texas; he acted as private counsel for Porter Charlton in habeas corpus and before the United States Supreme Court to prevent his deportation to Italy under conditions arising from Italy's breach of the extradition treaty with the United States.

Mr. Clarke is author of "The Science of Law and Lawmaking" and of numerous magazine articles on legal questions. He is a member of the Bar Associations of the State, City and County and of the American Bar Association and American Society of International Law and of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities, Colonial Order of the Acorn and the New York Southern Society. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman and owns the fast sloop "Atala."

His clubs are the University, New York, Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht clubs and the Manhattan Chess Club.

The "Old North State" has contributed a lawyer of unusual success to the bar of the metropolis. I refer to George Gordon Battle, born on Coolspring Plantation, Edgecomb county, N. C., near the close of 1868. He was sent to the Hanover Academy, at Richmond, Va.; then attended the University of North Carolina; took a degree of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, and completed his studies at Columbia Law School in this city. After leaving Charlottesville, in 1889, Mr. Battle read law for six months with his brother, Judge Jacob Battle, at Rocky Mount, prior to entering at Columbia. In 1892, he was appointed a Deputy Assistant District Attorney by De Lancey Nicoll, and ultimately became an Assistant District Attorney, serving until March, 1897. Retiring from office, he formed a partnership with Bartow S. Weeks, and soon after the firm became Weeks, Battle & Marshall, by the introduction of H. Snowden Marshall. Mr. Weeks later withdrew from the firm and it then became Battle & Marshall. When he was Assistant District Attorney, Mr. Battle had charge of the Grand Jury of the County of New York for three years, presenting cases and trying indictments during that period. No indictment drawn by him ever had a demurrer against it sustained, due to technical defect.



GEORGE GORDON BATTLE



MAX D. STEUER

He rigidly adhered to a determination not to be associated with any corporation in any capacity except that of counsellor. Mr. Battle belongs to the Metropolitan, Calumet, Manhattan, St. Nicholas, Seneca and West Side Democratic clubs. He is a member of the Bar Associations of this city, state and nation, the Southern Society, North Carolina Society, The Virginians, and various benevolent associations. He is a Democrat, and received the nomination for District Attorney in 1909, but was defeated by Mr. Whitman.

Austria has given to New York a capable lawyer in the person of Max D. Steuer, born in the empire in 1871 and brought to this country by his parents when a youth. He was educated in the public schools and sold newspapers morning and night. His hunger for knowledge and desire to fit himself for a legal career induced him to enter the College of the City of New York in spite of the necessity of making his own way and assisting his parents. He gave private instructions in Civil Service in the Regents' examinations and during college vacations he worked in woolen

houses. During his sophomore year, the financial condition of his family became such that he was forced to discontinue his studies and to accept a clerkship in the foreign mails department of the general post-office. He continued his studies privately, until October, 1890, when he resigned his clerkship, much to the regret of Postmaster Van Cott, to enter Columbia Law School. At the end of a three years' course he was given his degree of LL.B., and won a money prize of \$150. He was admitted to the bar in 1892, but continued in the law school for an additional year. He had specialized in mercantile law and his success was almost immediate. He tells me he has tried over 2600 jury cases, of which he has won 95 per cent. A remarkable circumstance is that in more than fifty per cent, of all cases Mr. Steuer has acted as counsel for the defendant. He is at present counsel for over two hundred law firms in New York City. His recent defense of Senator Gardiner and of Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, were much applauded. His remarkable success in defense has occasioned much comment at the bar.

Mr. Steuer is a member of the Progress,

Democratic and Tamorora clubs and is connected with the Hebrew Sheltering Guardian Society, the United Hebrew Charities, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, Educational Alliance, Philanthropic Hospital, Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, Young Men's Hebrew Association, Mount Sinai Hospital, Montefiore Home, Girls' Technical School, Sunshine Society for Blind Children and other charitable institutions.

A lawyer of this city who makes a specialty of commercial, ecclesiastical, probate and real estate law is Edward Sears Clinch, a man who never has lived outside of New York, is a graduate of its City College, where he took

former Governor John William Griggs came from that state and established a law office here. He was born in Newton, N. J., in 1849, and educated at Lafayette College. He began practice at Paterson, N. J., but, entering politics, soon went to the New Jersey Assembly, then became a State Senator, acting as president of that body in 1886. He was elected Governor as a Republican in 1895, resigning two years later to enter the Cabinet of President McKinley as Attorney General, where he served until 1901. He is a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration of The Hague. At the close of his official career at Washington, Mr. Griggs



EDWARD S. CLINCH



JOHN W. GRIGGS



CHARLES P. DORRANCE

his degree in 1865, and of Columbia Law School two years later. Mr. Clinch was born in this city in 1846. He began practice upon reaching his majority and was actively engaged in his profession until 1906, when he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court for the First District of New York. In politics, he has ever been a consistent Republican and in 1904 was a Presidential Elector on the Roosevelt ticket. He is a member of the National Geographic Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the National Audubon Society, Municipal Art Society, New York Historical Society, American Museum of Natural History, the Bar Associations of the city, state and nation, and the American Society of International Law.

The legal profession of the metropolis gained a distinguished recruit from New Jersey when

opened an office in this city. He is President and Director of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America, a director of the Corporation Trust Co. of N. J., New York Telephone Co., and American Locomotive Co.

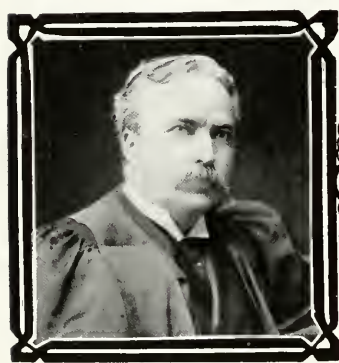
A successful specialist in real estate law is Charles P. Dorrance, who hails from Pennsylvania, having been born at Carbondale in 1852. After an academic course, he went to Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., where he took the degree of A.B. in 1873. He studied law at Freehold, and was admitted to the Supreme Court of New Jersey as an attorney in 1876, and as a counsellor in 1879. After practicing at Long Branch, he moved to New York City in 1881. He came to this city at a time that marked a wonderful move-

ment in real estate values and soon developed a large practice. He is one of the best informed authorities on the law applicable to titles to real estate in the city. Mr. Dorrance takes an active interest in politics, although he has never been a candidate for public office; he is an ardent Republican and was for a number of years a member of the West Side Republican Club. His interest in religious matters is also strong, he being a member of the (Dutch) Reformed Church. In college, he was a sincere fraternity man and belonged to the Chi Phi. In 1909 he was the President of the New York Association of that fraternity.

He was reelected in 1909, his present term expiring December 31, 1923.

Justice Laughlin is a member of the Manhattan, Catholic and Republican clubs. He resides in Buffalo, N. Y.

A comparatively young member of the Supreme bench of this state is Charles L. Guy, born in New York City, 1856, of French-Canadian Catholic parentage on his father's side and of Connecticut Presbyterian stock on his mother's. He was educated at the College of the City of New York but left before graduation, to become a clerk in a shipping firm. After various similar employments, he learned



FRANK C. LAUGHLIN



CHARLES L. GUY



VICTOR J. DOWLING

There are few jurists in New York State who enjoy a higher reputation than Justice Frank C. Laughlin, of the Supreme Court. Justice Laughlin was born in Newstead, N. Y., July 20, 1859, and was educated at the Union School, Lockport, N. Y. He was admitted to the bar in 1882 and at the commencement of his legal career took a deep interest in Buffalo's municipal affairs, being Assistant City Attorney and City Attorney from 1886 to 1891. He was made Corporation Counsel in 1893 and was elevated to a justiceship of the Supreme Court in 1895, sitting in the Eighth District. He was assigned to the Appellate Division in Rochester in 1901, and to the Appellate Division in New York City in 1902, and has twice been reassigned thereto.

stenography and became an official court reporter. He then entered Columbia Law School and was admitted to the Bar in 1881. Justice Guy tells me he went into law in "pursuit of the line of least resistance." He was for many years a member of the firm of Lexow, MacKellar, Guy & Wells; he was a law assistant to the Surrogate for two years, was a State Senator, 1894-'98, when he introduced and passed the School Teachers' Pension Bill. He was School Commissioner for two years; Assistant Corporation Counsel, and on November 6, 1906, was elected Justice of the Supreme Court for First Department for the term expiring December 31, 1920. In politics Justice Guy has always shown independence, although inclined to be a democrat.



MICHAEL P. O'CONNOR



J. ARTHUR HILTON

Prior to the secession of South Carolina, a few resolute Southern men did all they could to stem the rising tide of revolt. They believed in the Union of the States, "one and inseparable," and were far-sighted enough to see that the Southern Confederacy, even if successful in securing independence, would not begin its career as a first-class power and could not long maintain its place among the independent nations of the world. Probably the most prominent of these men to oppose secession was the popular Southern orator of that day, Michael P. O'Connor, of Charlestown, S. C. He felt no special friendship for the North but argued strictly from the view-point of a practical man who foresaw the disruption of a great nation, the southern part of which ultimately would fall into the possession of England or France. Up to the hour of the final act of the South Carolina legislature, Mr. O'Connor sturdily continued his unpopular struggle as an anti-secessionist. He was a lover of liberty, his father had been an Irish patriot before him and he was himself a friend and co-worker with Patrick Ford in the cause

of Irish independence. When South Carolina took the irrevocable step, Mr. O'Connor stood by the act of its legislature and became a Confederate,—much as did Robert E. Lee of Virginia. He was the first member of Congress to represent South Carolina at the close of the Civil War. I never knew the sturdy old campaigner, but his son, Michael P. O'Connor, born in Columbia, 1865, has been practicing law in this city since 1890. He was educated at the schools of his native city and graduated at Charleston College. He was admitted to the bar in this city and since that time has been eminently successful as a trial lawyer. His practice has been particularly devoted to litigated cases and he has handled many prominent jury trials. He has achieved distinction in damage suits against railroads and other corporations. His practice extends over Manhattan and Long Island, having his offices on Broadway, Manhattan, and Jackson avenue, Long Island City. Mr. O'Connor served for ten years in the New York Seventh Regiment and was commissioned from there as a lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment.

One of the distinguished younger members of the metropolitan bar is J. Arthur Hilton, who was born in Cohoes, of this State, educated at Colgate University and received a professional training at the New York Law School. His capacity as a trial lawyer has won high praise from many of the older members of the bar. Especially distinctive are his methods in the conduct of cross-examinations. He has specialized in insurance law and is an authority on statutes affecting railroads. Mr. Hilton recently won a suit brought for breach of contract involving a quarter million dollars. In politics, he has acted in an advisory capacity with the Kings County Republican Committee, but never has been a candidate for office. He is an omnivorous reader; fond of sports, especially the hunting of big game in the Adirondacks, where he has a summer camp, or shooting ducks on the Chesapeake. He has an eight hundred acre farm in Dutchess County, where he has installed all the latest scientific helps to tilling the soil. He is "a practical farmer," because he has made farming financially successful. He is, also, a trustee of the Greenwich Baptist Church, a bank director and an active Mason.

No New Yorker known to me so harmoniously combines law and politics as Col. Abraham Gruber, who began his legal career as an office boy at thirteen with a firm of international fame and at the end of six years' service had familiarized himself with every working detail of the profession. He utilized the knowledge thus gained to spend his days serving a collection agency and his nights in the study of law. He had no sooner attained his majority than he applied for admission to the bar and successfully gained the coveted prize, although he had never entered a college or school of law. He soon developed an active interest in politics and affiliated himself with the Republican party. I am uncertain as to the exact date in which he acquired control in his Assembly District but it was somewhere in the eighties. As his practice grew, "Abe," as he prefers to be called, developed capacity as an after-dinner speaker and as such was much in demand. He tells me he never suffered from stage fright or had cause to lament the loss of a word. He is a fluent

linguist and no word in German or English dare say to him, "Nay!" Abraham Gruber is a product of the city, having been born, raised and developed here; he cannot be described as a tribute to the West to the East! He is thoroughly metropolitan, having first seen the light here in 1861 and obtained his education at the public schools, reinforced by constant private study.



CHARLES S. GUGGENHEIMER

A highly popular and philanthropic man who was engaged in politics in this city because he believed he could be of service to his fellow citizens was the late Randolph Guggenheimer, first president of the Municipal Council under the consolidation charter. His benevolence in behalf of the New York newsboys has been continued by his widow. Charles S. Guggenheimer, a son of this worthy citizen, followed his father in the law. He was born in this city in September, 1877, was educated at the public schools, the Halsey School, Johns Hopkins University and completed his law course at the New York Law School in 1899. He also took a special course in History and Political Economy. Meanwhile, he had entered the law office of his father as a student in 1897.



DANIEL F. COHALAN



PETER A. HENDRICK



JAMES A. O'GORMAN

Since his election to the United States Senate, to succeed Dr. Depew, James A. O'Gorman has become a national figure. His choice for that high office was made after a contest lasting 74 days, in which William F. Sheehan and the late Edward M. Shepard were principal figures. Although Justice O'Gorman had been a presiding officer of the Supreme Court since 1900, he had never prominently challenged public attention apart from his judicial work. He was born in this city, May, 1860; educated at the public grammar schools and College of the City of New York. He took his law course in New York University; later, he received LL.D. from Villanova, Fordham and New York University. He was admitted to the bar in 1882 and practiced eleven years until he became a Justice of a district court in 1893. He is the first of the name ever to be elected to the United States Senate or House of Representatives.

Senator O'Gorman's public service has been marked by ability, courage and industry.

One of the most capable justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York is Peter Aloysius Hendrick, who was elected to that high office in 1907 and will serve until 1920. He was born at Penn Yan in 1856 and after preparatory courses at private schools and at Penn Yan Academy, took a degree at Fordham University in 1878. His *alma mater* has since conferred upon him the

honorary degree of LL.D. The special branches in which he excelled in college were philosophy, metaphysics and Latin. He always maintained an active interest in athletics; was captain of his university baseball team for three years. He began law practice at Auburn, N. Y., and was corporation counsel of that city, 1883-'85. Mr. Hendrick is the youngest member of a family of 16 children; a brother of the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Cebu, P. I.; of Monsignor Joseph W. Hendrick, Domestic Prelate to Pope Pius X., and of Col. M. J. Hendrick, U. S. Consul at Moncton, N. B. His is one of the oldest and best known Catholic families in the state of New York.

The Supreme Bench of this state possesses an active Justice in the person of Daniel F. Cohalan, born at Middletown, Orange County, in 1868. After preparatory studies at the public schools and at Walkill Academy, he entered Manhattan College, from which he was graduated in the classical course. Since coming to New York, he has been a trustee of his *alma mater* for 14 years. Entering the law office of the late Judge John G. Wilkin, he secured admission to the bar and began practice in this city. He took an active part in Democratic politics; was engaged in many notable legal cases and secured a large practice. He was a delegate to the Democratic National Conventions of 1904 and 1908. He has been a delegate to all New York State

Democratic Conventions since 1902. For several years, he was chairman of the law committee of Tammany Hall; from 1896 to the time of his appointment to the Supreme Bench to fill a vacancy, he was a member of the Democratic State Committee. Mr. Cohalan belongs to the State, County and City Bar Associations. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court, November 7, 1911.

Sidney Harris is as prominent and popular in society as in clubdom. In politics he has figured for the last twenty years. At the bar and in public office in his quiet and effective way he has won the respect of the judiciary, of his professional brethren and of the public. Born in New York City in 1866, the son of Sidney Smith Harris and Miriam Coles Harris, received his preliminary education at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. Later, at Columbia University, in addition to pursuing his studies with average zeal, he distinguished himself in athletic competitions. He rowed on the freshman eight-oared crew that defeated the Harvard freshmen at New London in 1884, in the best time on record for two miles. He rowed number six on the Varsity crews of Columbia, 1886 and 1887, at New London in contests with Harvard. Columbia was victorious in 1886, and in the same year decisively won against the University of Pennsylvania crew.

Mr. Harris received the degree of B.A. from Columbia University and in 1889 he was graduated also from the Law School of the University with the degree of LL.B.

In March, 1890, Governor Hill appointed General Daniel E. Sickles Sheriff of New York County, to reform notorious abuses in the administration of that office. In the selection of his deputies, General Sickles, himself a lawyer of great ability, evinced marked preference for young men of that profession. He did not deem political experience a necessary qualification for his associates, but he did want men whose legal education would enable them to measure responsibility and to discern the ethical elements of public questions. Mr. Harris was appointed to one of the most important deputyships and served until January 1, 1891. For a year he practiced law with his father, Sidney Smith Harris, who died in 1892.

Sidney Harris has been eminently success-

ful in general civil practice. He has frequently served as referee in important cases and as Commissioner in matters affecting the public streets, parks and water supply. In 1909, he was appointed by Justice Howard, of the Supreme Court, Chairman of the Highway Ashokan Reservoir Commission. This board is a quasi-judicial body, charged with the duty of adjusting and adjudicating claims arising from changes in the public highways of Ulster County, incident to the construction and sanitation of the Ashokan watershed. For many knotted questions decided, there were no precedents in the law reports and the decisions rendered by the Commission have been affirmed by the Appellate Courts. Mr. Harris is still serving as Chairman.

On April 10, 1911, Mayor Gaynor appointed Mr. Harris to the Municipal Exploives Commission, of which the Fire Commissioner is Chairman ex-officio.

The ancestors of Sidney Harris were British. The American branch of the Harris family tree was planted by ancestors who came over from the British Isles between 1625 and 1640.

Miriam Coles Harris, mother of Sidney Harris, is a gifted novelist, who has published a score of books, of which her maiden effort was "Rutledge." Social life and conditions in America furnished the theme for this book, which appeared in 1860. "Rutledge" was the most popular novel which up to that time had been published in this country. The author had written several chapters before she realized that she had not given a name to the heroine. Then it occurred to her that if she could finish the book without supplying a name, the idea would be unique. This she succeeded in doing admirably and so the heroine is still nameless. "Rutledge" had a large sale abroad as well as in the United States. The latest work of Mrs. Harris, "The Tents of Wickedness" appeared in 1907.

The father of Sidney Harris was Sidney Smith Harris, a talented and successful lawyer.

Sidney Harris is a member of the Union, the Brook and St. Anthony clubs, the Columbian Order and the Bar Association of the City of New York. He is also a member of Tammany Hall and has been since 1891 a member of the General Committee of that organization.



WILLIAM H. PAGE

SIDNEY HARRIS

HENRY NEVILLE TIFT

The famous "Seaboard" litigation will live in the minds of the legal fraternity for a long time. William H. Page, a New York lawyer, who conducted this case in association with other attorneys, has also been counsel in many street railway cases of importance. The firm of Page, Crawford & Tuska, which has been concerned professionally in much Cuban litigation, maintains a branch office in Havana. Born at Paris, France, in 1861, William Page was educated at the Boston Latin School and later was graduated from Harvard University with the degree of A.B. He studied at the Columbia Law School, receiving the degree of LL.B. He has a charming country place at Far Hills, N. J., and a town residence. He is a member of several leading clubs, including the Harvard, New York Athletic, Automobile of America and Somerset Hills' Country.

Securing his first practical experience in the law, after admission to the bar, as an Assistant District Attorney under Elihu Root, Henry Neville Tift continued in that office under Ex-Governor Dorsheimer and Stephen H. Walker. It was a splendid training. Mr. Tift was born at Geneva, in this state, in 1854, but early came to New York City, where his parents had resided for many years. He attended the public schools, took a degree of B.S. at the College of the City of New York in '73, and M.S. in 1876, and ended with a course at Columbia Law School. After teaching for four years in the public schools of this city, he began an active career in law as indicated

above. Having a special interest in educational matters he served as a school inspector in his district, and as chairman of the 14th district under Mayors Strong, Van Wyck and Low. His activity led to his appointment on the Board of Education in 1903, where he remained several years, having been elected to the Presidency in 1904 and reelected in 1905. His interest in the Y. M. C. A. has been continuous and the progress of the West Side Branch is largely due to him. In 1886, Mr. Tift began practice with ex-Judge Granville P. Hawes, until the latter's death, since which time he has been in the profession alone. Mr. Tift inherited a liking for the law from his father, who had many friends in the profession. He is a director of the Chepultepec Land Improvement Company of the City of Mexico. In college, he won Phi Beta Kappa and was a D. K. E. man.

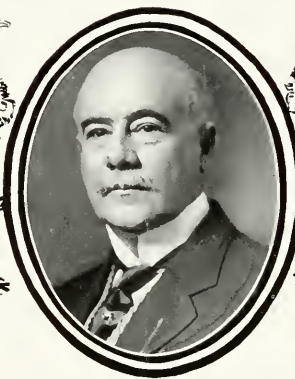
In recent years no Assistant District Attorney of New York County has been a more prominent figure at the criminal bar than James W. Osborne, member of an old North Carolina family, and who was born at Charlotte, forty-odd years ago. After completing his education and his law studies, he came to New York to practice. His special fondness was for criminal law and having distinguished himself by several notable defences of men charged with crime, District Attorney Jerome chose him as one of his assistants, after the spirited election of ten years ago. Mr. Osborne's conduct of the prosecution against

Albert T. Patrick, charged with procuring the murder of millionaire Rice, is one of the memorable features of New York legal history. The trial was of great length and conviction was obtained wholly on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of Rice's valet, Jones, who swore than Patrick had induced him to chloroform the aged man. Mr. Osborne's address to the jury at the conclusion of the case was one of the most exhaustive legal arguments ever heard in a New York court—I was present and listened to it. Unlike old-school lawyers, such as Graham or Brady, the speaker did not rely upon flights of oratory, but hammered theory, deduction and logical conclusion into the men in the box for several hours. Patrick was sentenced to death but was afterwards commuted to life imprisonment.

of New York was defendant and recoveries against the Municipality were less than one-half of one per cent. of the amounts claimed by litigants. In 1890, he was appointed First Assistant District Attorney and for four years conducted the prosecution of all the principal criminal trials in New York county. Especially memorable are his convictions of Dr. Carlisle W. Harris, Dr. Robert Buchanan, Frank Ellison, Fanshawe, Stroud, Stephanie, Gardner and other notorious criminals. He has been general counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway Company since 1894, and has personally defended many important litigations against that corporation. Mr. Wellman is a member of the University, Manhattan and New York Yacht clubs.



JAMES W. OSBORNE



FRANCIS L. WELLMAN



PATRICK E. CALLAHAN

One of the most successful lawyers of the present generation in this city is Francis L. Wellman, who was graduated from Harvard University in 1876 and Harvard Law School two years later. On his admission to the Massachusetts bar, he was appointed instructor at the Boston Law School and soon after a lecturer in the Harvard Law School. He came to New York in 1883 with the prestige of a Boston partnership with former U. S. Senator Bainbridge Wadleigh and was soon appointed an assistant in the office of the Corporation Counsel. During seven years in that office, he had charge in all jury trials in which the City

The Borough of Brooklyn is as remarkable for its lawyers as for its ministers of the Gospel. Easily in the front rank is Patrick Eugene Callahan, who was born among the people he has since so efficiently served in 1861, exactly one month after Fort Sumter had been fired upon. This shuts out a war record. He attended public school, St. Patrick's Academy, St. John's College, Brooklyn, and then took a law course at Columbia College, under the late Theodore W. Dwight. He was graduated and admitted to the bar in 1883. He began the practice of his profession at once. He was appointed an Assistant District Attorney



WILLIAM J. FANNING

FRANK MOSS

EDWARD M. GROUT

in 1891 and served with distinction five years. When the Building Department of his native city was confronted with unexpected difficulties under new tenement-house statutes, Mr. Callahan was promptly chosen as counsel for that Department and proved himself of much worth in reconciling builders to the complicated regulations. This success literally commanded for him a place in the Corporation Counsel's office of Greater New York, where he was engaged in trial work for six years. He was twice nominated as a Democrat for a Supreme Court Justiceship in 1910, 1911, but owing to the combination of political parties was defeated. He belongs to the Montauk Club and is a Knight of Columbus.

Another lawyer who has taken an important part in educational matters in this city is William Joseph Fanning, born at Crescent, Saratoga County, this state, in 1850; educated at the Halfmoon Institute, where he took a classical course, and then entered the law department of the University of the City of New York, where he obtained a degree of LL.B. He has been in active practice since 1880. As attorney for the Hotel Association, for twenty years, he has distinguished himself by disentangling the intricacies of all statutes affecting innkeepers. He was appointed City Magistrate by Mayor Strong but declined the office. He is a Director, Secretary and Treasurer of the Sinclair Realty Company, Secretary and Treasurer of the Great Northern Hotel Co.,

and interested in several other corporations. He is a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His interest in educational facilities for the children of his ward, the Eighteenth, induced him to serve as School Trustee for some time. Mr. Fanning belongs to the Manhattan, National Democratic and Catholic Clubs. He has always been a Democrat, but with the exception of the school trusteeship, has never sought or accepted public office.

One evening in 1887, at a dinner party at General Stewart L. Woodford's on President street, Brooklyn, I met Edward M. Grout, a young lawyer who had studied in General Woodford's office and had been admitted to the bar two years before. Mr. Grout was born in this city in 1861 and graduated at Colgate University in 1884. The same institution conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1903. An evidence of his capacity as a politician is seen in the fact that ten years after his admission to the bar, he was Democratic candidate for Mayor of Brooklyn. After the consolidation, he was elected the first President of that Borough, 1897; his choice as Comptroller of the City of New York, on a Fusion ticket, followed in 1901 and, two years later, Tammany again elected him. He acted as Judge Advocate and Major of the 2nd Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., for ten years. He is a trustee of Colgate University, a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and numerous city clubs. He is a successful metropolitan lawyer.

Ever since the Lexow State Senate Special Committee exposed the "graft" in the Police Department of New York, the name of Frank Moss, as assistant counsel of the committee, has been a household word. Mr. Moss was born at Cold Spring, N. Y., 1860; came to the metropolis when 6 years old, and was educated at the College of the City of New York, although he did not graduate. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1881. His work in the Lexow Investigation, associated with Mr. Goff, is very memorable. He was appointed President of the Police Board in 1897 and two years later was named as chief counsel for the Mazet Committee, another Legislative investigation of political corruption. Mr. Moss is president and chief counsel for the Society for the Prevention of Crime; Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the New York Medical College and also in the Hospital for Women. He has served as Commissioner of Health; in 1910, he was First Assistant District Attorney.

John Randolph Dos Passos was born in the city of Philadelphia in 1844, educated in the public schools and studied law under William S. Price in connection with lectures at the University of Pennsylvania under Sharswood.

During the campaign in which Stonewall Jackson made his raid into that state, he served in the Pennsylvania Militia during the invasion of that commonwealth, and when the regiment was mustered out of service he began the study of his profession in Philadelphia, in which state he was admitted to practice in 1866. In 1867 he came to New York and soon became famous as a criminal lawyer. He appeared in two of the trials of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, and made one of the final arguments before the Court of Appeals, where a new trial was procured for the convicted man, then under sentence of death. Thereafter, Mr. Dos Passos turned his attention to corporation and financial law and became very prominent as an organizer of great corporations, among which may be mentioned the American Thread Company and the American Sugar Company. The fee he received for organizing the latter was the largest on record at that time.

A proud achievement of Mr. Dos Passos was the alteration of the rules of the Court in regard to the admission of students to the bar. As Chairman of the Committee of Admission of the New York County Lawyers' Association, he succeeded after three years of labor in obtaining from the Court of Appeals an amendment of its rules relating to the admission of Attorneys, so that from July 1, 1911, the term of apprenticeship was extended from three to four years and other amendments were provided for making it quite impossible for those defectively equipped to become members of the bar.

The South has furnished a capable United States District Attorney for this district who has risen to distinction as a lecturer on Law and Practice and Bankruptcy at Yale University. I refer to Macgrane Cox, born at Huntsville, Ala., in 1859, and graduated at Yale in his twentieth year, followed by a course at the Columbia Law School. He has been in practice at New York since 1881; served as Assistant United States District Attorney 1885-'89; was appointed Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court for the southern district of New York; United States Minister to Guatemala and Honduras 1897 and United States Referee in Bankruptcy, in which office he has served since 1899. He was a member of the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy, Annapolis, 1908. In politics, Mr. Cox is a Democrat and was a staunch supporter of the late Grover Cleveland. He is a member of several city and country clubs. His fondness for country life has induced him to spend much of the year at his farm, Southfields, Orange, N. Y.

Gratz Nathan, a successful counsellor, has been in active practice in this city since his admission to the bar in 1864. He was born in New York in 1843 and was graduated from Columbia College in 1861, receiving the "Alumni Prize" at graduation. He studied law at the office of Foster & Thomson in this city. From 1867 to 1872 he was Assistant Corporation Attorney, and rendered highly creditable service. His practice has been a general one and he has been engaged in many important referee cases. He has always been a Democrat, but never an active participant in



MACGRANE COXÉ



JOHN R. DOS PASSOS



GRATZ NATHAN

partisan work. Mr. Nathan is a member of the New York Law Institute, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Columbia College Alumni Association and the St. Nicholas Society. He is a vestryman of the Congregation Shearith Israel, a director of the Hebrew Relief Society and a member of the National Democratic Club of the City of New York.

A man who has distinguished himself in straight law and in clean politics is William Sulzer, representing for years the Tenth District, New York, in the United States House of Representatives. Mr. Sulzer was born in Elizabeth, N. J., of German and Scotch-Irish parentage. His father was a farmer near Elizabeth and the boy was educated at the country schools near that town. He then attended lectures at the Columbia Law School, and read law in the office of Parish & Pendleton in New York City. His parents were strict Presbyterians and intended their son for the ministry; but he preferred the law and was duly admitted to the bar on attaining his majority, in 1884. He soon became recognized as a sound lawyer, and an eloquent public speaker. He took an active part in the first Cleveland campaign, and has been prominent in every campaign since. His success in law has been equalled by that in politics. He was sent to the New York Assembly and reelected for five years. He

made a splendid record for usefulness to the State at Albany. No one ever questioned his honesty, his sincerity, or his capability. He served with distinction in the sessions of 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893 and 1894.

He was a leader there of his party, and the Speaker in 1893—one of the youngest on record.

From the first, the newspapers were his friends. In 1894, the old Tenth District of this city sent him to the Fifty-fourth Congress; he has been returned ever since by increasing majorities. He is popular with the people. His course in the House has been one of hard work and sturdy independence. He was a staunch friend of the suffering Cubans; his sympathies are world-wide; his ideas are broad; and his work national.

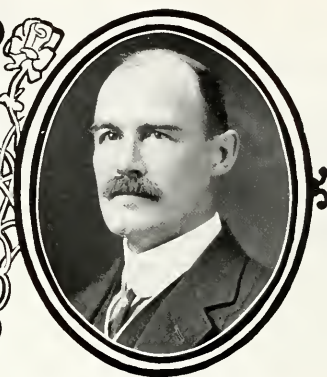
He introduced the bill declaring war against Spain; the joint resolution providing for a constitutional amendment under which United States Senators will be elected by direct votes of the people; he is the author of the law establishing the Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor; the bill increasing the pay of letter-carriers. He is the author of the resolution denouncing the Jewish outrages in Russia; of the Columbus Day bill; the law increasing the pensions of the soldiers and sailors of the Union; the law to raise the wreck of the "Maine"; of the copyright law; of the resolution for an income tax. He is the author of the bill to reestablish the Merchant Marine; for a general parcels



WILLIAM SULZER



HENRY M. GOLDFOGLE



BENJAMIN L. FAIRCHILD

post; for national aid in the construction of good roads; of the bill to create a Department of Labor with a Secretary having a seat in the Cabinet; of the bill to decrease the cost of living by placing the necessities of life on the free list; and of many other measures in the interest of the people of the country. His record at Albany and at Washington is a monument to his untiring zeal and indefatigable industry.

He has been a delegate to every Democratic National Convention since 1896. I stood beside him at the Chicago Convention of that year, when Whitney, as Chairman of the New York delegation, declined to support Bryan, and counselled the New York delegation to bolt. Mr. Sulzer refused to be led out of the convention hall and stood alone in his support of the nominee. Sulzer prevented the New York delegation from bolting, and kept the Democrats of New York regular. He explained to me at the time that there were so many good things in the platform and that Mr. Bryan was a man of so much honesty and energy and power for good that he decided to go along with him. This was an act of great courage, for the New Yorkers were bitterly hostile to Bryan.

Mr. Sulzer has served on several very important committees in the House of Representatives. Just so soon as his party gained control of the House his colleagues made him Chairman of the important and responsible

Committee on Foreign Affairs, and he is making good. He is widely read, is considered a fine international lawyer, with ability along diplomatic lines.

Mr. Sulzer last year was a candidate for the nomination for Governor on the Democratic ticket. Had he been selected he would have been elected by a landslide majority. I sincerely hope he will attain that high office, of which he is worthy. The people are with him. He is a true man; an ideal representative, and one of the best known and most lovable characters in our country.

Training in official life at Washington early in his career prepared Benjamin Lewis Fairchild for subsequently successful practice as a lawyer in this city. Mr. Fairchild was born at Sweden, Monroe Co., this state, 1863, but soon removed with his parents to the District of Columbia, where he attended the public schools. He completed a law course at Columbia University in 1883 and since 1885 has practiced his profession in this city. Prior to that time he had served as a draughtsman in the United States Patent Office at Washington and, later, as clerk in the U. S. Treasury Department. Since coming to New York, he has largely interested himself in real estate at Pelham Heights. In politics he is a Republican and represented the Sixteenth Congressional District for one term. His clubs are the Union League, Lawyers and New York Athletic.

A New York Congressman who qualified for the place by a long and creditable career on the bench of this city is Henry M. Goldfogle, born in the metropolis, May, 1856, and educated at the public schools. He was admitted to the bar in 1877 and practiced law for ten years, when he was elected justice of the 5th District Court of New York, re-elected 1893, became one of the judges of the Municipal Court of New York and retired from the bench, January, 1900, to resume practice of his profession. He went to Congress for the first time in the same year and has been re-elected ever since. Mr. Goldfogle has been a delegate to every State Democratic Convention during the past 27 years; was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1896. He has served as Grand President, District 1, Independent Order of B'nai Brith; he is vice-president of the Temple Rodeph Shalom; an enthusiastic Mason and member of many fraternal societies.

and graduated in 1903. After graduation he entered the offices of Wilmer & Canfield, and was admitted to the bar in 1905. The same year he became associated with Evarts, Choate & Sherman, and continued his connection with that firm until June 1, 1911, since which time he has practiced alone at No. 60 Wall Street, and has specialized to some extent in practice under the Chinese Exclusion Act. In speaking of his association with Mr. Joseph H. Choate, he said: "I consider my connection of five years with Mr. Choate the greatest experience of my life, because of the opportunity given me to know a man of such towering mentality, to observe the methods and characteristics of a master mind and to benefit by association with such a genius."

Mr. Walmsley is a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity, but has no club affiliations, domestic in his tastes and taking recreation from business cares in occasional automobile trips in nearby territory.



HARDIE B. WALMSLEY



BARTOW S. WEEKS



JOSEPH POTTS

While not necessary to a legal career, eminent jurists agree that a medical training is a valuable adjunct and this added knowledge is part of the equipment of Hardie B. Walmsley, one of the successful younger members of the New York Bar. He was born in New Orleans, La., June 11, 1877, and was educated at Tulane University, New Orleans, and then studied medicine for three years at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at New York. He afterwards entered Columbia Law School

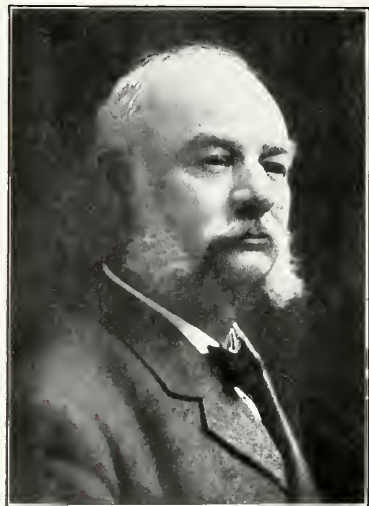
He comes of noted ancestry, being descended on the paternal side from William Carroll, a brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Robert Walmsley, who came from England with William Penn, on the ship "Welcome." On the maternal side he numbers Roger Williams among his forebears. His father, Robert M. Walmsley, is one of the leading citizens of New Orleans, being Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canal-Louisiana Bank and Trust Company, Chairman of the

Board of Liquidation of the City Debt of New Orleans, President of the New Orleans Clearing House, one of the Board of Administrators of Tulane University, director of the New Orleans Railway and Light Company, and ex-President of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

Intending originally to engage in mercantile pursuits, Bartow S. Weeks graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1879 and for two years was engaged in commercial life. His inclinations at this period were for a legal career and he entered the Columbia Law School, from which he graduated in 1883 and was admitted to practice the same year. He was First Assistant District Attorney of New York County from 1891 to 1897, and since that time has been very prominent in the profession.

Mr. Weeks' father was Colonel Henry Astor Weeks, of the 12th N. Y. Volunteers during the Civil War, and his middle name was given him because his birth, occurring April 25, 1861, followed closely the firing on Fort Sumter. He has been Judge Advocate General and Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, President of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States and of the New York Athletic Club. In addition he belongs to the various Bar Associations, many leading clubs, the Loyal Legion, Sons of the Revolution and the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

Another contribution of Vermont to the legal fraternity of this city is Joseph Potts, who came to New York in the fall of 1900, was admitted to practice in May, 1901. As an employee, he entered the law firm of Parsons, Shepard & Ogden, composed of John E. Parsons, the late Edward M. Shepard and David B. Ogden. When that firm dissolved in 1903, Mr. Potts continued for a while with Mr. Parsons, after which he opened an office and began practice independently. Joseph Potts was born at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, September, 1873. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy; was graduated from Harvard University, A.B., 1897, and from Harvard Law School, 1900. He is a member of the Democratic party, but never has held any political office.



AUGUST P. WAGENER

A descendant of a notable German family, August P. Wagener comes naturally by those traits which have enabled him to overcome every obstacle and build up a large legal practice in New York City, to which he came in 1870 absolutely unknown and with no influence to help him in his uphill fight. He, however, possessed indomitable will and determination and a thorough knowledge of the law and was soon making himself known and respected in the courts where he practiced. His success was assured from the start and he has now one of the largest practices of any individual lawyer in the city.

Mr. Wagener was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and attended the public schools there. Determining to enter the legal profession he took up the study of law and after thorough preparation was admitted to practice by the New York Supreme Court in 1870. He was connected with the National Guard of New York State for many years, first as Adjutant of the 11th Regiment and then as acting captain of one of the companies of the 55th Regiment. During the Civil War he served nine months with the 12th Regiment, United States Regulars. He is a Republican in politics and was once a candidate for Congress, running against "Sunset" Cox and nearly beating him.



EDWARD J. GAVEGAN



IRVING LEHMAN



ARTHUR C. SALMON

A fitting recognition of the admitted ability of Edward J. Gavegan, was his election to the Judgeship of the Supreme Court for the term expiring December 31, 1923.

Justice Gavegan was born in Windsor, Conn. He was graduated from the Rockville, Conn., Academy in 1885, B.A. from Yale in 1889 and LL.B. from the Yale Law School in 1891, being awarded the Munson prize for graduating thesis. He was admitted to the bar the same year and at once entered into active practice, becoming counsel for the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Board of Trade. He has always been deeply interested in ballot reform, tariff reform and legislation concerning employers' liability.

Justice Gavegan is a member of the Bar Association of New York City, the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, West End Association, Xavier Alumni Sodality, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Knight of Columbus, and the Yale, Manhattan, Catholic and Oakland Golf Club.

Among the popular members of the bench at present, I must not forget to mention Irving Lehman, born in this city in January, 1876; he completed academic and law courses at Columbia College in 1896 and 1898. In the law school, he won the Tappan prize in Constitutional Law. He practiced for ten years as a member of Marshall, Guran & Williams; subsequently, the firm became Worcester, Williams & Lehman. He was recently elected

Justice of the Supreme Court on the Democratic ticket for fourteen years,—a great tribute to so young a man.

Among New York lawyers who have maintained a place in the front rank of their profession for many years is Arthur C. Salmon, born in Brooklyn in 1853; he attended the Adelphi Academy and then went to the Stamford Military Institute, where he was graduated first lieutenant. He spent two years in Europe, studying languages, after which he returned to New York to attend Columbia Law School, being articled as a clerk in the office of the late Homer A. Nelson, ex-Secretary of State. Mr. Salmon was admitted to the bar in 1876, since which time he has been active in practice of his profession. He was associated with Judge Jasper W. Gilbert as a commission to revise the Charter of the City of Brooklyn,—known as Chapter 583, Laws of 1888. He was Assistant Corporation Counsel of Brooklyn for six years and was appointed law member of the Board of Taxes and Assessments under the Consolidation Act, serving from 1898 to 1902. He is a very prominent member of the Royal Arcanum and a life member of Acanthus Lodge, 719, F. & A. M. and of Scottish Rite bodies. Mr. Salmon has always been an active Democrat, serving for twenty-six years on the County Committee of Kings County. In 1910 he was appointed Justice of Special Sessions by Mayor Gaynor for a term of eight years.



FRANK KECK



A. J. DITTENHOEFER



HENRY E. HOWLAND

Fifty-four years at the New York bar, and still in practice for the very love of it, is a wonderful record! What a multitude of interesting experiences are crowded into such a busy life! Ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer has recently retired from practice in the courts, but he tells me he will continue to work as counsel and to feel the same active interest in public affairs he always has done. He was born at Charleston, S. C., March, 1836; but his parents moved to New York when he was four years old, where he was given careful preparation for Columbia College and graduated at the head of his class. After admission to the bar at 21, he was nominated by Republicans at the age of 22 as Justice of the City Court. He was later appointed to that office by Gov. Fenton. He was a Lincoln elector in 1864, but he declined the position of United States District Judge for South Carolina, tendered by President Lincoln—although he was Southern born, he didn't believe in "carpet-bag" offices. It is impossible in a brief sketch even to mention the important cases or the high compliments that have been showered upon this brilliant lawyer.

Relinquishing his law practice to take up arms for his country, Major Frank Keck made an enviable record during the Spanish-American War. He was born in New York City, January 28, 1853, and graduated B. S. from the College of the City of New York and LL.B. from Columbia University, commencing the practice of law in 1875.

In the Spanish-American War he was Major of the 3rd Battalion, 71st N. Y. Volunteers, and was named for the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for bravery in the battle of San Juan Hill. He also served in the Philippines, taking part in many battles and assisting in instituting civil government in several towns. For this service he was commended by the district commander.

After the war Major Keck resumed the practice of law and has offices at No. 29 Broadway. He is Past Department Commander of the Spanish-American War Veterans, Recorder-in-chief of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, and Treasurer of the War Veterans' Association of the 71st Regiment. He belongs to the Masonic fraternity, being a member of Kane Lodge, No. 454, and is also a member of the Military Order of Carabao, the New York County Lawyers' Association, Military Service Institute, Military Order of Foreign Wars, Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and the Army and Navy and New York Athletic clubs.

A philanthropic spirit is a strong component of the character of Henry Elias Howland. Born at Walpole, N. H., he was educated at Yale University and at the Harvard Law School. Joining in the peaceful invasion of this city, he became associated with John Sherwood and remained his partner for twenty-one years. He later entered into partnership with Henry H. Anderson, who died in 1896. He is at present associated with

Mr. George W. Murray and with his son, Charles P. Howland. During Judge Howland's long and useful life, he has served as president of the Tax Department under appointment of Mayor Cooper, and has twice been a candidate for judicial office. He was appointed Judge of the City Court by the present Governor, John A. Dix. Judge Howland has been president of the University Club and of the New England Society and is a member of the Century, Yale and several leading clubs.

As we have seen elsewhere, the printing office is an excellent schooling for men who expect to enter professions demanding a knowledge of their fellow mortals. A young lad, who had been born in Germany thirteen years before, became a copy boy in the office of the *Brooklyn Union*, in 1864. His name was Henry S. Rasquin, and, as a product of the public schools, he was quick, intelligent and ambitious. When of legal age, he became Equity Clerk in the County Clerk's office in Kings County. While there, he studied law



JAMES D. BELL



HENRY S. RASQUIN



JOHN WHALEN

In the memorable year of '61, James D. Bell left what is now the University of the City of New York to respond to the call for fighting men. He joined the First New York Mounted Rifles and participated in some important engagements. He was wounded and taken prisoner. Returning, after five years, to New York, with the rank of first sergeant, he spent eight years at newspaper and magazine work. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1880. Since that time, Colonel Bell has capably filled many important offices. He was the organizer, trustee and president for some years of the Brooklyn Bar Association. He has been particularly active in G. A. R. affairs and is a member of a number of various important societies. Colonel Bell, at present, holds the office of Assistant Corporation Counsel in charge of the Borough of Brooklyn.

and was admitted to the bar in 1876. Although devoted to the profession of law, and to a partnership formed with Hugo Hirsh, he became active in the National Guard of New York. He gave thirty years to this work, and for a quarter of a century commanded the Third Battery of Artillery. He retired from active service with the brevet rank of Major. He has always had a taste for politics and was Commissioner of Records in Kings County for three years. Major Rasquin is a Republican and a member of several clubs.

Enthusiasm for the national game doesn't have to be born in a man; he has only to attend a few well-played games and love of the sport develops as naturally as the measles. The greatest men in America become boys again in the seventh inning and we see, as well as hear, them gesticulating and shouting directions to the umpire. John Whalen, is a New

Yorker from 'way back; so he turned this enthusiasm to account by becoming vice-president and treasurer of the New York Baseball Club. "Giants" they are, in their invincible skill, as well as in name! Mr. Whalen was born on the Fourth of July, 1864, which, he insists, accounts for his unequivocal patriotism. His father died when he was a child and his raising fell wholly upon his mother. Early, John decided to become a lawyer. He started as errand boy in the office of Charles O'Connor, rose to be a clerk and then entered the Law School of New York University. He was graduated LL.B., and later received honorary A.M., from St. John's College and LL.D. from St. Francis Xavier and Manhattan Colleges. He was admitted to the bar, 1878, and devoted himself especially to corporation and real estate practice. Politics had much attraction for him. He was appointed Tax Commissioner in May, 1893, and in 1898 was named Corporation Counsel by Mayor Van Wyck. While in that office he assisted in breaking ground for the first subway. He is a member of many clubs, but is fonder of baseball than any other sport.



WALTER H. BOND

Among the younger members of the bar who hail from Massachusetts is Walter Huntington Bond, born at Waltham, in 1878,

educated at the Pratt Institute and graduated in law at the University of Michigan. He was admitted to the bar in 1901, served in the office of Judge James B. Dill for two years and then organized the law firm of Bond & Babson. He is distinctly a corporation lawyer and in the interests of large enterprises has traveled extensively throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. In politics, he is a Republican; in religion, a Baptist. He is a member of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, New England Society, Metropolitan Museum of Art and several New York clubs. His chief recreation is mountain climbing and he holds records for ascending Mts. Rainier, Hood, and other peaks in the United States and Canada, as well as Mt. Blanc and some less famous European peaks. In 1909 he established a new world's record in the ascension of Mt. Blanc which is his climax in tall mountain climbing. His club affiliations would indicate intense patriotism and love of American institutions.

Another veteran of the Spanish War is Michael Gavin, 2nd, who saw seven years of active service with that smart corps, Squadron A, N. G. S. N. Y. Michael Gavin, 2nd, born at Memphis, Tenn., November, 1873, was graduated from Yale, A.B., '95, and LL.B., '97. After spending several months of travel abroad, he became associated with the firm of Reed, Simpson, Thatcher & Bartlett, of which firm the late ex-Speaker Thomas Reed was the head. Since 1901, he has been in charge of the legal affairs of Moore & Schley. He is President and Director of the Howe Sound Company, Vice-President and Director of the Hally Beet Sugar Company, Secretary-Treasurer and Director of the Coal Creek Mining & Manufacturing Company, and a director of the Breecce Mining Company, of the Chasmar-Winchell Press, Mercedes Mining Company, Poplar Creek Coal & Iron Company, West Mountain Tramway Company, and of the Lenoir City Company. Mr. Gavin is a keen rider to hounds and a member of the Yale Club, and of the Phi Delta Phi (law) and Psi Upsilon fraternities.

Back in 1901 the daily papers had an item about a youthful lawyer who was acting for a plaintiff in the trial of a case in one of the city courts, and during the progress of the trial was informed by his client that the defendant was politically affiliated with the Court. During the argument of the opposing counsel, the Court interrupted with the announcement that he considered the position of the defendant untenable, and it seemed impossible to entertain his contention, as it was at variance with the testimony. The youthful lawyer for the plaintiff, being momentarily confused, was under the impression that the Court was deciding against his client. He jumped to his feet and interrupting with rapid language and piercing tones exclaimed: "Your Honor, the result financially of this case to the plaintiff or the defendant is of no consequence; the result is of no consequence as far as I am personally concerned, for I am nothing but a poor, miserable, half-starved assistant in the office of the attorney for the plaintiff and amount to very little in my profession or on earth or in Heaven or in Hell; this Court is of no consequence, *Your Honor is of no consequence*, but the principle involved in this case represents moral justice, and the law intends there shall be a remedy for every wrong—therefore, let this wrong be righted. Let this principle of justice triumph, and let this plaintiff and this defendant and this Court including Your Honor and myself, go down to hell—but let justice be done, and I solemnly pledge Your Honor if justice is not done here and now, that somewhere in some court I shall obtain justice in this case or erase my name from the rolls of my profession and enter the profession of ditch diggers." The Court promptly fined the young attorney ten dollars—presumably for consigning himself to the lower regions with the others involved and then stated: "Young man, had you been listening carefully you would have understood that I was giving expression to that which practically amounted to a decision in your favor." It afterward developed that not only was the Judge of an entirely different political party than the defendant, but that they were both unknown to each other. The young attorney of whom the above account was written was Marshall A.

Barney, who to-day stands as one of the foremost corporation attorneys not only of New York but many countries; in his practice being often retained as associate counsel by attorneys in Paris, London, Berlin and the large Canadian and South American cities and occupying the position of having incorporated,



MARSHALL A. BARNEY

personally and acting with associate counsel, perhaps more companies than any living man since the decease of James B. Dill.

In recalling this incident Mr. Barney said: "Although the laugh was on me in that matter, it was the turning point in my career. On that very day I was employed as permanent trial counsel by one of the largest law firms in New York at a salary of five times the amount I had been receiving the day pre-

viously, but I had a woeful time getting \$10, with which to pay that fine. The late Justice James B. Dill, author of "Dill on Corporations," once said: "Barney has a corporate mentality not acquired alone from reading corporation law but in the field of a large experience that fairly incubates corporations by the score." Mr. Barney has never been in politics, but on the contrary has confined his efforts entirely to his law practice.

When I was managing editor of the *World*, I had frequent occasion to consult its legal advisor, De Lancey Nicoll. He was then a young man, almost my own age, and I grew much attached to him. Although he was in the early thirties, he had already attained a prominent standing in his profession owing to success as an Assistant District Attorney

of New York County in the prosecution of the boodle aldermen, placed in his hands by his chief, Randolph B. Martine. His first important case had been that of Sergeant Crowley, whose trial and conviction caused much excitement at the time. The collapse of a building under construction by one Buddensick, in which several people were killed, and the trial that followed, resulting in the conviction and imprisonment of the criminally negligent contractor, was Mr. Nicoll's



DE LANCEY NICOLL

next success. The trial of Gen. Shaler, for irregularities in connection with armory sites, soon followed, and the culminating case was that of Ferdinand Ward, of Grant & Ward, by whose failure General Grant was impoverished. Ward was the original "Napoleon of Finance" who undertook to enrich himself by using other people's money; Mr. Nicoll secured a long term in prison for him. It was a brilliant page in the reformation of New York. Day after day, trains carried convicted boodlers and frenzied financiers to Sing Sing. Mr. Nicoll became a popular idol

in the metropolis and his election to the office of District Attorney, in 1890, followed naturally—a post he held with entire credit for three years. He then began practice for himself and clients came in troops to his offices.

De Lancey Nicoll was born on Shelter Island in 1854, but his family home was in Flushing. He prepared for college at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and then entered Princeton University, where he was graduated in 1874. Thence he went to Columbia Law School, in the glorious lecture-room days of Dr. Dwight. Getting his degree, he was taken into the office of Clarkson N. Potter, brother of Bishop Potter. He served a year with Julian T. Davies before he applied for admission to the bar, after which he opened an office for himself. He entered the firm of Eaton, Lewis & Nicoll in 1882 and won several important cases while so associated.

Mr. Nicoll was always actively interested in politics. He was on the stump in presidential campaigns from 1876 to 1892. He had always been a Democrat but balked at Bryan's silver heresies and voted for McKinley in 1896 and 1900. Mr. Nicoll is a member of many social organizations, including the Union, Metropolitan, Racquet, University, Manhattan, Rockaway Hunt, Tuxedo, Lawyers', Ardsley, Democratic and Country clubs, and the St. Nicholas Society.

Samuel Riker, Jr., was born in Paris, May 17, 1866, the son of the late John L. Riker, who was a prominent business man in the last generation and the founder of the house of J. L. & D. S. Riker, of which Samuel Riker, Jr., is vice-president.

The family has been prominent in New York since it was known as New Netherlands, the forebears being the Von Rickers of Amsterdam, Holland, many of whom took part in the great contest that William of Nassau made for Dutch independence.

The founder of the family in America was Abraham Rycker, who was registered in 1642 as living on his own premises at "Heeren Gracht on the Old Dutch Road," which is now Broad and Beaver Streets. In 1654 the Director-General Peter Stuyvesant granted



PETER T. BARLOW



SAMUEL RIKER, Jr.



ROBERT H. HIBBARD

Abraham Rycker one-fourth of the township of Newtown on Long Island. Much of the land has been sold, but the old Riker Homestead, comprising 130 acres, and the old burying ground is still held by the family.

Samuel Riker, great-grandson of Abraham Rycker, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and afterwards became a member of the State Assembly and served two terms in Congress. The youngest of his nine children was John Lawrence Riker, the grandfather of Samuel Riker, Jr., a leading lawyer for over fifty years.

Samuel Riker, Jr., was educated in Everson's Collegiate School, New York City, and Columbia Law School, graduating in 1888 with the degree of LL.B. He then entered the office of his uncle, Samuel Riker, as a student and was admitted to the bar in 1890.

When Samuel Riker, Sr., retired from practice in 1893, Mr. Riker formed a partnership with Edward R. DeGrove, which continued until January, 1910. Since that time he has been alone, having a general practice, consisting of real estate, estate and corporation law.

Mr. Riker is a director in a number of corporations. He is a member of the Delta Phi Fraternity, the Automobile Club of America, Down Town Association, Sons of the Revolution, St. Nicholas Society and the Columbia, University, City, Manhattan, Racquet and Tennis, Rumson Country and Union clubs.

For many years Peter T. Barlow, has been one of the best-known judges on the bench of

the City Courts. Judge Barlow, the son of Samuel L. M. Barlow, of the law firm of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate, was born in New York City, June 21, 1857, and after thorough preparation entered Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1879 with the degree of A.B. Deciding to follow his father's profession, he entered the Columbia Law School and in 1881 was graduated LL.B. After admission to the Bar he commenced a general practice in which he continued until his appointment as a city magistrate, his term expiring May 1st, 1913. Judge Barlow is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars. He is a member of the Union, University, Harvard, Down Town and American Yacht clubs.

Those who personally know Robert H. Hibbard are not surprised that he has been successful as a lawyer. He served on the police force as patrolman and detective and was noted for his activity and integrity. When he resigned to take up the practice of law he brought the same fidelity and honesty of purpose to his new profession with the result that he immediately secured a large clientele.

Mr. Hibbard was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 30, 1873, the son of Major George B. Hibbard, who was on the staff of General George H. Thomas, during the Civil War. He was brought to New York City when a child and educated at the Peekskill Military Academy after which he became affected with "Wanderlust" and was in succession rodmann



SAMUEL T. MADDOX



JOHN FORD



THOMAS C. T. CRAIN

and transitman in survey work, brakeman and dock builder, not settling down until he was appointed to the police force in 1895. For seven years he served as patrolman, wardman, and eventually Central Office detective on the staffs of Inspectors Brooks and Walsh. He made an enviable record in each position despite the fact that every moment was used in preparing for a bar examination and in studies at the New York University Law School and at the New York Law School. From the first institution he graduated LL.B. in 1902 and LL.M. from the latter one year later. He was admitted to the bar in 1903 and at once started practice at No. 220 Broadway where he has been located ever since, conducting a general practice, representing large contracting companies and acting as counsel in many cases involving the construction of railroads. He served as Special Deputy Attorney General in 1903-4, is a member of the local School Board No. 14, and was recently appointed by Governor Dix a member of the Board of Managers of the Central Islip State Hospital. He is active in politics and is a member of the general committee, 15th Assembly District, Tammany Hall. He also belongs to the West Side and Amsterdam Democratic Clubs, the Columbia Yacht Club and the Masonic fraternity.

An ardent sportsman and an able jurist is John Ford, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York State, who was born in Knowles-

ville, N. Y., 1862. In 1890 he was graduated from Cornell with the degree of A.B. and then removed to New York City. Embarking in the profession of journalism, in 1890, Mr. Ford studied law and, always taking an active interest in municipal and state politics, he was chosen State Senator in 1896 and served until 1900. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of the State in 1906 on the Democratic and Independent tickets. Justice Ford is a Phi Beta Kappa, and belongs to several fraternal organizations, beside the Cornell University, Canadian Camp, Campfire and Dalcassion clubs.

That famous trans-Atlantic liner, the "Mayflower," carried a distinguished passenger list. Probably much of the distinction is due to the fact that many descendants of that ship's company have acquired fame and preëminence among their fellows. Three passengers on that frail bark were ancestors of Thomas C. T. Crain. Judge Crain, however, is a real New Yorker, born in this city in 1860. He was educated in Germany, Italy and England. Returning to his native land, he studied law and became associated with the firm of Platt & Bowers. After practicing in various partnerships and independently, Judge Crain traveled in Europe for several years and became United States Vice- and Deputy-Consul at Milan. He has held various important municipal and state positions, being for a time Deputy Attorney-General for this state. He

was elected Judge of the Court of General Sessions in 1906, which office he still holds.

The reforms instituted and carried out by Collector Loeb in the New York Customs Service have been rendered possible by the efficient aids he has gathered 'round him. One of these coadjutors of reform is Francis W. Bird, a young lawyer barely thirty years of age, who holds the important post of Appraiser. Since accepting office early in

United States District Attorney under Henry L. Stimson, now Secretary of War in President Taft's Cabinet. In December of that year, Mr. Bird was transferred as United States District Attorney at New Orleans, where he conducted an investigation into alleged frauds in the importation of sugar. As a result of his report to the Attorney General, he came under the favorable notice of President Taft and Lloyd C. Griscom, the



FRANCIS W. BIRD

CHARLES B. STOVER

1911, he has been the resolute foe of dishonest importers who have been systematically undervaluing their goods brought to this port. Mr. Bird was born in East Walpole, Mass., July, 1881. His father is a large New England manufacturer. Young Bird attended the Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., and later entered Harvard University, from which he was graduated in 1904 and subsequently spent two years at the Harvard Law School. He was soon appointed Assistant United States District Attorney for the southern district of New York. In 1901, he became a special Assistant

Republican leader of this State, asked his appointment as Appraiser of this Port.

Since the rise to professional supremacy of the corporation lawyer, many young men have directed their talents in that direction. William Wilson Miller was born in Washington, D. C., 1870. Educated at Princeton University, he subsequently took a course at the National University, Washington. He was admitted to practice in 1891 and soon came to New York. His father was William J. Miller, a leader of the District bar, having a large practice before the Supreme Court of the United



WILLIAM W. MILLER



HUGH GORDON MILLER



SAMUEL P. McCONNELL

States. In New York, Mr. Miller became a clerk in the office of Hornblower, Byrne & Taylor, and became a member of the firm in 1894. He is now the second member of the firm of Hornblower, Miller & Potter, of which firm William B. Hornblower is the senior member. He has been associated in an advisory or executive capacity with innumerable railroads, banks, trust companies and manufacturing corporations. I recall a very good story about Mr. Miller, told in connection with his first employment by Mr. Hornblower. He managed to see the distinguished lawyer, but was assured that no vacancy existed. Young Miller claimed that if he were allowed to remain, he would find something to do. This amused Hornblower, who said, "Well, young man, if you think there is anything in this office not thoroughly looked after, you may make an effort to discover it." When asked when he would be ready to begin, he replied: "I will remain now; I don't want to take any risk of not getting in, if once I get out." He was shown a desk and place to hang his hat. Evidently, the young man found something to do, for, three years later, he was taken into the firm. He is a member of most of the prominent clubs of New York as well as the Metropolitan of Washington.

Virginia is not only "the Mother of Presidents" but of lawyers. Among the young and active members of the legal profession in this city is Hugh Gordon Miller, who, at the age

of 36, has taken high rank as a prosecuting lawyer. He was born March, 1875, at Norfolk, his ancestors, who came to America 150 years ago, being members of the Gordon clan of Scotland. After serving as deputy clerk of the Norfolk Corporation Court until 1896, he was admitted to the bar and practiced in the state and federal courts of Virginia until 1904, — two years of which time he acted as Assistant United States Attorney. President Roosevelt made him a special assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States in 1908 and gave him charge of the litigation growing out of the Passaic River pollution suits. Governor Higgins of New York named him as a Commissioner from this state to the Jamestown Exposition. Mr. Miller is general counsel for the New York Civil Service Association and a director of the West Indian Development Co. He served as secretary of the Robert Fulton Monument Association and is a member of several societies. He is a Republican and took the stump for McKinley during the Bryan campaign of 1900.

Another Western man who responded to "the call of the city" and came from Illinois, where he was born at Springfield in 1850, is Samuel Parsons McConnell, distinguished both as a lawyer and as a jurist, as well as having been first vice-president and then president of the George A. Fuller Company, one of the largest building contracting corporations in the world. He took a degree

at Lombard College, Galesburg, in 1871; was admitted to the bar the following year and began practicing in Chicago. He became a judge of the Circuit Court in 1889 and while holding that position presided in the Cronin murder trial and in many other criminal and civil cases. Judge McConnell is a man of distinct personality and showed his ability to rise above popular clamor while in Chicago by circulating a petition, directed to Governor Oglesby of Illinois, asking commutation of death sentences against the anarchists Fielding and Schwab to life imprisonment. His opposition to the execution of these men was based solely upon legal grounds, he believing the crimes to be strictly political. Mr. McConnell personally went to Springfield with the petition and the Governor did commute the sentences of Fielding and Schwab, and later they were pardoned by Governor Altgeld. Although bitterly denounced at the time, Mr. McConnell was elected by a large majority to the Judgeship previously mentioned less than two years after. He regards the preparation of this petition the best thing he ever did, considered strictly from a legal view-point.

One of the men with whom I became acquainted on his arrival in New York in 1881 was Charles Henry Beckett, until recently Surrogate of the County of New York, born in Williamstown, Vt., in 1859. After a common school education he entered Barre Academy and was graduated at Dartmouth College (1881), winning all first prizes in the senior class. He entered Columbia Law School, finished in

1883 and was admitted to the bar. During the following year he was appointed to the probate clerkship by Surrogate Rollins and acquired information subsequently useful to him. He remained for a year under Surrogate Ransom, Rollins' successor, resigning to form the firm of Booraem, Hamilton & Beckett. Governor Roosevelt, in 1889, appointed

him a trustee of the Elmira Reformatory, and, with his associates, Mr. Beckett accomplished important reforms. He continued on the Elmira Board until 1903, declining a reappointment by Governor Odell. To utilize experience in the Surrogate's office, he acted as counsel in contested will cases. In this line he is recognized as an expert and during the years that followed his appointment as Surrogate he took part in the trial of more contested will cases than any lawyer at the New York bar. He is now one of the trustees of the New York Life Insurance Company and a member of the University Club, City Club, Republican Club, the Bar Association, a D. K. E. man, and a Republican.

In forsaking a possible brilliant military career for professional life, William N. Dykman has shown his versatility by becoming one of Brooklyn's most distinguished lawyers.

Mr. Dykman was appointed to West Point and graduated in 1875, later being appointed lieutenant. He had given evidence of his fitness for military life, but the call of civic pursuits was strong and he resigned to take up the study of law. After graduation and admission to the New York Bar, he soon became prominent in the legal profession and on January 7, 1898, was appointed a member of the Civil Service Commission of New York City and was reappointed January 1, 1902.

Mr. Dykman is now a member of the law firm of Dykman, Oeland & Kuhn and is a director in many Kings County corporations. He is president of the Riding and Driving Club and a member of the University, Brooklyn, Hamilton, Montauk, Renssen County, and Frontenac Yacht clubs.

One of the best friends I made when chosen Chairman of the House Committee of the D. K. E. Club, in 1887, was Charles F. Mathewson, an active young lawyer and member of the fraternity. He was an interesting and charming personality. Mr. Mathewson was born at Barton, Vt., May, 1860; took a degree from Dartmouth in 1882, valedictorian of his class, receiving prizes for proficiency in Greek, Latin, mathematics and oratory and being at the same time active in athletics and a member of the Varsity base-ball and foot-ball teams; a law course was finished at Columbia



CHARLES H. BECKETT

in 1885, his admission to the bar soon following. Since that day he has been active in his profession—especially prominent as a corporation attorney. He was the first president of the Dartmouth Club, when organized in this city, and was president of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.

As general counsel for the Consolidated Gas Company in the celebrated "80-cent gas" fight he prevailed before the Master and before the Circuit Court of the United States; and while the Supreme Court reversed the judgment without prejudice to a further proceeding by that company, it sustained and established practically all the important propositions advanced by the Gas Company, including its right to a return of at least six per cent. on its property, the inclusion of such property at its "present value" as against what it originally cost, and likewise the inclusion in such property of its "franchises" which the State sought to exclude, and it is understood that the Gas Company is not shedding many tears over the whole result.

The United States Customs Service is drawing into it men of experience and education in the lines of their work. One of the present incumbents of the office of United States General Appraiser (a life appointment), Charles P. McClelland, was born in Scotland in 1854. His parents brought him here early. He received a public school education and was graduated from New York University Law School in 1882. He had begun life as a clerk in a shop, studying law at nights.

Politics had much attraction for him. In 1884, he was elected a member of Assembly for the First District of Westchester county, and was reelected in '85. President Cleveland then appointed him Special Deputy Collector of Customs, Port of New York. He held that position until 1890, when he resumed the practice of law. A year later he was again sent to

the Assembly and became Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of his party therein. His next step, in 1892, was to the State Senate, where he served two years. Again in 1902 he became the nominee of his party for Senator from the Westchester County district and was elected. After he had served one year of his term as Senator, President Roosevelt tendered him an appointment as United States General Appraiser and the tender was accepted, Mr. McClelland resigning from the Senate. There are nine General Appraisers, having jurisdiction of all matters arising in any part of the U. S., Hawaii and Porto Rico. The office is non-partisan. There may be no more than five of any one party. He is a member of the St. Andrews Society and is a director of several charitable institutions.

The Board of United States General Appraisers was organized in 1890 and its members constitute a Judicial Tribunal of great value to the customs service of the nation. The President of this Board, since July, 1910, is Henderson Middleton Somerville, born in Virginia in 1837, and graduated from the University of Alabama. He has received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Georgetown College, Ky., the Southwestern University (Tenn.), and from his *alma mater*. He also took a degree at Cumberland Law School. He then became editor of the *Memphis Appeal*. He founded the Law School of the University of Alabama in 1873, where he was a lecturer on and professor of constitutional, statutory and common law until 1890, during ten years of which time he was Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama, resigning, July, 1890, to assume the duties of his present Federal office in this city.

He has been President of the New York Medico-Legal Society; was Trustee of the Alabama Insane Hospital for 17 years; is a Trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund, President of the Alabama Society of New York, and a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Southern Society. I should have mentioned that while in college he became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and Alpha Delta Phi fraternities.



[CHARLES P. MCCLELLAND



HENDERSON M. SOMERVILLE



WILLIAM J. GIBSON



WILLIAM C. BEECHER

Justice Somerville is the author of the Alabama statutes regulating the trials of the criminal insane; also of the opinion of the Alabama Supreme Court in the celebrated case of *Parsons vs. The State*, reported in the 81st vol. *Ala. Reports*,—said by the *Chicago Legal Journal* to be the only judicial deliverance ever published that completely harmonized the views of medical and legal professions on the subject of the responsibility of the criminal insane, and the proper tests of insanity in criminal cases.

Among the Pennsylvanians who have attained prominence in legal practice in New York City, is William J. Gibson.

Mr. Gibson was born at Gibsonville, Chester County, Pa., November 8, 1842, and was educated at New London Academy and Westminster College. He studied law in Westchester, Pa., and was admitted to the bar there in 1865; to that of Louisiana the same year and to the Supreme Court of New York in 1866.

He was counsel for the United States Treasury Department before the Boards of United States General Appraisers from 1895 to 1901 and since that time has practiced alone at No. 32 Liberty Street.

Mr. Gibson was a member of the Pennsylvania Military Academy Battery, enlisting in 1863 for three months' service, and going to Chambersburg, Pa., at the time Lee crossed the Potomac. He is a member of the New

York County Lawyers' Association, the Law Institute and the Reform and New York Athletic clubs.

A man I remember as an efficient Assistant District Attorney of New York, before the consolidation, is William C. Beecher, born in Brooklyn, 1849. After preliminary studies at Rand Hill School, Northampton, Mass., he was graduated from Yale in 1872, and then took a course at Columbia Law School. During the progress of his studies, he had hesitated between surgery and law, but the latter won out. Forming a partnership with Mr. Lewis, which lasted nine years, in 1895 the firm of Beecher & Scoville was organized and continued for three years. Since then Mr. Beecher has practiced independently. Much is expected of a man who at Yale attains Delta Kappa Epsilon and Scroll and Key, but Beecher fully comes up to the standard. He is a member of several prominent clubs, namely, Hamilton, Crescent, Rembrandt, Dyker Meadow, Hardware, Campfire of America, Campfire of Canada and Nassau Country.

Brevet-Brigadier-General Anson G. McCook was born at Steubenville, Ohio, October 10, 1835. He was educated in the public schools of New Lisbon, Ohio, and in 1854 crossed the plains to California, where he spent several years, when he returned shortly before the war, and was engaged in the study of law at Steubenville. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he promptly raised a company of volun-

cers, and was elected Captain. This was the first company to enter the volunteer service from Eastern Ohio. He was assigned to the Second Ohio regiment, and took part in the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Upon the reorganization of the troops for three years, he was appointed Major of the 2nd Ohio, August 6, 1861, and rose by death and resignation of his seniors to the rank of Colonel, December 31, 1862. At the battle of Peach Tree Creek, near Atlanta, July 20, 1864, he commanded a brigade. He was in action in many of the principal battles of the West, including those of Perryville, Stone River, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, etc., serving in the Army of the Cumberland. After the muster out of the 2nd Ohio, at the close of its three years' service, October 10, 1864, he was appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninety-fourth Ohio, in March, 1865, and was ordered to Virginia, where he was assigned to command a brigade. He was brevetted a Brigadier General, March 13, 1865. He returned to Steubenville, whence, after several years' residence, he removed to New York city in 1873, his present residence. He served six years in Congress from the Eighth New York district, in the Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. He was Secretary of the United States Senate from December 18, 1883, to August 7, 1893, and Chamberlain of the City of New York from August 1, 1895, to January 1, 1898.

The Ohio McCooks acquired a reputation during the Civil War as the "Fighting McCooks." In current notices they were spoken of as one family, but really were two families, the sons of Major Daniel McCook and of Dr. John McCook. Of the former family there were engaged in military service the father, Major Daniel McCook, Surgeon Latimer A. McCook, General George W. McCook, Major-General Robert L. McCook, General Daniel McCook, Jr., Major-General Edwin Stanton McCook, Private Charles Morris McCook and Colonel John J. McCook. Of the latter family were engaged in the service Major-General Edward M. McCook, General Anson G. McCook, Chaplain Henry C. McCook, Commander Roderick S. McCook, U. S. N., and Lieutenant John J. McCook, five in all.

This makes a total of fifteen, every son of both families all commissioned officers except Charles, killed in the first battle of Bull Run. The two families have been designated as the "Tribe of Dan" and "Tribe of John."

William Matheus Sullivan was born in New York City, June 26, 1880. He is a descendant of General John Sullivan of Revolutionary fame. He received his academic education at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, and graduated with scholarship honors. He then entered the New York University and graduated from this college and its law school in 1901, being admitted to the New York Bar the same year. Mr. Sullivan's first case of prominence was the Macnaughtan Federal indictment matter, in which case General



WILLIAM M. SULLIVAN

Benjamin F. Tracy was chief counsel and predicted a prominent career for young Sullivan. The celebrated Bancroft robbery case in 1911 and Mr. Sullivan's active efforts in bringing the thieves to justice brought Mr. Sullivan prominently into public notice. Aaron Bancroft, an aged banker of 84 years and a member of the firm of George Bancroft & Company, was robbed of \$100,000 of negotiable securities while carrying same to the safe deposit vault of the firm. No clew of the thieves could be found, although the police and Pinkerton Detective Agency were searching the entire country. In response to a telephone request from the thieves, whether Mr. Sullivan would meet them alone and pay a certain reward for the securities, the young lawyer not only met them, but regained the stolen securities and delivered the thieves to the police. Mr. Sullivan is a member of the University and Delta Chi clubs and of the Delta Chi Fraternity.

Among the corporation lawyers of the metropolis must be included James Armstrong, who, although born at Candor, N. Y., in

1834, and admitted to the bar in 1858, passed the first fifteen years of his legal practice in Davenport, Ia. During that period of his life he acted as Collector of Internal Revenue under Presidents Johnson and Grant; was one of the incorporators of the First National Bank of Davenport, the first institution to begin business under the Banking Act of 1863. Mr. Armstrong came to New York in 1873 to take charge of the law and collection business of H. B. Claffin & Co., then the greatest mercantile house in this country. He has been attorney for the Philadelphia & Reading

taking the degrees of A.B., A.M. and LL.B. Upon graduation, he entered the office of S. B. Brownell, later starting in independent practice. The case of American Law Book Co. vs. Edward Thompson Co., handled by Mr. Leubuscher is very noteworthy because of the establishment of an important point in the law of injunctions. He was a close friend of the late Henry George, having written a history of his campaign for mayor in 1886 of which 20,000 copies were sold. In the recent congressional elections, he managed most successfully the campaign of his son, Henry George,



JAMES ARMSTRONG

FREDERIC C. LEUBUSCHER

SAMUEL UNTERMAYER

railway since 1892, also serving as counsel in the State of New York for the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Co. He is senior member of Armstrong, Brown & Boland. He is president of the Mortgage Holding Co. and director in other similar corporations. He was graduated at Hobart College in 1856, where he achieved Phi Beta Kappa, and was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity.

We should feel indebted to one who is responsible for bringing forward a magistrate of the calibre of Mayor Gaynor. As chairman of the Municipal Democracy, Frederic Leubuscher was responsible for the nomination of the present mayor by that body before his name was ultimately selected by the regular organization. Frederic Cyrus Leubuscher was born in this city in 1860, educated at the City College and at Columbia,

Jr. Mr. Leubuscher is a member of the City and Reform clubs, a Democrat (in national politics); and a Free Trader as becomes an upholder of the Single Tax principle, being President of the Manhattan Single Tax Club.

Space proscribes anything like an adequate enumeration of the notable achievements of Samuel Untermeyer in his chosen profession, law. Born in Lynchburg, Va., in 1858, educated in the New York public schools and in the College of the City of New York, Mr. Untermeyer took his degree of LL.B. from Columbia Law School. It is illustrative of his capacity and brilliancy that his successful career began practically upon his embarkation in a profession that frequently imposes years of weary waiting for recognition. Before he was 24 years of age, Samuel Untermeyer represented almost all the brewing interests of the

City of New York and was counsel for the State and American Brewers' Associations. Since that time he has been attorney in many world-famous cases. His duties as counsel for several railroads and other large corporations have not precluded him from taking active interest in the correction of lax methods of several of New York's largest corporations. He is a member of the Lotos Club.

To have served four years as Public Administrator of intestate affairs in the City of New York is a liberal education. One occupying such a responsible public office has impressed upon him the disinclination of average men to recognize the inevitable end of all human

president of the National Guard Association and a member of many clubs and societies. As president of the alumni association of his *alma mater*, he organized the movement that resulted in legislation by which the City College was established on Convent Heights. Greatly to his credit, he it said, he is a friend of the most friendless, hopeless specimens of humanity, the insane; he is the originator of laws establishing visitatorial powers over all asylums, public and private, of the State Commissioner in Lunacy. When Wendell Phillips said, in a memorable address before a Boston audience, "Nobody ever thinks of the insane or the Indian," he could not have known Mr. Lydecker.



CHARLES E. LYDECKER



ADRIAN H. LARKIN



ASHTON PARKER

creatures. There are a thousand dramas, novels and short stories tucked away in the pigeon-holes of the Public Administrator of the City of New York. A predecessor of William M. Hoes, the present incumbent, was Charles E. Lydecker, one of the best-informed authorities on wills in this country. Mr. Lydecker is a New Yorker, born in 1851. He availed himself of the splendid educational advantages offered by the New York Free Academy, as it was then called. Mr. Lydecker entered Columbia Law School and was graduated in 1873. Almost as soon as he began the practice of his profession, he was engaged in important will litigations, including those of the Leland Stanford estate, California; of Eugene Cruger, New York, and of Howard Paul, London. Mr. Lydecker was Major of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y.; ex-

Ashton Parker was born in Lachine, near Montreal, Quebec. He is the son of Robert A. Parker, vice-president of the Market and Fulton National Bank. Practically the entire life of Ashton Parker has been spent in the United States. He obtained his degree of LL.B. from Columbia University and began practice in New York in 1904; he formed the firm of Parker & Ernst. He has been active in politics for a number of years as secretary of the West Side Democratic Club and his election to the Assembly from the Fifteenth District is a particularly creditable and noteworthy achievement. It was only by a determined and plucky fight that this district could be won over to the Democracy, for it had normally a Republican majority of over 3000. He was the first Democrat elected there in fifteen years. He also had the endorsement



EDWARD M. MORGAN



MATTHEW P. BREEN



JOHN B. C. TAPPAN

of the Independence League in the campaign.

The firm name of Joline, Larkin & Rathbone is constantly familiar in connection with important corporation cases that merit and occupy a quantity of newspaper space. Adrian H. Larkin is a graduate of Princeton, where he obtained his degree in 1887. He has been notably successful in the practice of law in this city as a member of the above firm. His abilities are logically demonstrated by an enumeration of the companies with which he is connected: Secretary and treasurer of the Western Steel Car & Foundry Co.; secretary and treasurer of the Pressed Steel Car Co.; director of the Colonial Sugar Co.; Grimora Manganese Co.; Davis Creek Coal & Coke Co.; Schloss Sheffield Coal & Iron Co., and other important corporations. Mr. Larkin lives at Nutley, N. J., and is a member of the University, Racquet, Down Town and Garden City Golf clubs.

Development of the Bronx during the past 10 years has been the marvel of all students of our municipal growth. The one man who has contributed most of thought and energy to the creation of its magnificent park system is Matthew P. Breen. He was elected to the Assembly in 1882, when the Annexed District, as then described, had a population of less than 50,000; but, foreseeing the future consolidation of all surrounding territory, he introduced a resolution on February 14, 1882,

providing for the purchase of the land that has since been utilized for broad boulevards and Bronx Park. Judge Breen was born in County Clare, Ireland, December, 1848, the son of a civil engineer. He was educated at Dublin University, came to New York in 1866, where he entered the law office of Hamilton W. Robinson, late Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. Admitted to the bar in 1873, he began practice for himself and took an active part as an Independent Democrat in the dethronement of the Tweed ring. He was elected to a City Judgeship and was an organizer of the County Democracy of 1880. In 1899 Judge Breen published a volume entitled "Thirty Years of New York Politics," which I have read with delight from cover to cover and from which in the writing of this volume I have derived many suggestions.

If anybody can be described as having from a humble start in public office obtained the full competency of chieftainship that man is Edward M. Morgan, Postmaster of New York since August, 1907. At the age of seventeen (1873) he became a carrier in this city and by his fidelity was rapidly promoted until he was appointed superintendent of a branch office in 1883. Three years later, Postmaster Van Cott placed him in charge of the city delivery and he served as assistant postmaster under Van Cott and Willeox and when the latter acquired a place on the Public Service

Commission, no other name than that of Mr. Morgan was suggested to succeed him. He hails from Michigan and is another response of the country to the city. No notice of Mr. Morgan would be complete without distinct reference to his achievement in perfecting the pneumatic tube system, to-day complete, for the prompt transmission of mail between the various sub-stations and the general postoffice. During the year 1910, every sub-station in Manhattan was brought into direct communication. So efficient is this service that it is possible to mail a special delivery letter at any one of the branch postoffices on Manhattan Island to any part of the business or developed residential sections of Greater New York and to receive an answer thereto within two hours. Direct communication has been maintained with Brooklyn through two large conduits across the Brooklyn Bridge.

Belonging to a family that had lived three centuries in the territory now designated as the "Empire State," John B. Coles Tappan is an excellent example of the successful New York lawyer. He was born at the pretty country place, "Dosoris," near Glen Cove, L. I., April, 1860. He entered Yale at the age of 16 and was graduated in 1880. Thence he pursued a course of study at Columbia Law School, under the lamented Dr. Dwight and Professor Chase, taking his degree as a lawyer in 1882. A year later, he began practice. The firm of Tappan & Bennett was soon after formed. Mr. Tappan spends his summers at his country home at Glen Cove and his winters at the Hotel Gotham. He is a member of the Yale, City, Republican, Nassau County, Whitehall, Reform, Economic, Psi Upsilon, Huntington County and Yale Graduates (New Haven) clubs; Sons of the American Revolution and all the State, County and City Bar Associations.

In the fall of 1887, when the Delta Kappa Epsilon Club, on Fifth avenue, was at its zenith, a young Georgian, fresh from Yale College named Clifford Wayne Hartridge, was one of the most popular members. He had been an athlete at Yale and excelled in nearly all kinds of sports. Mr. Hartridge was born at Savannah, June, 1866, prepared for

college at the Bellevue High School, Virginia, and was graduated at Yale, 1887, and at Columbia Law School, 1889. Forming a partnership with the late Justice Leslie W. Rus-



CLIFFORD W. HARTRIDGE

sell he began the practice of law in this city, and continues a most active business at 149 Broadway. He was counsel during the first trial for Harry Thaw, who shot Stanford White. He is a Democrat, member of the Columbian Order S. A. R. His clubs are the New York, Manhattan, New York Yacht, Yale, Democratic and Chatsworth.

Since his admission to the bar, John J. Kuhn has been unusually active in every phase of legal work and in consequence has come to be recognized as one of the leading practitioners in Brooklyn.

Mr. Kuhn was born in that borough, March 7, 1877, and was educated at the Brooklyn High School and Cornell University, from which he graduated LL.B. in 1898. He was admitted to the bar the same year, and became a clerk in the office of Bergen & Dykman, which eventually became Dykman, Carr & Kuhn. Mr. Carr retired upon his election to the Supreme Court and the firm became Dykman, Oeland & Kuhn and is recognized as one of the principal law firms in Brooklyn.

Mr. Kuhn is a Democrat in politics and is a member of many clubs and associations. He was formerly International President of the Delta Chi fraternity and for many years was an officer of the same or on its governing board.

Among the active and younger lawyers, I must not forget to mention Liston L. Lewis, a fellow Cornellian, born at Franklindale, Bradford, Pa., 1870; graduated from Cornell, 1892, and from Harvard Law School, 1901. He engaged in the publishing business, after leaving Cornell, and was for two years Chicago manager of Dodd, Mead & Co. He then became vice-president of Powers, Fowler &



LISTON L. LEWIS



WILLIAM A. KEENER



NOEL GALE

Lewis, Chicago, which relation was maintained until 1898. Then followed the law course at Harvard and active entrance into practice, after admission to the bar. His beginning was as a member of the law firm of Hatch, Keener & Clute, but in 1905 the partnership became Keener & Lewis until 1910, since which time Mr. Lewis has been practicing independently. While in college, he belonged to the Beta Theta Pi fraternity. He is a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, Chancellor Walworth Lodge, F. and A. M., and Pennsylvania Society. His clubs are the Union League, Lawyers, Republican and Cornell University.

A worthy Georgia contribution to the legal fraternity of this city is William Albert Keener, born at Augusta, March, 1856, and graduated in the classics at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., in law at Harvard University, 1877, and since honored with LL.D. by the Western University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Keener was formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York; successively Story professor of law at Harvard and Kent professor of law and Dean of the School of Law at Columbia. Mr. Keener is now actively engaged in practice in this city. He is the author of a "Treatise on Quasi-Contracts" and editor of "Cases on Contracts," "Cases on Quasi-Contracts," "Cases on Equity Jurisdiction" and "Cases on Corporation." He is President of the Board of Managers of the Manhattan State Hospital. His clubs are the

Union League, Century, University, City, Lawyers and Republican; he is a member of the Bar Association of New York City.

The bar of the City of New York is cosmopolitan in the sense that it has drawn, not only upon many foreign lands, but upon every state in the Union in its composition. The State of Ohio is not behind in this respect, for it has given us some distinguished counselors and attorneys. Like another member of the firm of Strong & Cadwalader, Henry W. Taft, Noel Gale hails from the Buckeye state. Born at Unionville in 1862, son of Edmund Gale, he was educated at Oberlin, and graduated therefrom, 1882, with the degree of A.B. The firm of Strong & Cadwalader, of which he is a member, enjoys preëminent standing in the legal profession. Mr. Gale is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and of the University, City, Midway and Knollwood Country clubs.

Maryland's contribution to the New York bar is headed by Camillus G. Kidder, born at Baltimore, July, 1850. His preparatory education was obtained at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., whence he went to Harvard University and was graduated in 1872. He then took a three years' course at Harvard Law School, achieving LL.B. *cum laude*. New York City welcomed him in 1876, when he entered the law firm of Emott, Burnett & Hammond, in which he later became a partner. Mr. Kidder has held local offices at Orange, N. J., where he lives, and has favored municipi-

pal reform movements; he is at present a member of the Essex County Park Commission. He was originally a Republican, became a Cleveland Democrat, but is now back in the Republican fold. He took an active part in the Cleveland campaigns of 1884, '88 and '92. He is an officer of several large private realty companies. Among his numerous clubs are the University, Century, Harvard, Reform and City; he belongs to the Bar Association of New York, the New England Society and the Bunker Hill Association.

A Kentucky lawyer who has attained success in New York is William Beverly Winslow,

low is a descendant of the Virginia Beverlys and Winslows.

Among the men who were in Columbia Law School with me, sitting under the instruction of Theodore W. Dwight, was Henry C. Henderson, who was born in the old town of Westchester in 1849. To my surprise, I found that we had been fellow students at Cornell University, where Mr. Henderson took a degree in Civil Engineering in 1872. Although he was successful as an engineer, his leaning was toward the law and that fact induced him to enter Columbia, where he took his LL.B. in 1878. His first opportunity



WILLIAM BEVERLY WINSLOW



HENRY C. HENDERSON



WILLIAM C. BREED

author jointly with William Hepburn Russell, of "A Syllabus-Digest of the United States Supreme Court Reports," in four volumes, pronounced by members of the legal profession the best work of its kind because of an original method of arrangement and extraordinary accuracy. Mr. Winslow was born at Carrollton, Ky., 1862. Was admitted to the bar of his native state in 1883 and of New York in 1895. His father and grandfather were lawyers, the former being a chum of Justice Harlan. Russell and Winslow are responsible for the decree in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which has become a leading precedent throughout the United States, on the question of liability of directors of corporations for secret profits obtained in promoting (Heyward vs. Leeson). Mr. Wins-

low for distinction was in the Mazet Legislative investigation when he acted as counsel for several of the accused police officers and since that time has gone steadily forward as a counsellor, appearing before the New York Court of Appeals and the United States Supreme Court in many important cases. Mr. Henderson's love of country life induced him to move to White Plains, where he has an attractive home. He is fond of all outdoor sports. He formerly took an active interest in politics but has never been a candidate for office.

William Constable Breed was born in Malone, New York, on June 24, 1871. Graduated from Amherst College in 1893, where he took an A.B. degree (with Phi Beta Kappa). Graduated from the New York Law School in 1895, admitted to the bar of the

State of New York in 1895, and since that time has been in active practice of the profession of law in New York City. Now of the law firm of Breed, Abbot & Morgan. He is a director of the Irving National Exchange Bank, director of the Merchants Association of New York, a Republican, and a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, Psi Upsilon Fraternity, the Union League, Lotos, Republican, Church, Downtown, Knollwood Country and Sleepy Hollow Country Clubs.

friend, George B. He is a Democrat by inclination, but very independent in his political views.

Michigan has contributed to the metropolis a highly successful member of the bar in the person of Charles Larned Atterbury, born at Detroit in 1842 and educated at Yale College. He began the practice of his profession in Detroit but soon came to New York as solicitor of the Erie Railway; later he became Assistant President of that company. He attracted attention by the efficiency of his work and was



GEORGE B. COVINGTON



CHARLES L. ATTERBURY



SAMUEL A. BEARDSLEY

A member of the "delegation" from the historic state of Maryland is George B. Covington. Born in Snow Hill, Worcester County, he studied at Princeton, and was graduated *cum laude* in 1890. After leaving college, George B. Covington taught mathematics at Macalister College, St. Paul, Minn. Prompted probably by the same analytical temperament that predisposed him to a study of mathematics he determined upon the profession of law as a life occupation and came here to study at the New York Law School the difficult science of solving human tangles and problems. The wisdom of his choice of profession has been amply demonstrated. Mr. Covington is at present counsel for the Havana Central Railroad and many other important corporations. General Covington, of the Revolutionary Army, an ancestor, served in Congress, as also did the father of my

appointed counsel of the Chicago & Atlantic Railway and the Pullman Palace Car Company. These two important steps assured his success in corporation work and he is to-day counsel for numerous organizations of that character, in all parts of the country. The present title of his firm is Atterbury & Mullally. He is a prominent member of the New York Bar Association and an excellent after-dinner speaker. His social connections are with the Century and University clubs of this city. He is an enthusiastic lover of all athletic sports, and delights in the open air.

Samuel A. Beardsley was born in Utica, N. Y., December, 1856. He received his law degree from Hamilton College Law School and after studying in the office of Beardsley, Cohenham & Burdick, was admitted to the bar in 1879. His father and grandfather also were lawyers. Mr. Beardsley became special

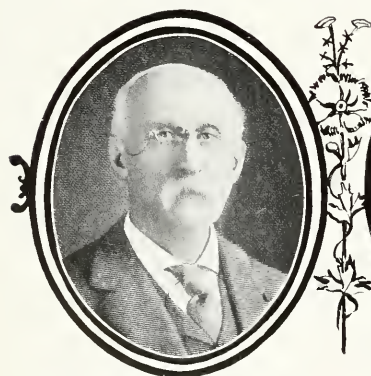
city judge in 1886, serving until 1888, when he became city judge, which position he held till 1892. He later practiced law in Utica and in New York City, where the firm of Beardsley & Hemmens was formed. At that time, Beardsley & Hemmens became counsel for the New York Edison and constituent companies. Mr. Beardsley was a member of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners from 1892 to 1896 and served as member of and secretary of the Democratic State Committee, 1889 to 1892. He is a director of the United Electric Light & Power Co. and of the Utica Gas & Electric Co. He is a member of the New York Bar Association, Utica Chamber of Commerce, of the Manhattan and Democratic clubs in New York and of the Fort Schuyler, Sadaquada Golf (Utica), Maidstone (Easthampton, L. I.) and Oakland Golf clubs.

One of the first men with whom I became acquainted when the Delta Kappa Epsilon club was formed and its clubhouse opened on Fifth Avenue, was David Bennett King, scholar, author and lawyer, who had come to New York from Lafayette College and entered partnership with Edward G. Black. Mr. King was born at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., June, 1848; after an elementary schooling in his native town, entered Lafayette College and was soon chosen a "D. K. E." After graduation, his excellence in Latin secured for him a tutorship, and later a professorship of Latin until 1886. During this time, he read law. While Mr. King has pursued the prac-

tice of law with success, he finds great pleasure in literary work. He is a profound student of the classics and regarded as an authority on the language of Ancient Rome, his work on "Latin Pronunciation" being a text-book in several parts of the world.

Another lawyer who has held a very prominent place in his profession in this city, Rastus S. Ransom, comes from Illinois, where he was born at Peoria, in 1839. He enjoyed a common school education, supplemented by five terms as a country school master. He never had any college education but came to New York in 1870 to become managing clerk in the law office of Chester A. Arthur, soon after Collector of the Port of New York, and in 1881 successor to Garfield as President of the United States. Mr. Ransom was elected Surrogate of the City and County of New York, in 1888, and served six years. Immediately after Fort Sumter was fired upon, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Ransom enlisted and became First Lieutenant of Company H, Fiftieth N. Y. Engineers. He served with the Army of the Potomac throughout the Peninsular campaign. He is a member of the Loyal Legion and of the Grand Army of the Republic and President of the Society of American Authors. He is a Democrat and belongs to the City Club of New York, the Army and Navy Club and the Masonic Club.

When one finds a successful lawyer in the city of New York, who has obtained high university honors and built up a large prac-



RASTUS S. RANSOM



DAVID B. KING



ALGERNON S. NORTON



SOL M. STROOCK



EDWIN A. WATSON



AUSTIN D. TRUAX

tice, cherishing the memory of his college days above mere professional success, we meet with a man we like to talk about. Algernon S. Norton has practiced law for 18 years. He was born at Homer in this state in 1860 and prepared for college at the Cortland Academy and Normal School, took an A.B. degree at Cornell University in 1886 and was graduated at the New York University Law School in 1892. Although he was a contestant for the Woodford medal for oratory, president of his class and obtained Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell, I venture to say he recalls with greatest pleasure the raid made by his class, when he was a sophomore, upon the freshman class. Mr. Norton conceived and was chief actor in carrying out a plan by which an elaborate dinner, sent from Rochester to Ithaca, was taken off the train at Trumansburg, a station nine miles north of Ithaca, and served to the sophomore class whose members, impersonating freshmen, had assembled at that place to enjoy it. Meanwhile, the hungry freshmen were waiting at the railway station in Ithaca for the banquet that never came.

Edwin A. Watson, of the law firm of Truax & Watson, is a New Yorker, born and bred. His place of birth was Clinton street, Old New York, and the year 1874. He is, therefore, at thirty-seven years of age, entering upon a career of unusual prominence. His education was acquired in the public schools, although he took a finishing course at the Polytechnic

Institute, Brooklyn. He then entered the law offices of Truax & Crandall, of which the late Justice Charles H. Truax was a member. While the Justice was off the bench for one year, Mr. Watson acted as his secretary; and, upon the Judge's reelection in 1896, the young man went to the Supreme Court as secretary to the Justice and continued in that capacity until admitted to the bar, in 1900. The present firm was organized in September of that year, and has acquired a large commercial law practice. Mr. Watson, for the past nine years, has had personal charge of litigation by property owners against the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company for construction of trolley road on Union street in that Borough; and the Court of Appeals finally crowned a nine years' contention in favor of the property owners, giving damages for the unlawful use of that street. Mr. Watson was one of counsel for Senator Ben. Conger, in the trial of his charges against Senator Jothan P. Allds, in a trial before the New York State Senate for accepting money for his vote. The burden of preparing all evidence used in that famous trial fell upon Mr. Watson. He was also engaged as counsel by Superintendent Hotchkiss in the Fire Insurance Investigation of 1909-'10. During the year of "the Roosevelt landslide" (1904), Mr. Watson ran for Senator on the Democratic ticket, against Charles Cooper, in the Eighth Senatorial District, Brooklyn,—the strongest Republican senatorial district in

the state of New York. Notwithstanding the trend of public opinion in that year and the fact that Roosevelt beat Judge Parker by 13,900 in that district, Cooper won by only 3,100 plurality.

A young lawyer of especial promise is Arthur D. Truax, son of the late Justice Charles H. Truax, of the Supreme Court. He was born in this city in 1872 and was educated at private schools and Hamilton College, where he was a member of the class of 1894 and a Psi Upsilon man. Thereafter, he studied for two years at Dresden, Germany. After completing a course at the New York Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1897. Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Truax would adopt the profession that had appealed to so many of his forebears. His father, Charles H. Truax was twenty-eight years on the bench in the Superior and Supreme Courts of this city; Chauncey W. Shaffer, one of the most prominent counsellors of the preceding generation, was his grand-uncle. The Truax family is of old Holland ancestry and have always been prominent members of the Holland Society. He belongs to the New York Athletic and Manhattan clubs and the Society of the Sons of Oneida. He served as his father's private secretary for four years until he began to practice law for himself, in 1900. A very warm attachment existed between the young man and his distinguished father, Justice Truax. A memorial consisting of a bas-relievo of Justice Truax was recently unveiled above the great marble fireplace in Special Term, Part III, of the Supreme Court. Justice Ingraham, of the Appellate Division, presided at that ceremonial. Eulogies were spoken by Senator Elihu Root, who had known the late Justice as a student at Hamilton College; by Francis Lynde Stetson and Justice Giegerich. The bas-relievo shows the Justice in his robes, with gavel held above an open law book that lies before him. The face is slightly turned in profile. New York has never had a more genuinely popular and admittedly capable presiding justice than Charles H. Truax. I often met him at the Manhattan Club, where he was a directing force. Only a few weeks before his death, he was present at a large

dinner party at the Lotos Club and received a popular ovation. Senator Root described the special capacity of Justice Truax when he said: "He had that directness of intuition of more value than imperfect human logic. Too often lawyers look upon a case as a game and upon the Judge as a referee to award prizes for points instead of making a simple and direct effort to ascertain the truth." Mr. Stetson described two kinds of judges: one who spins a science of justice out of books; the other who sees in cases before him their eternal relation to human life and interest. To the latter class, Justice Truax belonged.

Regarded as one of the leading corporation lawyers of New York City, Sol. M. Stroock numbers among his clients some of the largest firms and companies in the city. He was born here, September 22, 1873, and after attending the public schools entered the College of the City of New York, from which he graduated in 1891 with the B.S. degree. A course at the Columbia School of Political Science followed and he graduated from this institution with the Master of Arts degree in 1892. His educational equipment was completed in 1894, when he graduated from Columbia Law School with the degree of B.L. and the Tappan Prize in Constitutional Law.

Upon his admission to the bar Mr. Stroock was associated with Morris Goodheart and was afterwards a member of the firm of Platzek & Stroock. Upon the elevation of Mr. Platzek to the bench of the New York Supreme Court, the firm became Stroock & Stroock, his brother, Moses J. Stroock, being a partner.

A hustling law firm of this city, which has constantly appeared in the courts in important cases, House, Grossman & Vorhaus, has for its junior member one of our Austrian born fellow-citizens, Louis J. Vorhaus. He came to this country with his parents in 1873, when barely six years of age, and made his way through the public schools into the College of the City of New York. Having determined upon the law as his profession, young Vorhaus began as an office boy with a prominent counselor, soon rising to be a clerk. He entered the law school of New York Univer-



LOUIS J. VORHAUS



WILLIAM MITCHELL



SILAS B. BROWNELL

sity, where he took a degree in 1889. After two years' further office experience, he was admitted to the bar in 1890, and formed a partnership with Mr. Grossman, leading to the present firm. Mr. Vorhaus possesses keen power of analysis, quick decision and argumentative skill in the presentation of cases. He has been exceedingly successful in jury trials. Strangely, he prefers civil cases, although he has won distinction as a criminal lawyer.

Among the distinguished lawyers who have been in practice at the metropolitan bar for more than fifty years and associated with some of the most important civil cases during that long period is Silas Brown Brownell, born at Knoxville, Albany County, N. Y., 1830. He was prepared for college under private tutors and at the Troy Academy and was graduated at Union College, 1852, winning Phi Beta Kappa. He has received the degree of LL.D. from Hobart and Columbia. Obtaining admission to the bar in September, 1852, upon examination at the General Term of the Supreme Court, he practiced in Troy for one year and then came to New York, where he has since remained. For three years, he was managing clerk in the law office of Clark & Rapallo. Horace F. Clark and Charles A. Rapallo, subsequently Justice of the Court of Appeals. When the war broke out, Mr. Brownell volunteered and went to the front on April 19, 1861, in the 7th Regiment. The firm of Brownell, King & Lathrop was formed

in 1867; became Brownell & Lathrop in 1868, and Brownell & Patterson in 1896. He is a member of the Century, University, Mayflower, City and other clubs; of the Presbyterian Union and of Lafayette Post, No. 140, G. A. R. He has been secretary of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York since 1878, and member of its Executive Committee since 1880.

Country life appeals to William Mitchell, who has been a practitioner at this bar since 1871, but resides at Bryn Mawr Park, Yonkers. He is a son of the late William Mitchell, Justice of the New York Supreme Court. He prepared at Columbia Grammar School and took a degree at Columbia College. After training under Professor Dwight, at Columbia Law School, he was graduated valedictorian of his class, in 1871. He at once entered the firm of Mitchell & Mitchell, but later practiced independently. He is a Republican, a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, Huguenot Association of America, and belongs to the Union League, New York Athletic and Down Town clubs.

Considerably past the four-score year mark, Benjamin F. Tracy is able to look back on a career of splendid activity and usefulness to the American people. He was born on a farm in Owego, Tioga County, N. Y., April 26, 1830, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years. He has been prominent in politics since early manhood, being

elected District Attorney of Tioga County in 1853, the youngest person ever elected to that office in the State of New York, and reelected in 1856. He was chosen to the Assembly in 1861 and a year later assisted Governor Morgan in raising several regiments of troops upon the call of President Lincoln. Mr. Tracy became Colonel of one of the regiments, the 109th, and took part in the battle of the Wilderness, receiving a medal and being brevetted Brigadier-General for his conduct on the battlefield. His health failing, he resigned and returned to Owego, N. Y., but when he recovered he became Colonel of the 127th colored troop and retained the command until the surrender of General Lee, when he again resigned and resumed the practice of his profession. He was appointed U. S. District Attorney in 1866 and served until 1873. In 1881 he was made Associate Justice of the New York State Court of Appeals and served for two years. President Harrison appointed him Secretary of the Navy, which position he filled from 1889 to 1893. He was chairman of the commission which drafted the new charter for Greater New York, and was the Republican candidate for Mayor of the city in 1897.

Cornell University always has been mighty upon the water; but when Arthur J. Baldwin was at Ithaca, it achieved successes upon the "gridiron," as well. He played on the football eleven for four years, graduating in 1892.

Eleven generations in America is the record of the Baldwin family. Arthur J. Baldwin began the practice of law, after leaving the university, at Tonawanda, N. Y., within sound of the mighty roar of Niagara, and continued in that court for five years. He came to New York in 1897, to enter the office of James B. Dill, with whom, in 1899, he formed a partnership. When United States Attorney-General Griggs, of New Jersey, resigned from the Cabinet of President McKinley, the existing firm of Griggs, Baldwin & Baldwin was formed. Mr. Baldwin is an enthusiast in outdoor sports, as his university record would indicate.

A Kansas contribution to the New York bar is Thomas Ewing, Jr., born at Leavenworth, in 1862. He began his education at the University of Wooster, Ohio, and took an A.B. degree at Columbia in 1885. He studied at the Columbia Law School, but took his degree at Georgetown University in 1890. Since beginning practice in New York, Mr. Ewing has made a specialty of patent law, and has solicited several patents for well-known inventions, notably the fundamental claim of Frank J. Sprague on the multiple unit system of electric train operation and Prof. Pupin's patents on long-distance telephony. His great-grandfather, George Ewing, was with Washington's army at Valley Forge and elsewhere; his grandfather, Thomas Ewing, was twice United States Senator from Ohio; Secretary



ARTHUR J. BALDWIN



THOMAS EWING, Jr.



GEORGE B. LESTER

of the Treasury and Secretary of the Interior. His father, Thomas Ewing, was a brigadier-general in the Federal Army. Mr. Ewing is a Democrat and belongs to the New York, University, Columbia clubs and the Ohio Society. He is a Phi Beta Kappa man.

George Bacon Lester is a lawyer whose occupation is law, but whose recreations are yachting, golf, riding and driving. Although a lover of the open air, Mr. Lester has decidedly "made good" in the practice of law. Born at Seneca Falls, N. Y., 1872, he was educated at Mynderse Academy and took a degree of LL.B. at New York University Law School. He is now a member of the firm of Lester, Graves & Miles and a director and general counsel of the Fleischmann Manufacturing Co. He is a member of the Lotos, St. Nicholas, Apawamis, Orange County Golf, Auburn Country and Manhasset Bay Yacht clubs and Down Town Association.

Elections, 1874-'93, and as U. S. Commissioner and Master in Chancery of U. S. Courts in Brooklyn since 1874.

A summer home at Burlington, Vt., amid the scenes of his college days, is maintained by Mr. Allen, where he enjoys a thorough rest from the exactions of his manifold duties during the balance of the year.

The death of James McKeen, a well-known lawyer of this city, in February, 1911, removed a public-spirited citizen of Greater New York. He was born at Brunswick, Me., December, 1844, and took a degree at Bowdoin College, 1864. He was admitted to the bar and began practice in New York, 1867. He was a member of the commission that revised the charter of Greater New York, but he especially distinguished himself as advisory counsel to the Armstrong Committee that investigated the Life Insurance Companies of this state. He received the Republican nomina-



JOHN J. ALLEN

JAMES McKEEN
(Deceased)

FERDINAND R. MINRATH

A lawyer who holds an eminent place at the bar in Greater New York is John Johnson Allen, who was born at Utica, N. Y., in 1843. Mr. Allen graduated from the University of Vermont in 1862, and from Columbia Law School in 1866. He was admitted to the New York Bar in the same year and has been actively engaged in practice ever since.

Mr. Allen served as acting provost marshal in 1866; as assistant U. S. District Attorney in 1866-'73; as member of the New York Assembly in 1874; chief U. S. Supervisor of

election for Justice of the Supreme Court in 1903 and afterwards became senior counsel for The Mutual Life Insurance Company. His college honors have been distinguished by an election to Phi Beta Kappa, a reward for highest scholarship.

He was President for eight or ten years of the Hamilton Club of Brooklyn, President New England Society, member of Board of Directors Historical Society, Director (or Trustee) Brooklyn Library, member Board of Education of old Brooklyn, Trustee College



JACOB A. CANTOR



ISAAC W. JACOBSON



WILBUR F. EARP

New York and other Boards, member Bar Association of New York.

An active member of the well-known law firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson—one who pulls a laboring oar—is Ferdinand R. Minrath, born in this city, September, 1857; educated at the College of the City of New York and at Columbia Law School. For high scholarship, in the first-named institution, he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He completed his law course in 1878 and went at once with Morrison, Lauterbach & Spingarn, predecessors of the present firm. Mr. Minrath has been almost wholly engaged in corporation practice. He is a Republican, but never has held any political office; his clubs and societies are the Liederkrantz and Arion, and the State, City and County Bar Associations.

One of the really interesting men I found on the New York *Herald* reportorial staff was Jacob A. Cantor, who since those days has distinguished himself in law and politics. Mr. Cantor was born in New York in the last month of 1854, was educated at the public grammar and high schools, and, while working as a reporter, took a course at the New York University Law School, securing a degree in 1875. He was admitted to the Bar soon after, but it was not until eight years later that he developed a taste for public office. He was elected to the Assembly two successive years, and was then raised to the

Senate, where he remained for eleven years, becoming the leader of the Democratic members. He was President of the Senate and Acting Lieut.-Governor in 1893-'94. He was elected President of the Borough of Manhattan on a reform ticket, in 1902, and has served as Chairman of the Committee of Highways and Parks of the New York Improvement Commission since 1904. Mr. Cantor is in active practice of his profession, making a specialty of corporation law.

One of the most interesting will contests that has occupied the metropolitan courts for many years was that of Lawrence B. Jerome's attempt to break the will of his mother, Katherine H. Jerome. The lawyer in the case was Isaac W. Jacobson, an attorney of experience who had been associated with Ambrose H. Purdy and with General Horatio C. King at different times. The settlement of the Jerome will case, effected by Counsellor Jacobson, established him on a high plane in his profession. He was born in New York city in 1866 and obtained his education at the public schools and from private tutors. For a time he held a license to teach in the evening public schools; but in 1889 he was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court, General Term of Kings County. He had read law with Thomas C. Emmever, Horace E. Deming, Colonel Benj. E. Valentine and the firm of Butler, Stillman & Hubbard. He owns a farm in Orange County, where he

spends his summers. Mr. Jacobson is a Republican and is exceedingly prominent in fraternity circles, being a 33rd degree Mason. One of his latest achievements is the procurement of a permanent injunction against the Board of Health, restraining it from locating a tuberculosis clinic on Henry street, in a populous neighborhood of Brooklyn.

Maryland has added to the legal staff of the metropolis Wilbur F. Earp, who hails from Howard County, in that state, where he was born in 1863. After a common school education, he studied stenography and began work as a shorthand writer in Baltimore at the age of twenty-three. He subsequently published a newspaper in Maryland for several years, but in 1899 he came to this city and took up the study of law at the New York Law School. Mr. Earp is fond of referring to the fact that when he was tendered a position in Washington under Secretary Rush and went there to accept it, he chanced to meet Theodore Roosevelt, then a Civil Service Commissioner, to whom he stated his prospective duties and by whom he was advised to get into business for himself. For this change in his career, he expresses the utmost gratitude. Mr. Earp is a Republican and, although born in a slave state, had for forebears ardent supporters of the American Colonization Society, which founded the colony of Liberia. His great-grandfather, Major William Newton, of Dorchester County, Md., liberated all his slaves and sent them to Liberia about 1823.

Owing to the fact that I was probably the first out-of-Ithaca student at Cornell University in 1868, I always have felt a friendship for alumni of that institution. This statement needs explanation. I had been at a Western college for two years, when I read about the university projected by Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White. I wrote for information and received a circular stating that Cornell would open on the 15th of September, 1868. I prepared to enter the Junior class and on the appointed day arrived in the then quaint little town by its only switchback railroad. Not another student had come! There I learned that owing to the unfinished condition of the two buildings then under roof,

the opening had been postponed until the 18th of October! The registrar assured me that circulars announcing the postponement had been dispatched to every applicant for information. Mine was "the letter that never came." There I was, marooned for one long, lonely, dreary month; keyed up for examination for advanced standing, I saw the danger of "getting stale." When examination day finally arrived, I succeeded in passing satisfactorily and was gazetted "Junior."

Therefore, when I come to talk of Herbert L. Fordham, lawyer of this city, who has become an authority on real estate matters, I am reminded of the fact that he was one of the really prominent University men during his stay at Ithaca. He was born at Greenport, Suffolk Co., in 1869. He entered Cornell in 1890 and soon took rank as a debater as well as a student. He won several honors in oratorical contests. He was chosen to represent Cornell in a debate between that institution and the University of Pennsylvania, which attracted national attention. He was for a year editor of the Cornell Magazine, a publication of high literary excellence. His proficiency in scholarship is attested by the fact that he won Phi Beta Kappa honors. An additional year in the University Law School after his Ph.B. degree in '94 secured his admission to the bar.

He came to New York in the summer of 1895 and served for a few months as a clerk in a law office, learning the executive and clerical details of the profession; but in 1896 he started for himself, and later the death of Judge B. H. Reeve, of the firm of Reeve & Bartlett, resulted in his succeeding the Judge in the firm. He maintains his home at Greenport, although he has a city residence. Being a Republican in politics and a natural orator, he has taken part from time to time as a public speaker in the campaigns of that party. One of the really noteworthy professional acts of his career was his successful defense of the large oyster interests of eastern Long Island against the claims of the town of Southold, the decision in which case by the highest court of the state established the title of the State of New York to the bottoms of all the bays at the east end of Long Island from



HERBERT L. FORDHAM

SAMUEL M. GARDENHIRE

CHARLES C. PAULDING

Riverhead to Montauk Point. The effect of this signal victory becomes of amazing importance now that Fort Pond Bay has been decided upon as the future harbor for express steamers between Europe and this country. Mr. Fordham is a recognized authority upon the law applicable to oyster lands and the oyster industry and upon real estate law, and is also engaged as counsel to various interests. He is a member of the State, City and American Bar Associations; a member of the Sons of the Revolution, Suffolk County Historical Society, New York State Historical Society, the American Economic Association, the Republican and Lawyers' clubs and other organizations. His affection for Long Island is natural, his family having lived there ever since 1640, when the Rev. Robert Fordham was the first minister of, and the leader in the founding of the town of Hempstead, later becoming the second minister of the town of Southampton.

Missouri contributes to the legal profession of the metropolis a charming friend of mine in the person of Samuel M. Gardenhire, who has not only achieved success in his chosen calling, but has written fiction of a high and popular order. Born in Fayette, Mo., Nov., 1835, he was educated in the public schools of St. Louis, and went to Tennessee to study law, where he was admitted to practice, 1875. He returned to St. Louis to remain four years, when he removed to Topeka, Kan., where he was elected a municipal judge and sent to the State Legislature; after travel in Europe and

the Orient, he came to New York, 1895, and formed the firm of Gardenhire & Jetmore. He is a Republican, an Episcopalian and author of "Lux Crucis," "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold," "Purple and Homespun" and "The Long Arm."

There is no question about Charles C. Paulding's revolutionary ancestry; his great-grandfather was John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre. Mr. Charles C. Paulding's forebears had settled in New Netherlands long before its acquisition by Great Britain. He was born in this city, December, 1868, studied at the Berkeley School and took degrees at Yale University and Columbia Law School. He was a Psi Upsilon man at Yale. Entering the law office of Alexander & Green, May, 1891, he remained there until appointed one of the solicitors for the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Co., which position he still holds. He is a Republican and lives at Ardsley-on-Hudson, near the locality rendered historic by his great-grandfather's achievement. Mr. Paulding is an excellent example of an inheritance of fondness for hard work and as a member of an old American family early comprehended that success is only attained by perseverance. I envy him the genial association with his chief, Ira A. Place, a fellow Cornellian. In addition to membership in the City, State and National Bar Association, Mr. Paulding belongs to the Yale, Union League, University, Republican, Transportation, Ards-

ley, Sleepy Hollow and Metropolitan (Washington) clubs.

Becoming dissatisfied with the exacting cares of commercial life, J. Stewart Ross, studied law while engaged in manufacturing pursuits and entered upon a more congenial career as a lawyer. He was born in Brooklyn and after graduating from the public schools there, became a manufacturer of shirt fronts and during this connection read law in the office of the late James W. Culver and was admitted to the bar in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in May, 1875. Since that time he has been contin-



J. STEWART ROSS

nously engaged in the trial of cases and argument of appeals, not only as attorney, but as counsel for other attorneys and has been successful in more than 90 per cent. of trials and appeals. In the case of *Cunningham vs. Davenport*, he established the revocability of a trust created by deposit in a savings bank and in the case of *Haulon vs. The Central Railroad of New Jersey*, he established the proposition, that while a railroad employee was not obliged to render special service, yet if he volunteered to do so, the railroad company was liable for any negligence in the performance of such volunteer service. He is a member of the firm of J. Stewart & Leroy W. Ross, and has

been unusually successful. He is a Democrat in politics and in 1888 was a candidate for State Senator in a district that usually gave a Republican plurality of 9,500. He was defeated by only 2,500 votes while the mayoralty candidate had a plurality of 8,500 against him. Since that time he has taken no active part in politics, devoting his entire time and energy to his profession.

I have watched with interest the development of many a young lawyer out of the District Attorney's office, which office affords such splendid preparation for a subsequent legal career. Although the practice has to do with criminal law, young assistants generally find opposed to them lawyers of experience and recognized ability, demanding the best talent of the prosecution to combat, and giving valuable insight into the legal necessities of a great city that could come to them in no other way. Among those who received their early training in this manner is Samuel Thorne, Jr., who was born at Saugatuck, Conn., June, 1874, and graduated at Yale in 1896 with the degree of A.B. He was a member at Yale of the fraternity of D. K. E., which has some significance in a college course, and of the Senior Society of Skull and Bones, a society peculiar to Yale, but which admits no drones. His law course was taken at Harvard, leading to LL.B., in 1899. Mr. Thorne previously had made a trip around the world (1891-2), spending the greater part of nine months in India, China and Japan. After a second trip abroad in the summer of 1899 he entered the law office of Stimson & Williams. It was during the following winter, toward the close of the administration of Mayor Van Wyck, that the Committee of Fifteen, of which the late William H. Baldwin, Jr., who was President of the Long Island Railroad, was Chairman, commenced its activities. Mr. Thorne was appointed as one of the assistant attorneys to this committee and was active in its service in more ways than one. The following summer he was appointed by Eugene A. Philbin, at that time District Attorney of New York County, a deputy assistant in that office, thus making his first real entrance into the legal field of the metropolis; he was reappointed under William Trav-



JAMES A. GRAY

OTTO F. STRUSE

FRANK WHITE

ers Jerome; he aided in the trial of criminal cases and had charge of them himself until July, 1905, when he returned to civil practice in the office of Joline, Larkin & Rathbone. After a year and a half with this firm, which handled some of the greatest cases in the city, he commenced practice for himself. In politics, Mr. Thorne is a Republican and in church affiliation an Episcopalian. He is a director in the following organizations: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada, Missionary Exposition Company, Yale Mission, Federation of Churches of New York City, Westchester County Y. M. C. A., and the Silver Bay Association.

Georgia has made a creditable contribution to the New York bar in the person of James A. Gray, partner of the late John R. Fellows. Mr. Gray was born at Calhoun, Ga., June, 1857, and enjoyed the benefits of a country school education. He began as clerk in the Probate Court of Gordon County, and read law as an amusement, without any intention of adopting it as a profession. He was admitted to the bar, however, went to Atlanta and was associated in practice with Hoke Smith, present United States Senator from Georgia. He came to New York at the age of 34 and formed the partnership referred to above. In Georgia he had secured the acquittal of Nancy and Thomas Printup, charged with murder, one of the most noted trials in that state. His latest success in this city was the defense of Paul Geidel, a hotel bell boy, for the murder of William H. Jackson, which resulted in a

second degree verdict. In civil trials he has been exceedingly successful—especially so in life insurance litigation. I cannot avoid mentioning the fact that Mr. Gray has reared to manhood and womanhood five boys and five girls. He is a member of the Southern and Georgia Societies and of the Democratic Club. He has held many minor political offices and in 1888 was Presidential Elector from Georgia on the Cleveland and Thurman ticket.

Having been successful as a lawyer, Otto F. Struse has found time to devote to local matters, being treasurer and trustee of the Brooklyn (E. D.) Dispensary and Hospital and trustee of the Industrial School Association.

Mr. Struse was born in Brooklyn, January 20, 1859. He attended the public schools and then entered the College of the City of New York, from which he graduated in 1879. Two years later he graduated from the Law School of Columbia University and was admitted to the bar the same year. His practice, while a general one, includes the representation of several corporations and financial institutions. Mr. Struse is a Democrat in politics, but has never been active. He is a trustee of the Dime Savings Bank of Williamsburg; is a member of the Masonic fraternity and the Hanover and Crescent clubs of Brooklyn, and of the Brooklyn and State Bar Association.

In addition to his large practice respecting corporations, Frank White has found time to write several valuable works on legal subjects.

These include "White on Corporations," comprising 1,500 pages, "White's Manual for Business Corporations," "White on Membership Corporations." He also was co-editor of "Dill on New Jersey Corporations" and acted as assistant to the consolidators of the corporation laws of the State of New York in 1909.

Mr. White was born in Deposit, N. Y., July 27, 1858, and was educated at Glens Falls Academy. His legal training was obtained under the tutorship of Hughes & Northup, noted lawyers of Northern New York.

Since his admission to the bar he has made a specialty of corporation practice and is a lecturer in that branch at the Albany Law School. He was chief of the corporation division of the Secretary of State's office for many years and also filled the office of First Deputy Attorney General. As receiver of the Hamilton Bank he enabled the stockholders to reorganize with over a million dollars in cash. He is a Mason and a member of several law associations and social clubs.

Rieger & Gans. This connection continued for nearly two years, since which time Mr. Gans has practiced alone, specializing in commercial and real estate law and acting as counsel and director of several realty organizations. His offices are at 140 Nassau Street. He is a Democrat but takes no active part in politics. He has few club affiliations but is interested, in a general way, in several charitable organizations.

Forsaking newspaper work for the law, Charles F. Holm, while finding his lines laid in pleasanter places, still sighs for the old days. He was originally connected with the New York dailies and made an effort to establish a daily morning paper in Brooklyn, but gave it up after a year of hard, persistent work and heavy financial loss.

Mr. Holm was born in New York City, March 8, 1862, and after attending schools in Schwerin, Germany, entered the Columbia Law School, from which he graduated in 1882, with the degree of LL.B. He was admit-



JOSEPH GANS



JOHN T. HETTRICK



CHARLES F. HOLM

Devoting his time to civil work alone and representing several large corporations, Joseph Gans is a successful practitioner at the Bar of New York City. Mr. Gans was born in Germany, May 17, 1881, and being brought to this country by his parents when quite young, was educated at the public schools and the New York University. He graduated LL.B. and was admitted to the bar in 1901, starting practice immediately and at once becoming a member of the legal firm of

ted to the bar the same year and is now a member of the firm of Holm, Whitlock & Sarff, and is engaged principally in corporation work.

He is counsel and a director of the Hudson Trust Company, an honorary member of the Plattdeutscher Volksfest Verein and a member of the Montauk and Riding and Driving clubs of Brooklyn and ex-captain of Company C, 14th Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

The city rooms of metropolitan newspapers have been sprouting beds of many clever and

successful lawyers. Seventeen years ago I encountered an active young reporter associated with the *New York Recorder*. He was John T. Hettrick, born in Brooklyn, in August, 1868, and educated at the Boys' High School. At the graduation exercises, Postmaster Joseph C. Hendrix,—who by the way was a college chum of mine at Cornell,—presided and was so attracted by young Hettrick's address that he offered him a clerkship in the Brooklyn Postoffice, where he steadily advanced until he became an Assistant-Postmaster. He resigned to take up active newspaper work and served for five years on the staff of local newspapers. He resigned to become political writer on the *New York World* where he remained for four years, then going to the *New York Times* in a similar capacity. While employed as an active newspaper man, he studied law, first entering the office of Gaynor, Grout, DeFere & Hyde, prior to the election of present Mayor Gaynor to the Supreme Court Bench. Mr. Hettrick retired from active newspaper work at the request of August Belmont when the latter undertook the contract for the present Subway. He retained that connection until March, 1909, when he began the active practice of law. Mr. Hettrick was named associate counsel to the Legislative Committee to investigate the Telephone and Telegraph Companies of this state. He has always been an active athlete and won many prizes in rowing contests. He is a member of the New York Athletic and Lotos clubs and New York County Lawyers' Association.

One of the younger school of attorneys who has distinguished himself in the practice of criminal law is Frederick B. House, City Magistrate. Born at Cooperstown on the banks of Otsego Lake in 1862, he grew up in that village of romance. After preliminary study in a local law office, he came to the Law School of the University of the City of New York. He entered into practice, independently, and into politics, enthusiastically. He was elected to the New York Legislature and served two terms (1883-'84). He formed a partnership with Mr. Friend in 1885, which continued for some time. The firm of House, Grossman & Vorhaus was organized in 1895,

and continued until Mr. House was appointed a City Magistrate in January, 1907. He has been connected with many famous criminal cases during the past fifteen years. A highly interesting one was that of "Frenchy," or Ben Ali, a wretched Arab vagabond charged with the brutal murder of "Old Shakespeare," a notorious outcast. He was described as New York's "Jack the Ripper." Mr. House secured the acquittal of Marie Barbieri, an Italian woman, who had slain her lover, after she had been convicted.

An ambition which withstood every form of privation impelled Asa L. Carter to become a successful lawyer.



ASA L. CARTER

He was born in Bangor, Marshall County, Iowa, September 19, 1880, and attended the country schools there. After due preparation he entered the University of Missouri and paid for his schooling by selling books and merchandise to his fellow-students. He graduated in 1905 and was admitted to practice in Missouri the same year. Not being satisfied with his legal

equipment, he came to New York City for a course at Columbia University, registered there and became librarian in the law library in order to defray his expenses. He graduated A.M. and LL.B. in 1907 and being admitted to the bar immediately started practice. While Mr. Carter's practice has been along general lines, he is gradually drifting into corporation work and to that end has made an exhaustive study of corporation law.

A young New York lawyer who distinguished himself as a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, at which the latest revision of the original state charter was made, is Thomas Gilleran, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier University in this city, and of the New York University Law School. In 1891, he began the practice of his profession in the metropolis and three



THOMAS GILLERAN



HEADLEY M. GREENE



JOHN M. WARD

years later formed a partnership with Judge John Ford which lasted for one year. Since that time, he has been practicing on his own account. The Constitutional Convention is one provided for in the original charter of the State of New York, meeting every ten years for the purpose of making alterations and amendments to the Constitution to meet conditions that may arise in passing years. Naturally, it is one of the most important legislative bodies, composed of distinguished men and membership therewith is a marked recognition of ability. Mr. Gilleran is a member of the Manhattan, Catholic, Graduates and Siwaney Golf clubs and the Bar Association.

Another lawyer from western New York State is Headley M. Greene, born at Gorham, Ontario County, January, 1865; educated at the preparatory school, Canandaigua, and Rochester University, where he took a Latin scientific course. He then entered the law offices of Guggenheimer & Untermeyer, remaining with that firm more than four years. He was admitted to the bar in 1888; served as Transfer Tax Appraiser for 1906-'07. He is a Republican in politics and executive member of the County Committee from the Thirty-fourth Assembly District, where he lives. He confines his practice to civil, real estate and corporation law. His clubs are the Republican, Union Republican and Pioneer Republican.

Superb physical condition joined with excellent mentality is the best preparation for

a professional career. John M. Ward started out in life as an athletic enthusiast and amply made good in that line. He was born in Bellefonte, Pa., in 1860, and received his preliminary education at the Pennsylvania State College. He became a professional ball player in 1878, one year later joined the Providence team of the National League, as pitcher. In 1883 he became a member of the original New York Giants. The same year he entered Columbia College, and graduated from the School of Law with honors in 1885, and with first honors from the School of Political Science in 1886.

He organized and was president of the Brotherhood of Ball Players in 1886 and in 1890 organized the Players' National League of Baseball Clubs, but retired from the game four years later to take up the practice of law. In 1911, he purchased, with others, the Boston National League Baseball Club and became president of that organization. Mr. Ward resides near Babylon, on his private estate of 225 acres, which includes the finest trout fishing preserve on Long Island. He has figured prominently in National and Metropolitan golfing events, is a Thirty-second Degree Mason and is a member of the Elks and many social and athletic clubs.

That Puritan stock has produced an exceptionally large proportion of our useful and famous citizens is undeniable. One of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides was Edward Allen, who left England upon the accession of Charles II.,



FREDERICK H. ALLEN



IRVING E. ZIEGLER



RANDOLPH FARMLAY

and came to America in 1661. Property acquired by him at Northfield, Mass., is still held by his descendants. Frederick Hobbes Allen, lineal descendant of Edward Allen, was born in Honolulu, where his father was Chief Justice and Chancellor of the Kingdom in the Pacific. He received the degrees of A.B., A.M. and LL.B. from Harvard University. In 1882, he became secretary to the Hawaiian Legation in Washington and was promoted to the rank of Charge d'Affaires upon the death of his father in 1883, who then was Minister.

Since 1884, Mr. Allen has practiced law in New York with a degree of success which requires no comment.

Coming from Philadelphia, where able lawyers are said to be the rule rather than the exception, Irving E. Ziegler found it comparatively easy to get into lucrative practice in New York City.

Mr. Ziegler was born in Towamencin Township, Montgomery County, Pa., September 25, 1871, of German-Irish parentage. His early education was obtained in the country schools near his home and at the Millersville State Normal School, teaching in the school which he attended when only fourteen years old. He then entered Lawrenceville (N. J.) School under Dr. James C. McKenzie, in the class of '86, and went to Princeton College in the Class of '90. He was a member of the Class of '93 at the Law School of the University of

Pennsylvania, at the same time studying under F. Carroll Brewster, the eminent jurist. He was admitted to the bar in 1893 and during his early years of practice acted as counsel for eleven persons charged with murder, none of whom was hanged.

Deciding to devote his time to civil practice, he fitted himself for corporation work and thus equipped removed to New York City, which offered a broader field in this line. He has been very successful, representing some large corporations and having clients in France, Germany and Austria. Mr. Ziegler played right end on the Lawrenceville School football team, the Princeton College team and for three years filled the same position on the University of Pennsylvania team. He was always active in athletics during his college years and has a record of eleven seconds for the one hundred yard dash. He is a member of the Whig Society of Princeton and a non-resident member of the Princeton Club. He is also a member of Mariners Lodge, No. 67, F. and A. M.; Oriental Chapter, No. 183; Royal Arch Masons, St. John's Commandery No. 4, Knights Templar and Lulu Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. of Philadelphia and of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. In politics Mr. Ziegler is a Republican and as such is a member of the Republican County Committee of New York County and the Republican Club of the Twenty-third Assembly District. He is a forceful and convincing speaker

and has been much in demand in several campaigns. During his early life in Philadelphia, Mr. Ziegler was on one of the daily morning papers and has a wide acquaintance among the old-time newspaper men.

Randolph Parmly, attorney-at-law, is the son of the Reverend Wheelock H. Parmly, who was for forty years a pastor in Jersey City. His grandfather, the Rev. Duncan Dunbar, was also a Baptist clergyman in the same city for almost an equal length of time. Randolph Parmly was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1853. He was educated at the Hasbrouck Institute, Jersey City, and at the New York University, from which he was graduated in 1875 with the degrees of A.B. and A.M. He became a member of the Zeta Psi and after a course at Columbia Law School in 1878 he began his career as a lawyer in Jersey City. Eventually he settled in New York to practice his profession. He has obtained an enviable reputation as an expert counsel and in corporation matters generally and is counsel for several large corporations, among which are: The Safety Car Heating and Lighting Co.; Standard Coupler Co., and the Rome Locomotive & Machine Works and he is a member of several leading clubs and associations, among which are the University, Lawyers, Bar Association, St. Andrew's Society, and the Phi Beta Kappa.

Among the successful lawyers of the younger set in New York I must not forget to mention a man of agreeable personality and manner, Alfred A. Cook, of the firm of Leventritt, Cook & Nathan. He is in touch with my own profession as counsel for the New York *Times*. Mr. Cook was born in San Francisco, June, 1873, but came to New York at an age sufficiently early to enjoy the benefits of our public schools. Thence he passed to the College of the City of New York, where he took a B.S. degree in 1892 and, after post-graduate study at Columbia, received A.M. in 1894. His law course was completed a year later at the Columbia Law School. He was chosen Phi Beta Kappa on account of high scholarship. He began practice in 1895 and has now a large clientele. He is a Democrat and a member of the Lotos, Manhattan and Economic clubs, the Bar Association,

Society of Medical Jurisprudence and the California Society.

Andrew Delos Kneeland, a lawyer of distinction, who came to this city from Rome, N. Y., ten years ago has already made a place for himself. Mr. Kneeland was born in Binghamton, this state, in 1863, and secured his education at Colgate Academy and University. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He was city attorney of Rome for several years and prosecuted several of the most important cases in Central New York. He was admitted to practice in Supreme Court in 1900. He is a past-master Mason, 32d degree; Past Commander of the Knights Templar, a Trustee of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence and a Son of Onida. He is independent Republican. He is also a member of the American Bar Association, the Bar Association of the State of New York and of the City of New York, and the New York County Lawyers' Association.

As an orator of great ability and as a skillful and learned lawyer, Edward A. Sumner, has more than fulfilled the promise of his early student life.

He was born at Rome, N. Y., November 3, 1856, and graduated A.B. from Wesleyan University in 1878 with honors in history and oratory. His post-graduate work was at Yale and included political science, history and economics. Mr. Sumner was admitted to the Bar of New York in 1885 and later to the Bars of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Ohio and Minnesota and all the Federal Courts. His specialty is corporation law. He is a Republican in politics and has made many speeches under the auspices of the National and State committees of that party. He is a member of the American Bar, New York State Bar, and New York County Lawyers' Associations, the Psi Upsilon fraternity, New England Society in the City of New York, Navy, League of America and the New York Yacht, New York Athletic, Yale, Sachems Head Yacht, Brooklyn Yacht and the Huntingdon Yacht clubs.

Georgia's contribution to the legal fraternity of New York includes William Harman Black, born at Forsyth, in that state. He was edu-



A. DELOS KNEELAND



EDWARD A. SUMNER



WILLIAM HARMON BLACK

cated at the public schools of Atlanta, where he finished in 1884, and began his career as private secretary to Joseph M. Brown, afterwards Governor of Georgia when that official was in the railroad business. From this position, Mr. Black was promoted to be the private secretary of United States Senator Joseph E. Brown, and lived in Washington six years. He was always sincerely interested in the law as a profession, and occupied every spare moment in acquiring knowledge thereof. He was admitted to the bar, and became counsel for the Mallory, Clyde, and Metropolitan Steamship Companies, and prominent commercial institutions. He is author of *Black on "New York and New Jersey Corporations,"* and *"The Real Wall Street."* He was Commissioner of Accounts of Greater New York (1904 and 1905) and is at present special counsel for the City of New York in its litigation with the Subway conduit monopolies. Mr. Black organized in 1903, in connection with Commissioner John F. Galvin, the Citizens' Independent Democracy, and within a few months it had attained a membership of six thousand, and took an active part in the first election of McClellan. He is a member of the Metropolitan and Lawyers' Clubs and of the Southern and Georgia Societies. He also belongs to Kane Lodge, F. and A. M.

Mr. Black organized "The Association for New York," which has for its object: "To contend for the principle of the Government of New York by New Yorkers for New York,

to challenge indiscriminate abuse and criticism of New York City, and to set forth her advantages as a place of residence for the citizen, as a point of production and distribution for the manufacturer, and as a mart for the merchant."

Mr. Black is president of the Corporations Organization and of the Accounting Company of New York, and is a director in the Commercial Trust Company, Alsace Realty Company and the Topia Mining Company.

While at Cornell University, Samuel S. Slater acted as correspondent for many of the leading dailies in the large cities and established a record that it was thought at the time would turn him from legal to journalistic work.

Mr. Slater was born in New York City, January 24, 1870, and was educated in the public schools, at the New York University Law School and Cornell University, graduating from the latter institution B.L. and LL.B., being Law School debater, Commencement Day orator and winner of the Law Thesis prize.

Mr. Slater is joint author of *Alger and Slater's Employers' Liability Law* and while a member of the State Assembly he was author of the Franchise Tax Law. He also served in the State Senate during the sessions of 1901 and 1902. Mr. Slater is a director of the Cold Process Company, United Cotton Gin Company, the Millington Company, and the Broadway Hotel Company. He is a member



SAMUEL S. SLATER



EMANUEL G. BULLARD



JOHN S. SUMNER

of the Bar Association, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Republican Club of the City of New York, the Harlem Republican Club, the Cornell Club and the Phi Gamma Delta, Phi Delta Phi and Alpha Zeta fraternities.

Many a young man is handicapped in completing his education by ill health. Such was the case with Emanuel G. Bullard, who was born in Waterford, N. Y., in 1861. After making a thorough preparation for a university course at Phillips Exeter Academy, he entered Harvard in the class of 1884, but complete failure of his health prevented him from remaining until graduation. Acting upon medical advice, he went to Iowa, studied law there and in Minnesota and was admitted to the bar at Minneapolis, March, 1889. His father, Gen. Edward F. Bullard, practiced law in this state from 1842 to the time of his death in 1900. He came to New York City in 1891 and was first associated with Davies, Short & Townsend, attorneys for the Manhattan Railway Company, and later with Oudin & Oakley, counsel for American Tobacco Company. He began practice on his own account in 1896, and has argued many cases in the Supreme and United States Courts and the Court of Appeals. Recently he has devoted attention to real estate in Queens Borough, and is largely interested in property at Jamaica and Richmond Hill. Served on Committee of One Hundred in city campaign of 1909.

The Capital of the United States has not been wanting in its quota of capable lawyers to add to the brilliancy of the New York Bar. John Saxton Sumner was born at Washington, D. C., September, 1876, and thirteen years later came to this city. He was educated in the public schools and took a degree in law at the New York University in 1904, being a member of the Zeta Psi and Phi Delta Phi (law) fraternities. He began his career with Henry Clews Co., bankers, where he remained ten years (1895 to 1905). During this period he studied law. He believes the experience obtained in Broad Street was of great value to him. Statesmanship and the legal profession run in his family, although they skipped his father, who went into the Navy and retired as a Rear-Admiral in 1903. Naturally, after extensive experience in the Wall Street section, Mr. Sumner has a decided leaning toward stock brokerage litigation; but he is also successful in corporation practice. He enlisted in the 114th Regiment, N. Y. S. Militia, May, 1898, to go to the Spanish War, but the regiment was not called out. He has been active in Democratic politics.

An attorney who has been notably successful in the practice of his profession is Joseph T. Ryan. Mr. Ryan obtained his LL.B. at Columbia Law School and a Ph.D. from St. Francis Xavier and was for three years connected with John M. Scribner, the famous railroad lawyer, in the practice of law. In 1899 he entered upon independent practice.

Since that time Mr. Ryan has handled many notable cases. In the matter of the biennial election of a certain benevolent society, he succeeded in establishing the principle of law that the Supreme Council of this society, as incorporators, had not the right to continue themselves by reelection as permanent life members of this Council, thereby maintaining control and management of the affairs and funds. Mr. Ryan is a keen golfer and equestrian, a member of the Catholic, Deal Golf, Allenhurst and Military Rough Riding clubs.

One of the most energetic of the Assistant United States District Attorneys for the south-

Utica and Litchfield, Conn., are related to him. Ten years' success in private practice caused his appointment as Assistant United States District Attorney.

Three years ago, after living twenty-five years in the metropolis, he adopted country life and acquired a residence at Red Bank, N. J., giving up his city clubs and seeking the retirement of country life.

One of New Jersey's valued contributions to the younger generation of metropolitan lawyers is James Renwick Sloane, born at Princeton, January, 1881; was graduated at the University of New Jersey, 1900; at the



JOSEPH T. RYAN

CLARENCE S. HOUGHTON

JAMES R. SLOANE

ern district of New York known to me is Clarence S. Houghton, who served for nine years in that post and handled some of the most important cases that arose during the strenuous period of President Roosevelt's second term, when crooked corporations and smuggling importers were hunted to their lairs. Mr. Houghton was born at Piermont, N. Y., in 1864, was sent to Phillips Academy, Andover, and then to Amherst College, where he was graduated in 1888. He immediately came to New York, entered the Columbia Law School, was admitted to practice and opened a law office here. Meanwhile, he had taken a special course in law under Charles M. Bostwick. He was induced to enter the law by an uncle, the late Augustus S. Seymour, for many years a Judge of the Supreme Court, of North Carolina. The Seymour family of

Columbia Law School, 1903, and studied two years at Trinity College, Cambridge. Mr. Sloane practiced law in London for one year to familiarize himself with British procedure. Returning to New York, he entered the office of Strong & Cadwalader. He assisted Henry W. Taft in the prosecution of Tobacco Trust cases. His father is Prof. William M. Sloane, of Columbia University, author of "Life of Napoleon" and other histories. James R. Sloane is a member of the Bar Association, the New York Athletic and Princeton clubs. He was recently appointed a Condemnation Commissioner on the Ashokan reservoir.

A young lawyer from California who has specialized in patent law is Seabury Cone Mastick, born at San Francisco, July, 1871, and educated at the University of California, where he received his LL.B. degree. Subse-

quently, he took a special course in law at New York University and studied electrical engineering and chemistry at Cornell University. He was admitted to the bar at Sacramento in 1893 and three years later came to New York. Mr. Mastick belongs to a family of lawyers. He engaged in scientific farming in Westchester County and in 1907 successfully undertook citrus growing in Florida, both farms having competent foremen as managers. As stated, Mr. Mastick has been especially successful as a patent lawyer, particularly with reference to chemistry and electricity. He is a member of numerous social and scientific clubs and is a Son of the

felt a compelling desire to enter the legal profession and, since beginning his career, has been counsel for large mercantile concerns—especially distinguishing himself by winding up the affairs of the Bank of Staten Island in such a manner as to give satisfaction to the depositors. That litigation and settlement attracted a great deal of attention. He is one of the Board of Governors of the Progress Club.

The metropolis acquired a capable lawyer in the person of J. Douglas Wetmore, owing to his belief in the equality of man before the law and his fearlessness in appearing before a Florida court in defense of the rights of the



SEABURY C. MASTICK

NATHAN D. STERN

J. DOUGLAS WETMORE

American Revolution. He is a Republican, an Episcopalian and an enthusiastic Knights Templar.

North Carolina has furnished another accession to the bar of the metropolis in the person of Nathan D. Stern, a promising young lawyer who came here in his boyhood and has become essentially a New Yorker, from sentiment and training. Mr. Stern was born at Greenville, N. C., August, 1877, but reached this city in time to take advantage of its admirable public schools. Thence, he entered the law department of the New York University, where he was graduated in 1897. Prior to that time, he had acquired a familiarity with the office business of his profession in association with Felix Jellenik, his present partner. From early boyhood, Mr. Stern had

colored race. His experience is a story of universal interest. Mr. Wetmore was born in Tallahassee, 1870; attended the public schools of Jacksonville; spent one year at Atlanta University and read law at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. He was admitted to the Florida Bar, and practiced at Jacksonville until 1906, when events I am about to relate made desirable a change of environment. In July, 1905, Mr. Wetmore won a test case in Florida that caused the "Jim Crow" street car law of that state to be declared unconstitutional. The decision was extremely unpopular to the white population, however much of a personal triumph it may have been from a lawyer's viewpoint. The case is famous throughout the South and is known as "The State of Florida vs. Andrew

Pattison." After braving the disfavor of his fellow townsmen for several months, Mr. Wetmore responded to "the call of New York" and came here, where all men are treated fairly and amendments to the Constitution of the United States are revered.

David Rumsey, Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, in charge of Department of Arrears of Taxes, turned ten years of arrears of taxes into cash, some five hundred million dollars of assessed property being involved. During his term of business-like administration, he demonstrated that these matters could be brought entirely up to date with a loss of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Mr. Rumsey is a son and grandson of Justices of the Supreme Court of New York. He was born at Bath, N. Y., in 1875, studied at the University of Rochester, where he was a Psi Upsilon man, and at Columbia Law School. He is, at present, counsel for and Vice-President of the Continental Insurance Company, and of the Fidelity-Phenix Insurance Company. He is a member of the Union League, the City Club and of the City and State Bar Associations. His work, "Rumsey on Taxation," is a text-book of value.

Erie County, of this State, has given to the New York Bar James M. Hunt, born at Clarence, April, 1858. His father was a clergyman of the Baptist denomination and sent his son to the University of Rochester, where he was graduated in 1880. Removing to Yonkers, he began the practice of law and

served as Corporation Counsel of that town from 1892 to 1901. He then opened an office in New York City, where he has since been engaged in general practice. Mr. Hunt is a Republican and member of the State and City Bar Association; he is a trustee of Warburton Avenue Baptist Church, of Yonkers. Mr. Hunt is intensely fond of outdoor sports, plays golf and spends much of his time hunting and fishing in Canada. He is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity and of the Republican and St. Andrew's Golf clubs.

William Lester Wemple, an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, has actively cooperated with the Customs Department in prosecuting importers who undervalued their goods and in hunting down irregular postal officials in Cuba. Mr. Wemple had graduated from one college and had worked for two years in a private bank, before he began the study of law at Harvard Law School in 1900. Four years later, he was practicing his profession in New York and was soon in the Government service, assisting United States Attorney Wise. His work in New York embraced the customs scandals, most of the cases against importers being handled by him. The Duveen Brothers were willing to settle for \$1,200,000 and to pay fines. He also prosecuted C. F. Neely, charged with irregularities in Cuban postal affairs, and secured a verdict for \$113,000. President Taft appointed him an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. Mr. Wemple



DAVID RUMSEY

OTTO G. FOELKER

JAMES M. HUNT



WILLIAM LESTER WEMPLE



JOHN P. DUNN



WALDO G. MORSE

comes from Illinois, where he was born at Waverly, May, 1877. He is a Republican and a member of the Harvard Club.

The Corporation Counsel's office has graduated many successful lawyers, who have obtained therein valuable training. Among those I have in mind is John P. Dunn, born on Manhattan Island in 1860, prepared for college at Public School No. 64 and given a degree by Fordham University in 1880. He then took a course at the Columbia Law School. After serving as managing clerk in a large law firm for four years, he was appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel in 1889 and defended several notable actions brought against the city. He organized the Bureau of Street Openings and Tunnels, acting as its chief from 1895 to 1910. He is a Democrat in politics; member of the Manhattan, Larchmont and Oakland Golf clubs; a Knight of Columbus and served as Assistant Secretary to the New York Fire Department for two years.

A sturdy and constant fighter in behalf of the preservation of the Palisades—one of the natural treasures of the Hudson River region—is Waldo Grant Morse, born at Rochester, March, 1859, of New England parentage. After leaving the University of Rochester, he studied law with Martindale & Oliver, was admitted to the bar in 1884 and has been in practice in this city since 1888. Mr. Morse was appointed a Palisades Com-

missioner by Governor Morton and drew the Palisades National Reservation bills, which were passed by the legislatures of New York and New Jersey. He is a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution and the state, county and city Bar Associations. His clubs are the Lawyers, Reform, Amackassin, Quill and Seagull Golf. He is also a member of the Committee of the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society in charge of conserving the Highlands of the Hudson.

From the foothills of the Adirondacks, harkening to "the call of the city," came Clark L. Jordan to practice law at this famous bar. He was born at Rockwood, Fulton County, N. Y., January, 1861, educated at the common schools and Casanova Academy. He began service in his profession at Gloversville in 1882 and had excellent success as a trial lawyer. This class of practice has become his chosen work. He was the first Democratic mayor of Gloversville. After defending many of the criminal actions in his home and adjoining counties for more than twenty years, he came to New York in 1906. Here his capacity has been shown to greatest advantage in the criminal courts. He has successfully defended many important cases. He recently represented Lillian Graham and Ethel Conrad, charged with shooting W. E. D. Stokes, over which case the city was extremely

interested and much amused. Mr. Jordan has been successful since beginning practice in this city. Owing to the open-air life in youth, he is devoted to athletic sports.

The great valley of the Mississippi contributed to the legal profession of the metropolis Wm. Hepburn Russell,* who, since his coming, in 1895, had been as active in politics as in law. Born at Hannibal, Mo., 1857, he received his education at the public schools; he engaged in newspaper work and rose from reporter to editor of a local newspaper, studying law meanwhile. He was admitted to practice in 1882 and the same year became

and belongs to the New York, Whitehall, and Manhattan clubs; has been President of the Missouri Society and also President and chief owner of the Boston National Baseball club.

Among West Virginian contributions to the talent of this city is Judge Charles Forrest Moore, now engaged principally in literary and platform work. Judge Moore was born at Dummore, West Va., and after a preliminary course at the Vanderbilt University, Nashville, completed his education at the University of Virginia. He began practice at Huntersville, W. Va., in January, 1887. In the



CLARK L. JORDAN



WILLIAM HEPBURN RUSSELL



CHARLES F. MOORE

City Attorney of Hannibal. He became a corporation lawyer, acting as general attorney for several railroads while located at Lafayette and Frankfort, Ind. Thence he removed to Chattanooga and served as Presidential Elector in 1892. He came to New York, three years later, where he has practiced largely in the Federal Courts. He is quite an authority on special phases of the law.

He is the author, jointly with his former partner, Wm. Beverly Winslow, of Russell and Winslow's Syllabus-Digest of the United States Supreme Court Reports, now in its third edition. He is one of the receivers of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company; a prominent Elk, a Knight of Pythias,

*The untimely death of Mr. Russell has occurred since the above was written.

same month, four years later, he moved to Clifton Forge, Va., and in 1894 was elected by the State Legislature as Judge of the County Court for Allegheny and Craig Counties. He moved to New York in 1902. He was delegate from Virginia to the Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists held in St. Louis during the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition. Judge Moore has published "A History of the States, United and Otherwise," an ingenious and satirical treatment of many of the grave questions that have agitated this country. He is known as one of the best after-dinner speakers in this city and has spoken before many social and political organizations in various parts of the country. He is an Independent Democrat, a member of the Southern Society and "The Virginians." Has also been Presi-

dent of the Traffic Club of New York, and is regarded as an authority on transportation matters.

With the indomitable will that characterizes the native New Englander, Stark B. Ferriss has succeeded in New York City, where others with less obstacles to overcome have failed.

Mr. Ferriss was born in New Milford, Conn., and came to New York, after a brief schooling, to take up the study of law. He attended an evening law school here and then entered the New York Law School, graduating as an honor man with the Class of '93 and since twice serving his school as judge of its most

case in which he appeared as one of the attorneys for Albert T. Patrick. In general practice he negotiated the sale of \$6,000,000 of Brooklyn water front to the City of New York and was counsel in the Van Denburgh extradition proceedings. He is a recognized authority on the tax laws.

Mr. Dalberg was born in St. Louis, Mo., July 27, 1875, and was educated at Columbia University and the New York Law School, graduating A.B. and LL.B. He was admitted to the bar in 1897 and has been in active practice ever since. He is a Democrat in politics; was candidate for Alderman from 21st District in 1901 and was in charge of the bureau of club



STARK B. FERRISS



MELVIN H. DALBERG



JAMES F. DONNELLY

advanced examinations for prizes. For twelve years he was in the employ of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company and in 1905 entered upon private practice. During his long connection with the Trust Company, and recently in his private practice, Mr. Ferriss has closed many large titles, some of them being very important private transactions.

He is now a member of the firm of Ferriss, Roesser & Storek. Mr. Ferriss resides in Madison, N. J. He is also a counsellor at law at the New Jersey Bar and is a member of the State Bar Association of New Jersey.

As an able trial lawyer, Melvin H. Dalberg, has figured in many important cases, prominent among them being the famous murder

organizations of the Democratic National Committee in 1908; he was Assistant Tax Commissioner of the City of New York in 1906 and 1907; in 1906 he became a member of the Board of Inspectors of The Mutual Life Insurance Company, by appointment of the State Superintendent of Insurance.

Mr. Dalberg is a director of the Seminole Mining Company and the Physical and Surgical Hospital. He was formerly president of the Young Men's Democratic Club of the 29th Assembly District and is a member of the Columbia College Alumni Association, the Dwight Alumni Association; the New York County Lawyers' Association, Missouri Society, Zeta Psi and Masonic fraternities and the National Democratic club.

A young lawyer who has created a distinctive place for himself in this great city within the last ten years is James F. Donnelly, born at New Britain, Conn., 1877. He took a course at the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; a degree at St. Francis Xavier College in this city and was admitted to the bar in 1902. For two years he served as an assistant in the office of Whalen & Dunn, but in 1904 he opened an office for himself. He first came to the front in the case of Samuel McMillan vs. Klaw & Erlanger. The latter firm had obtained from the Board of Aldermen a city ordinance permitting them to extend the front of the New Amsterdam Theatre, but Mr. Donnelly established the unconstitutionality of the ordinance. Another well-known case of his, Ortolano vs. the Degnon Contracting Co., settled the question of the sufficiency of a notice under the Employers' Liability Act. Another memorable bit of litigation, namely, J. B. McDonald vs. The Mayor of New York, a highly important mechanics' lien case, created an exception to the rule that personal judgment could not be obtained by such action without demand. Mr. Donnelly is a Democrat and a member of several clubs.

A comparatively young but distinguished member of the bar and one who has won distinction outside of his profession is Louis H. Porter, a son of Timothy H. and Marie Louise (Hoyt) Porter. Young Porter first saw the light of day in New York on March 16, 1874. He received his early education at Andover and subsequently he was graduated at Yale in 1896 with the degree of B.A. He received the oration appointment and was awarded special honors in history and economics.

He took the degree of LL.B. in 1898 at the New York Law School, and immediately entered upon the active practice of his profession. He now controls a very large and influential clientele, consisting of the larger corporations of New York City and its suburbs. In 1901, Mr. Porter married Ellen Marian Hatch, daughter of Richard J. and Eleanor Merrill Hatch. Four children were born to this union: Louise Hoyt, Louis Hop-

kins, Jr., Joyce and Beatrice. In addition to the large practice Mr. Porter is identified with, he finds time to be on the directory of the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, and is President and Director of the North American Mercantile Agency Company. He is a member of the Yale University and Hardware Clubs; of the New York City, New York State, New York County Lawyers' and American Bar Associations and of the Commercial Law League of America. He is likewise a member of the Ornithologists' Union and of the Linnean Society.

Mr. Porter is a devotee of country life and lives at Stamford.

Vermont has contributed another member of the New York Bar in the person of Henry Boynton Johnson, of the firm of Niles & Johnson. He was born at Woodstock, July, 1862, and he took a degree at Dartmouth in 1883, being a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. After serving in the Claim Department of a western railroad, he was admitted to practice in 1888. The present firm was organized a year later. His specialty is corporation law and estates. He naturally acquired a taste for real estate and has occupied himself also for six or seven years in the development of the country residences situated at Shoreham, L. I., on a high bluff on the shore of Long Island Sound, opposite Bridgeport. He has a summer place in Vermont and is a lover of horses, although keen on motoring. He is quite a club member, belonging to the Union League, Riding, Dartmouth and several country clubs.

One of the most scholarly men in the legal profession in New York to-day is Floyd Baker Wilson, born at Watervliet, this state, in 1845. After taking a classical course at the University of Michigan and studying law at the Cleveland Law College, he was admitted to the bar in 1873, practiced at Chicago until 1880 when he came to New York, where he has since lived. Corporation law has been his specialty; he is one of the best-informed men in this country on Spanish-American laws as affecting property rights. He has been sent to Europe on many occasions as representative of corporations. His last enterprise of that kind was in association with a southern



FLOYD B. WILSON



FRANCIS D. GALLATIN



EDWARD O. TOWNE

syndicate in control of an entirely new form of cotton-gin. Mr. Wilson is largely interested in Mexican mines. He is President of the School of Philosophy and has lectured in many parts of the country on Metaphysics. He is author of a series of four remarkable books in the "New Thought" philosophy, namely, "Paths to Power," "Man Limitless," "Through Silence to Realization," and "The Discovery of the Soul." He is the author of a novel, "Uphill," and a translator of a Spanish book. He has been given an LL.D. by Richmond College.

Relinquishing a possibly brilliant diplomatic career for the practice of law is why Francis D. Gallatin is now numbered among the members of New York City's bar.

Mr. Gallatin was born in this city, September 2, 1870, and is of Swiss and English extraction, the family being founded in America in 1780. His great-grandfather was Albert Gallatin, who was Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents Jefferson and Madison.

He was prepared at Berkeley and Everson schools and then entered Columbia College, graduating in 1891 with the degree of A.B. He studied law in the offices of Hornblower, Byrne & Taylor and in the New York Law School, and then went abroad, becoming in 1901, an attaché of the American Embassy at Constantinople. After this service he made a tour of South America, visiting many of the

Latin Republics. Returning to New York in 1908, he took up the active practice of law and has been deeply interested in the Prison Association and in the work of the criminal courts. Mr. Gallatin is a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, a decoration he received from Pope Pius X. He is a member of the Delta Phi fraternity, the Columbia University and National Democratic clubs of New York and the Oriental Club of Constantinople.

In addition to being successful at the practice of law, Edward Owings Towne, has written several successful plays. His comedy, "Other People's Money," has kept the boards for 19 years, he tells me.

He was born in Iowa and received his education at the Iowa Central University, graduating when only eighteen years of age. He was admitted to the bar in Chicago, and started practice at the age of twenty-one years. When but twenty-six years old he was candidate for Superior Court Judge, and, in his own language, "was beaten so badly, he has never since ran for office."

Mr. Towne was one of the attorneys in the famous Debs Railroad Conspiracy case in Chicago, and appeared in other celebrated cases. He came to New York City in 1903. He was leading counsel for the defense in the Sheib bath-tub murder case.

Mr. Towne was organizer and executive

chairman of the famous Waldorf-Astoria Peace Banquet. He is a member of the Iowa Society of New York and the Liberal Culture, Fortnightly and American Dramatists' clubs. He is also founder and president of the Theatregoers' Club of America.

The Middle West contributed another successful lawyer to the bar of New York City, when Herman J. Witte relinquished practice in Ohio and located in the metropolis. He was born in Cincinnati, September 19, 1860, and after a thorough schooling in the public



HERMAN J. WITTE.

schools in the city of his birth he entered the University of St. Louis, from which he graduated with honors. He was for several years connected with the municipal government of Cincinnati and was admitted to practice by the Supreme Court in 1897. Since locating in New York City he has acquired a large practice and enjoys the confidence and respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

The Delafield family is one of the most distinguished in New York, dating from Revolutionary days. Lewis Delafield was born in this city, 1863, studied at St. Paul's School, was graduated at Harvard University,

and secured a degree of LL.B. from Columbia Law School in 1884. Mr. Delafield has been in active practice since his admission, and, as a member of the New York City Bar Association, has served on all its committees, has been chairman of several committees and chairman of the Executive Committee of the New York State Bar Association. Mr. Delafield was a member of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Seventy in 1894, Secretary of the Rapid Transit Board of New York City, 1895-99, and was nominated in 1906 for Justice of the Supreme Court. He is a member of the Union Club and of the Century Association.

The District Attorney's office has sent out many capable jury lawyers, among whom I rank highly John F. McIntyre, who served as an assistant under District Attorneys De Lancey Nicoll and John R. Fellows. During that time, Mr. McIntyre prosecuted 614 murder and manslaughter cases, out of which number he secured 580 convictions of various kinds. Three months of this eventful term (extending from November, 1894, to January, 1895), are known to this day as "the Bloody Assize," because 44 persons were tried for murder in New York County and every one was convicted. Among important cases prosecuted by Mr. McIntyre were those of Burton C. Webster, Dr. Meyer, Edward Caesar, Marie Barbari, David Hannigan, Daniel McGrath and Henry Wise. At the end of his public service, Mr. McIntyre was retained by several Irish societies to go to England and appear in behalf of Edward Ivory, charged with an attempt to dynamite the Houses of Parliament. Associated with him were several distinguished English lawyers; a verdict of acquittal was secured. Since then he has engaged in general practice, his most recent case of importance being the defense of Capt. Peter C. Haines, charged with murder. Mr. McIntyre was born in New York, January, 1855, educated at the College of St. Francis Xavier and the University of the City of New York. He belongs to many clubs.

Recently appointed general solicitor of the New York State Brewers' Association and the Lager Beer Brewers' Board of Trade of New York and vicinity, William H. Hirsh brings



JOHN F. MCINTYRE



WILLIAM H. HIRSH



DAVID M. NEUBERGER

to his new offices a complete knowledge of every phase of law and precedent that is of invaluable aid in looking after legislative matters and protecting a large amount of invested capital for his clients. He was born in New York City, July 8, 1874, and later graduating from the public schools in 1889, entered the College of the City of New York, from which he graduated A.B. in 1894. One year later he obtained the A.M. degree from the School of Political Science of Columbia University and in 1897 graduated LL.B. from the Law School of the same institution. He was admitted to the bar one year previous to graduation and from 1896 to 1897 studied for the degree of Ph.D., taking up such subjects as historical political economy, constitutional history of the United States, comparative constitutional law of United States and Europe administrative law, Roman law, law of Municipal corporations, law of taxation, Constitutional law, international law and Mediaeval and Ecclesiastical history. During his studies in the School of Political Science he also took up a special seminarium work in history and administrative law and the police power vested in the various states. He was appointed Inspector of Schools by Mayor Van Wyck, becoming Chairman of the Thirteenth District Board and retained the position during Mr. Van Wyck's term of office. He is a member of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, the Manhattan Club

and other social organizations and is a member of the firm of Hirsh & Ehrhorn.

In becoming a lawyer, David M. Neuberger consummated a determination formed while employed in the office of A. Oakley Hall, one time Mayor of New York City; his service with the ex-Mayor engendering an inclination for the legal profession to the exclusion of everything else. He was born here April 4, 1864, and educated in the public schools; his legal training being obtained at the Law School of New York University and in the office of Dittenhoefer & Runkel, where he remained until his admission to the bar. He has been successful from the commencement of his professional career and has been counsel in many important cases, both civil and criminal and in many cases of public interest. He also represents a great many corporations and is connected with several companies as director or officer.

Mr. Neuberger's father, Jacob Neuberger emigrated to this country from the Rhine Province in Germany, in 1849, and was a client and close friend of Abraham Lincoln. His mother, Rosalie Neuberger, was born in Denmark and coming to America when very young became one of the foremost women of her time. In politics, Mr. Neuberger has always been an independent Democrat. He is interested in charitable work and is connected with many organizations in that line. He numbers many prominent men among

his clientele. He is a writer of much force and is a frequent contributor to various publications. Mr. Neuberger is a member of the American Economic Society, the American Civic Alliance, the County Lawyers' Association, the Alumni of New York University and several social organizations.

The first mayor of Long Island City was the father of Edward W. Ditmars, who was born at Astoria in 1863. Educated at the Columbia Law School for the practice of his profession, Edward Ditmars received the degree of LL.B. and became associated with his uncles, J. H. and S. Riker. This law firm will probably be remembered by the old New Yorkers as attorneys in the famous Sarah Burr will case. Since the dissolution of that firm Mr. Ditmars has practiced independently. He is attorney for the Richmond Kaolin Co. and for the Astoria Heights Land Co.; a member of the Holland Society and the Sons of the American Revolution. In politics, he is actively a Democrat.

In 1884, Morris Cukor, a young Hungarian of 16, desiring to live in a country of unlimited opportunities and free institutions, landed in this city and entered the New York University Law School. He had previously secured a fair education at the Royal College of Kallo, in his native land, and had taken several gold medals for scholarship. Here, he won the Elliot F. Shepard scholarship at the New

York University. Entering the law office of Justice Joseph E. Newburger, he was admitted to the bar and began practice. His fondness for the law was marked. He acted as counsel to Count Ladislaus Szechenyi in ante-nuptial negotiations preceding the Count's marriage to Miss Gladys Vanderbilt; was legal advisor to Aurel Batonyi; is general counsel to the Austro-Hungarian Consul-General in this city and to the United Hungarian Reform churches in America, consisting of 30 congregations in various parts of the country. He represents the Hungarian-American Bank of New York, also the Royal Hungarian Government, the Commercial Bank and the Hungarian Central Credit Bank, of Budapest, two of the largest institutions on the continent. He is an active worker in many charitable associations. Is a Democrat and one of the secretaries of Tammany Hall.

John Henry Iselin was born in New York City, September, 1874; he secured his early education abroad at Vevey and Paris. Returning to New York, he prepared for college at the Berkeley School; took a degree at Harvard, 1896, and finished a law course at Columbia Law School in 1899. He was a member of the Delta Phi fraternity. He began his active career in the law office of the late Albert Stickney in 1897. He has been an active worker in politics as an Independent Republican. He served as Assistant Dis-



EDWARD W. DITMARS



MORRIS CUKOR!



JOHN H. ISELIN



CHARLES THADDEUS TERRY



GEORGE W. MORGAN



REGINALD H. SCHENCK

trict Attorney of New York County, 1902-1906, after which he became head of the present law firm of Iselin & Delafield in 1906. Mr. Iselin belongs to the Knickerbocker, University, City, Republican, Down Town and Harvard clubs; he is a member of the American Museum of Natural History, Metropolitan Museum of Art and New York Zoological Society.

From Albany, Charles Thaddeus Terry came to New York City about 1893 to make a place for himself in the legal profession. He was then twenty-six years of age and had taken degrees at Williams College, the Columbia Law School and had studied at the University of Berlin. He began practice as junior partner in an established firm, but after six years established an office of his own. He was a prize lecturer at Columbia Law School, 1893-'95, and a regular lecturer from 1896 to 1901, since which time he has been Professor of Law at the University. He is believed to be the best-informed man on laws relating to automobiles and the liabilities of their owners. He was appointed by Governor Higgins Commissioner of N. Y. State on uniformity of laws in the United States. He is a Phi Beta Kappa, an ex-president of the National Council of the Phi Delta Phi fraternity and a member of the University Club.

New Jersey has supplied the metropolis with many excellent citizens. Especially is this true in the profession of law. Mr. George

W. Morgan, of Breed, Abbott & Morgan, was born at East Orange, N. J., in 1875. He went to Ohio for his college degree, taking it at Oberlin College in 1897. Then he attended Columbia Law School for three years and was graduated LL.B. in 1900. He served as deputy assistant district attorney of New York county for two years, having especial charge of police prosecutions. After serving three years as State Superintendent of Elections, he resigned to devote his time to practice. He has taken an active part in Republican politics. Mr. Morgan is fond of the open air and spends much time in the Summer at his farm near Suffern, N. Y. His grandfather, John Morgan, was a professor at Oberlin College for 50 years and the father and mother of the subject of this sketch were both graduates of that institution. Mr. Morgan is a member of the American, State, City and County Bar Associations, the Academy of Political Science, the University and Republican Clubs and the Ohio Society.

Among the lawyers who have attained success through individual effort, Reginald H. Schenck is deserving of mention. He was born in New York City July 20, 1878, and comes of old Holland ancestry. His father was a prominent broker whose failure made it necessary for Mr. Schenck to leave school. He secured employment in the circulation department of an afternoon paper and at the same time attended the night class of the

New York Law School, from which he obtained the degree of LL.B., and was admitted to the bar in 1901. He afterwards matriculated at the New York University Law School but did not complete the course, returning to the New York Law School for the LL.M. degree which was conferred upon him in 1904. Mr. Schenck was at one time a member of the legal firm of Cheney, Schenck & Stockell, which included O. H. Cheney, formerly Superintendent of Banks, and now vice-president of the Pacific Bank.



CHARLES D. M. COLE

Charles D'Urban Morris Cole was born in West Forty-third Street, New York City, in which city he was raised and has lived practically ever since. He comes of old Plymouth stock, was fitted for college at Cambridge, graduating from Harvard University in 1883. He then studied law at Columbia, and took the Degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1885, and the same year was admitted to the bar in New York City. He early established himself as a specialist in corporation law, and devoted his efforts exclusively to that business until 1890, when he became associated with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, of which Company he is now the attorney.

During the twenty-three years of service

with the Telephone Company he has seen it grow from a corporation with a capital of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to its present proportions, has had much to do with the building of its system and the development of its plant, and has assisted in solving the many and complex problems which have arisen from time to time in connection with its growth.

He is connected as a director and in other official capacities with several corporations, mostly telephone, has done much in civic work, and is widely and favorably known in business circles.

He is a prominent churchman, a democrat of the conservative Cleveland school, and is a member of numerous metropolitan clubs.

Cornell University has furnished an unusual number of members of the bar in this city. Among them is Captain Charles Herbert Stoddard, born at Glens Falls, New York, 1869, and educated at the Glens Falls Academy. He then went to Cornell University, where he took the degree of B.L., also leading in military science; was Colonel of the Cadet Corps, and Woodford prize orator. His degree in law was acquired at the New York University, and he was admitted to the bar in the same year. He has successfully practiced in this city since that time. He was an enthusiastic member of the National Guard from 1887 to 1899; was second lieutenant, 22nd Regiment, 1893; first lieutenant, 1894; Captain, 71st Regiment, 1897 to '99; Captain, 71st Regiment Infantry, N. Y. Volunteers, during the Spanish-American War; private, sergeant, first sergeant, 29th Infantry, U. S. V., campaigns in Luzon, Marinduque, Masbate, Ticao, Burias and Samar, Philippine Islands, 1899-1901. Mr. Stoddard is a member of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, the Delta Phi fraternity, Cornell and St. Elmo clubs and has been president and director of the Builders Construction Co. since 1905. He is prominent in Masonic bodies.

Unquestionably the builder of his own fortune, Robert M. Moore has great cause for self-congratulation, for, without the advantages of a collegiate career, he has become

one of the recognized leaders at the criminal bar of New York City. He was born in Morrisburg, Canada, July 3, 1867, and was educated in the public and high schools of Watertown, N. Y. After leaving school, he studied law with Judge Watson M. Rogers, of Watertown, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar in 1899. He commenced practice in Malone, N. Y., but shortly afterwards removed to this city. The first case to bring him prominence was his defense of Dr. Samuel R. Kennedy, charged with the murder of Dolly Reynolds. Kennedy was tried three times, the first time defended by another lawyer, he was convicted. Mr. Moore took the case

entire time to theatrical work and in this line he has been highly successful. He acted as attorney for Edna Goodrich in her suit for divorce from Nat. C. Goodwin and also was attorney for Mrs. Burke-Roche and Lulu Glaser in similar proceedings. He is not only prominently identified with the profession in a legal way, but he is financially interested in about nineteen theatrical productions. Mr. Roth has a distinguished ancestry. His father was a General under the famous Kossuth in the Revolution of 1848 while his uncle was a member of the Hungarian parliament and his eldest brother is counsel to the crown of Hungary. His father was also



ROBERT M. MOORE



HERMAN L. ROTH



W. BERNARD VAUSE

on an appeal and the second trial resulted in a disagreement by the jury. The third trial resulted in acquittal. He was also one of the defending counsel in the A. J. Patrick case and later in that of two girls charged with attempting to kill a millionaire.

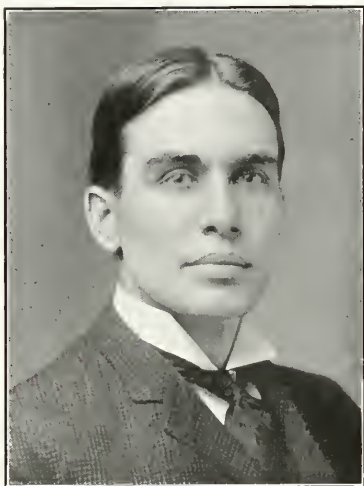
An attorney who figures prominently in many of the celebrated cases in the dramatic profession, is Herman L. Roth. He was born in Budapest, Hungary, and was educated at the Budapest Royal Academy also graduating from Heidelberg University. Upon coming to New York City he entered the New York University Law School from which he graduated A.B. and was admitted to the bar in 1893. He at once started a general practice, and eventually drifted into criminal work. Several years ago he decided to devote his

Grand Master of the Masonic fraternity in his native country. Mr. Roth is a member of the National Democratic Club, Progress Club, Lawyers' Club, County Bar Association, Alumni New York University and of the Masons, Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Elks.

A few of the rich men of this city have used their wealth to admirable advantage and general public appreciation in developing useful sports, such as automobile races, motor boat contests and aviation. In the front rank of this interesting and valuable membership in our community is William Barnard Vause, prominently identified with the original conception of the Vanderbilt Cup Races. He is a scholar as well as financier, being a graduate of Columbia University and the New York

Law School. He was born and raised in this city and most of his large financial interests are centered here. Mr. Vause is fond of hunting and is an enthusiastic motorist. He belongs to the Constitution and Long Island Automobile clubs and withal is actively and successfully engaged in the practice of law.

In the legislative fight, still fresh in our memories, over the Anti-Racetrack Bill, Charles Frederick Murphy was in his element and played an important part. Of the family, three of the preceding generation fought in the Civil War. Charles Murphy's father lost an arm, one uncle was killed at Gettysburg and another was seriously wounded. Still another, of non-combatant age in Civil War times, accompanied Hobson in his venture



CHARLES F. MURPHY

into Santiago harbor. Born at Norwood, St. Lawrence County, Charles F. Murphy was educated at Union College and at the New York Law School. He has since been engaged in general practice with marked success. Five times Mr. Murphy has been elected to the Assembly from the Tenth District of Kings County. During that time, for three years, he was chairman of the Codes Committee. He was the father of the Livingston St. Bill which saved a million and a half to his constituents.

Julien T. Davies, Jr. is a member of one of the leading law firms at the New York Bar, and at the present time engaged in an active general practice of which the conduct of litigations, both before the Trial and Appellate Courts, is a considerable part. Some of his principal interests outside of his profession are gunning, fishing, boating and motoring. He finds some time to devote to the good roads movement.

Mr. Davies was born in New York City, February 20, 1870. He was educated at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and then entered Columbia University, graduating A.B. in 1891. He spent two years at the Harvard Law School, leaving there in 1893 to enter the office of Everts, Choate & Beaman, and was admitted to the bar one year later. He is now a member of the firm of Davies, Auerbach, Cornell & Barry.

Mr. Davies was connected with the National Guard from 1888 to 1906, during which time he served in the 7th Regiment, Troop and Squadron A, and the 12th Regiment. His last term of service was from 1902 to 1906 as 1st Lieutenant of Company K, 12th Regiment Infantry, N. G. N. Y. He is president of the Bancroft Realty Company, also of the Summerfield Gun Club, a North Carolina shooting club, and is one of the Executive Committee of the Suffolk County Taxpayers' Good Roads Association. He is a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association, the Bar Associations of the City and State, Society of Colonial Wars, Sons of the Revolution, St. David's Society and the Down Town Association, The Recess, Union, University and the New York Yacht clubs.

Enjoying the confidence of his constituents, whom he ably represents, Aaron J. Levy, has been elected to the State Assembly for five successive terms, and was chairman of the most important legislative committee, namely, the Committee on the Judiciary, in the last Assembly.

Mr. Levy was born in New York City, July 4, 1881. He attended the public schools, the evening high schools, Cooper Union School of Science and the New York University.

Since admission to the bar he has tried many important civil and criminal cases and acted



AARON J. LEVY



WILLIAM L. RANSOM



WILLOUGHBY B. DOBBS

as counsel for several prominent realty corporations. He has always been interested in all social and political reform movements on the lower East Side, and prior to his election to the Legislature frequently went before that body in behalf of good government, ballot reform, more small parks and improvement in tenement house conditions.

Mr. Levy is a Mason, a member of the Council of Princes of Jerusalem, the Chapter of Rose Croix, the Consistory and the Mystic Shrine, the John F. Ahearn Association, Tammany Hall General Committee Fourth Assembly District, Educational Alliance, Beth Israel Hospital, United Hebrew Charities, Talmud Torah, Hebrew Immigrant Association, the Veritas Association, the Society of Medical-Legal Jurisprudence and the Young Men's Democratic, Avon, New Era, Kiswa and Professional Men's clubs.

Another member of the newspaper profession who was drafted into legal work is William L. Ransom, who from 1902 to 1905 was editor of the Chautauqua Assembly *Daily Herald*. Mr. Ransom was born in Harmony Township, Chautauqua County, N. Y., June 24, 1883, and attended the Jamestown, N. Y., High School in 1899 and Cornell University Law School in 1905. After admission to the bar he became a member of the firm of Ransom & Caveroff, Jamestown, N. Y., and after a period of great activity in civic work there, he removed to New York City. Since his residence in the metropolis he has been attor-

ney for New Jersey affiliated commercial and commuters' organizations in proceedings before the Interstate Commerce Commission and for Westchester County Municipalities and commercial bodies before the New York Public Service Commission. He is a member of the New York State Bar Association, Bar Association of the City of New York, Chautauqua County Society of New York and the Alabama Society of New York, and is now with the legal department of the Public Service Commission.

Another metropolitan lawyer who entered his profession by the gateway of journalism is Willoughby Barrett Dobbs, who was born in Portsmouth, Va., in the first year of the Civil War. His parents removed to Richmond, Ky., in 1866, then to Lexington, Ky., in 1868, and to Bowling Green, Ky., in 1874. In these places he attended private and public schools. Thence he entered Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., where he was graduated in 1880. For three years he taught district school and read law at the same time, attaining admission to the bar of Kentucky in 1883. He practiced law and edited newspapers until 1892, dividing his time between the two professions of law and journalism. He wrote slashing editorials at night for the Bowling Green *Democrat*, *Daily Gazette* and *Daily Times* and gave his hours of daylight to practice in the courts. In 1886 he became the proprietor of the *Allen Sentinel*, Scottsville, Ky., and lived the community in politics. He transferred his activi-

ties to Washington, D. C., in 1892, when he was called three years later to accept office as chief examiner in the Police Department of New York under Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt. This tenure was of brief duration because the office was abolished by the charter of 1898. The only other political office that Mr. Dobbs has ever held was that of Assemblyman in 1907 for the 32nd New York County District.

Born and educated in the middle west, Rollin M. Morgan was quick to recognize the superior advantages of New York City and came here early in life. The place of his nativity was Ohio, where he was born July 2, 1857, and his education was received in the public schools, the Urbana University, the Ohio State University and the Columbia College Law School, from which he graduated LL.B. Since admission to the bar he has been in active practice and has filled many positions of trust. He was compiler and editor of the building laws of New York and of Municipal Ordinances. He served as a member of the Board of Aldermen 1888-'91 and afterwards as Assistant Corporation Counsel. He was also counsel to the New York Building Code Commission and to the Municipal Assembly in 1898. From 1898 to 1901 he was counsel to the New York Board of Education. Mr. Morgan is now a member of the law firm of Morgan & Mitchell; secretary-treasurer and director of the Hollar Safe and Lock Company, and president of the Kokosing Land Company. He is a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, the New York State Bar Association, the Masonic fraternity, Friendly Order of St. Patrick and the Ohio, Iowa and St. David's societies. His clubs are the Manhattan, Democratic and New York Athletic.

A young member of the New York Bar who has been more than ordinarily successful, is Guernsey R. Jewett.

Mr. Jewett was born at Moravia, N. Y., October 10, 1876, and after a high school course entered Cornell University, where he took a special course in arts and law and graduated in 1899.

After leaving college he was secretary to the Attorney-General of the State and during

this period took up the study of law and also attended the Albany Law School.

Shortly after his admission to the bar he removed to New York City and has been associated with Randolph Parnly and Frederick E. Kessinger.

Mr. Jewett is a director in the Biograph Company, the A. Z. Company, builders of automobiles, the A. & M. Robin Company, the Island Cities Realty Company of New York City and is secretary of the Rome (N. Y.) Locomotive and Machine Works.

Mr. Jewett is a member of the Chi Psi fraternity but has no club affiliations.

A college professorship possesses many alluring features to young men after graduation and it was through that channel that Francis X. Carmody, now a Wall Street lawyer, entered his present profession. He was born at Watervliet, Michigan, in 1871, and educated at the University of Michigan and Notre Dame University, receiving a degree in 1899. He subsequently took law courses at the New York Law School and Brooklyn Law School. He began his active career as head of the department of oratory at University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and held this position for three years, coming to Brooklyn in 1900, as the head of a similar department in the Polytechnic Institute. He was also Harkness Instructor in pulpit oratory at the Union Theological Seminary. He has occupied the chair of Professor of Constitutional Law and of the New York Code at the Brooklyn Law School.

The Dominion of Canada has gone so far in reciprocity as to send us an excellent lawyer in the person of M. Casewell Heine, born at Ottawa, September, 1876, and educated at McGill University, Montreal. He took a special course in Roman law at Edinburgh and graduated at the New York Law School. When admitted to the bar in 1901, he entered the office of J. Arthur Hilton, where he remained for three years and then began practice individually. A study of political history and ancient law, combined with the love of the excitement of debate and trial work, was the principal influence that induced him to adopt his profession. He has specialized in real estate and is counsel for various indus-

trial and mining companies. He has been influential in the development of the zinc industry of Tennessee. While climbing the Alps between Forclaz and Chamounix in May, 1899, Mr. Heine encountered a young German student crazed from exposure and with much difficulty brought him down to Argentière, saving his life. The sufferer had to be carried most of the distance. Mr. Heine is a Republican; belongs to the Delta Upsilon fraternity; is a Mason and a member of several clubs.

Toledo, Ohio, the former home of "Petroleum V. Nasby," sent to New York by way of Yale University, George Davis Zahm, who

To be honored by two terms of fourteen years each upon the Supreme bench of the State of New York, speaks very highly for the legal ability and judicial integrity of any man. Such tribute has been paid to Henry Bischoff, born in this city in 1852, educated at the public schools and Columbia Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1873 and engaged in private practice until elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1890. During that time, he was senior member of the banking firm of Bischoff & Co. In 1896, he was elected, as a Democrat, Supreme Court Justice and recently re-elected. He is devoted to music as well as the law, a regular attendant



M. CASEWELL HEINE



FRANCIS X. CARMODY



Prof. GEORGE D. ZAHM

now occupies a prominent position as an instructor in the law. He was born in the city on the Maumee River in 1876. Centennial year! After thorough preparation, he was graduated at Yale *magna cum laude*, 1900. During his course in law, he won the Edward Thompson and the Jewell prizes. He opened a law office in Syracuse in 1901, but was called to New Haven to act as an instructor in law at Yale, and, since May, 1904, has been Assistant Professor of Law at that University. He is also Assistant Professor of Law at the St. Lawrence University, but has been practicing his profession in this city while acting as a lecturer on law. He is a member of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, a 32d degree Mason, an Elk and belongs to the Society of the Onondagas.

at the opera, a member of the Arion, Beethoven and Liederkrantz musical societies. He belongs to the Manhattan, Lotos and National Democratic clubs.

The sport of golf appears to have more enthusiasts in the legal profession than any other. Although Edward J. Welsh has succeeded in his profession, he is a keen yachtsman and when not upon the water is to be found upon the golf field during leisure hours. He was born at Easton, N. Y., 1872, and took a law course at Union University where he was a member of the Delta Chi fraternity. Coming to the metropolis, he entered the law office of Birdseye, Cloyd & Bayliss, where he remained ten years, leaving to form the firm of Welsh, Heine & Fall. This latter partner-

ship was recently dissolved and Mr. Welsh now practices independently. He assisted Clarence Birdseye in compiling "Birdseye's Revised Statutes," a work used universally in New York state. Although his residence is in New York, Mr. Welsh has a country place in Noroton, Conn., where at the nearby Weeburn golf links he enjoys his favorite pastime.

Attracted by the greater possibilities for a career in his chosen calling, Albert Rathbone came to New York City from Albany and the success following his change of localities shows that his judgment was right.

Mr. Rathbone was born in Albany, N. Y., July 27, 1868, and was educated at Albany Academy and was a member of the Class of '88 at Williams College. He afterwards took a special course at Union University from which he received the degree of LL.B. He was admitted to the bar in 1881 and practiced alone until 1892, when he became a member of the firm of Tracey, Cooper & Rathbone. He came to New York in 1900 and in 1901 was admitted to partnership in the firm of Butler, Notman, Joline & Mynderse. This firm was dissolved December 31, 1904, when the present firm of Joline, Larkin & Rathbone was organized.

Mr. Rathbone is a member of the Bar Association, the Loyal Legion, Alpha Delta Phi and the following clubs; Racquet, Metropolitan, Down Town, Riding and Driving, Ardsley, Sleepy Hollow Country, Rumson Country and the Automobile Club of America.

George C. Beach is another member of the younger bar who is deserving of mention. He was born November 10, 1877, at Watkins, N. Y., the son of Daniel and Angelica Church (Magee) Beach, and was educated at the Watkins High School and St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. He graduated B.L. from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., in 1898 and LL.B. from Cornell University Law School in 1901. Mr. Beach is a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York, the Sigma Phi Society and the St. Nicholas, Cornell University, City, Midway, Apawamis and West Side Tennis clubs.

A successful lawyer and devoted to yachting, Lorenzo D. Armstrong frequently relieves his legal cares by short cruises in his schooner yacht, "Grampus."

Mr. Armstrong was born in New Haven, Conn., December 21, 1875, and after graduating from Yale University with the B.A. degree entered the New York Law School, finishing LL.B.

After his admission to the bar he entered active practice and is now a member of the firm of Garvan & Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong is director and second vice-president of the Fajardo Sugar Company, and a director in the New Amsterdam Casualty Company and the Electric Cable Company.

He is a member of the Greenwich County, New York Yacht, Tiedean Harbor Yacht, University and Yale clubs.

After a residence in Havana, during which he acted as counsel for the Military Governor of Cuba, Ernest L. Conant returned to New York City in 1906 and has already become a successful practitioner here.

He was born in Dudley, Mass., September 11, 1859, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating A.B. in 1884; Johns Hopkins University and Maryland Law School, 1884 to 1886, and graduated from Harvard in 1889 with the A.M. and LL.B. degrees.

He acted as English instructor at Harvard and lecturer on International Law at the same institution.

He is a director of the American Type Founders Company, a member of New York State Bar Association and the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. His clubs are the University, Harvard and City.

From the beginning of his legal career, William A. Redding has been deeply interested in the study of the law as applied to patents and in this connection has figured as general counsel for industrial firms in many litigations where the rights of patentee or manufacturer were involved.

Mr. Redding was born in Philadelphia, November 12, 1850, and was admitted to the bar, October 11, 1873. Not satisfied with his legal equipment, Mr. Redding entered the



WILLIAM A. REDDING

WILLIAM M. HOES

MICHAEL J. MULQUEEN

Law School of the University of Pennsylvania and graduated therefrom in 1876 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He then organized the firm of Redding, Jones & Carson, was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and, while very successful in his native state, came to New York in 1887 and is senior member of the firm of Redding, Greeley & Austin.

Mr. Redding is a member of the Five o'Clock Club and Art Club of Philadelphia and of the Union League Club, of Engineers' Club, Machinery Club and Bar Association of New York City.

One of the workshops of the metropolis is the office of the Public Administrator of the County of New York. Many a sensational novel is hidden in its file-cases. The present incumbent of this highly important position is William M. Hoes, born in Kinderhook, N. Y., June 19, 1849. He prepared at the academy of his native town, took his degree at Williams College and was admitted to the bar in 1865. Since that time he has devoted himself chiefly to civil practice. Mr. Hoes is a Democrat, a member of the Bar Association of Manhattan, prominent in the Holland Society and is Past Master of my lodge, Kane, 454, F. and A. M. In college, he belonged to the Kappa Alpha fraternity. His administration of the vast litigation forced upon the county by neglect of proper provision for death by citizens of this island has been so notably efficient that Mr. Hoes has been retained in office many years, through varying municipal governments.

One of the most able addresses made at the reception of Cardinal Farley, upon his return from Rome, was by Michael J. Mulqueen, who, as president of the Catholic Club, figured largely in the exercises at the Hippodrome and also presided at the clubs' greeting to the Cardinal, on which occasion Governor Dix and Mayor Gaynor made addresses.

He was born in New York City and educated in the public schools, at Cooper Institute and at the Columbia Law School. He was admitted to the bar in 1883 and for many years was a member of the legal firm of Mulqueen & Mulqueen, but now practices alone. He is a Democrat in politics and was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1894. Mr. Mulqueen is a life-long member of the Catholic Church and is one of the managers of the Catholic Protectory. He is also a member of the Manhattan, Hardware, Democratic, Catholic and the Foxhills Golf clubs.

A man in political life who incurs the disfavor of a party boss is sometimes unsuccessful for renomination at the right time—namely when a landslide is imminent and the defeat of his successful party rival takes place. Such is the experience of Alvah W. Burlingame, Jr., a lawyer of this city, who after serving the people of the Eighth Senatorial District and being endorsed by most of his neighbors was imperatively "turned down" for renomination at the command of Naval Officer Kracke and Postmaster Voorhies, with the result that Capt. Fahnestock, named in his stead was

overwhelmingly defeated in a strong Republican district, November, 1910. While at Albany, Mr. Burlingame made a senatorial record that received the approval of the New York Bar Association, especially in legislation for the prevention of "graft" in condemnation proceedings. He was largely instrumental in the reduction of the price of gas to 80 cents; he introduced bills for simplifying the civil code; a bill prohibiting the sale of liquors to tubercular patients in hospitals; another amending the Rapid Transit Act and two bills making the crimes of "cadets" punishable as misdemeanors.

Pennsylvania contributes another lawyer to New York in the person of Harry B. Bradbury, born at Athens of that state in 1863. In early life, he was a machinist, telegraph operator and newspaperman; but at the age of thirty, he began the practice of law in this city. He is author of several books on legal subjects, including "Rules of Pleading," "Forms of Pleadings," "Practice and Form" and "Jurisdiction of the State and Federal Courts." In politics, Mr. Bradbury is a progressive Republican. He is fond of hunting and fishing and belongs to an Adirondack mountain club. The Bradbury family came from Yorkshire, England in 1636. Harry B. Bradbury's paternal and maternal great-grandfathers fought in the Revolution. His father served as captain in the Civil War, raising a company by his own efforts. Mr. Bradbury's ancestors belonged to the family

of that name so well known throughout Maine, of which the late Senator James W. Bradbury and William B. Bradbury, composer, were members.

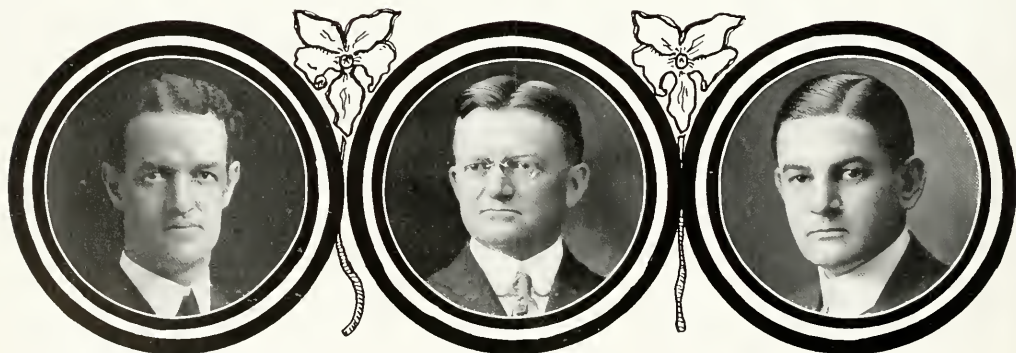
A clever young lawyer coming to us from New Jersey is Charles I. Taylor, who was admitted to the bar in 1899, after completing a course of study at the New York Law School. Although he lives in East Orange, the place of his birth was Skillman, N. Y., and its date, 1875. His affection for Princeton caused him to take his University course there, where he was graduated in 1897. Since his admission to the bar he has been an active member of Beardsley, Hemmens & Taylor.

A Commission, the members of which rendered a valuable service to their fellow-citizens, investigated the Gas and Electrical systems of this city a few years ago.

One of its members was George B. Agnew, born in New York city in 1868 and graduated from Princeton, 1891. He was sent several terms to the N. Y. Assembly; and, in 1906, was elected to the Senate.

Eustace Conway, who is in the practice of law, is counsel for various lumber companies, including the Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association in New York. He has also rendered most valuable service in the reorganization of various large corporations, and represents various estates.

Mr. Conway was educated at University



ALVAH W. BURLINGAME, JR.

HARRY B. BRADBURY

CHARLES I. TAYLOR



EUSTACE CONWAY

JAMES R. ELY

DAVID THORNTON

College, and at the Inner Temple, London, though born in Cincinnati in 1859. He was admitted to the bar of New York in 1881, and is a member of the Bar Association and of the Century Club. He is one of the Commissioners of Appraisement of the Flatbush Avenue Subway in Brooklyn.

Illinois contributed another lawyer in the person of James R. Ely, born in Chicago, 1859, and educated at Yale, where he was graduated in 1882, after which he studied for one year at Columbia Law School. He then became a clerk in the office of Roger Foster, where he remained until admitted to the bar, January 1, 1886. Since that time he has been in general practice in this city. He belonged to the old County Democracy, and later to its successor, the State Democracy, being a member of its executive committee. His first official appointment was that of United States District Attorney, in 1895, serving three years. He was a delegate to the Syracuse Convention of the National Democratic party and to the National Convention of the same at Indianapolis, 1896, where Palmer and Buckner were nominated for President and Vice-President on a Gold Standard ticket. He was a member of the Committee of One Hundred that led the movement in behalf of an independent judiciary, 1898, and has been Assistant District Attorney and active in local, state and national politics. He is a member of several clubs.

Like many other successful men, David Thornton owes his start in life to an attentive study of the "Want Columns" of the newspapers. He was born in this city and educated at the public schools, but early foreseeing that he would have to make his own struggle for existence, he sought employment while attending school. An advertisement in the *Sun* caught his eye; it read "Boy wanted in a law office." He secured the job of errand boy and before his first month was completed began the study of his future profession. He read Blackstone and other elementary books at home, mastered the routine of office work and eventually became a lawyer. It was a bitter up-hill struggle, the final step of which was admission to the bar. Activity, hope, earnestness and a desire to employ the best of his talents have been rewarded by success. The firm of Thornton & Earle gets its share of business. Mr Thornton is a Republican, a member of the Brooklyn Union League and the Congregational clubs.

Cornell University and Columbia Law School contributed to the qualification of John T. Sackett for the legal profession of this city. He was born in New York, October, 1864, graduated at Cornell, 1886, and Columbia, 1888. He is a member of the law firm of Sackett & Lang; a Republican and an Episcopalian. He is vice-president of the Borough Building Supply Co. He is a hard worker in the winter but finds his chief recreation in the summer at his 300-acre farm near South

Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y. His clubs are the Beta Theta Pi and Church; he is a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association and the New York Law Institute. While in college Mr. Sackett was business manager of the Cornell *Daily Sun*.

The metropolis has produced many successful lawyers, despite the drafts it has made upon the rest of the country. In this class is Edmund Lincoln Baylies, born on Manhattan Island, December, 1857, prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated in arts at Harvard, 1879, and at its Law School, 1882. A supplementary course of instruction under the late Dr. Theodore W. Dwight was had at Columbia Law School. Mr. Baylies then made a trip round the world, traveling slowly and studying the peoples of different lands. Especially did he give attention to the methods of procedure in English and French courts. On his return, he practiced for a while independently, and then became a member of the firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. When a special Ambassador was sent by President Roosevelt to the Coronation of Edward VII, Mr. Baylies was named as Secretary to the Ambassador. He is a director in several large corporations; a member of the Cincinnati and Bar Association.

Since New York became the financial as well as commercial center of the United States, it has attracted capitalists from all parts of the country. No matter where their legal resi-

dences may remain, they have quarters in New York, where they pass a large part of every year. Edmund K. Stallo was born in Cincinnati, O., and educated at its public schools. He started out to become a lawyer, studying while in commercial employment, and was admitted to practice at the bar of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He soon became actively engaged in large commercial enterprises and has since devoted all his time thereto. He is a sincere lover of books and possesses a library of 15,000 volumes, which includes many specimens of rare editions. He is also a bibliophile in the sense of being an omnivorous reader, his favorite book being Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." He belongs to many social organizations in New York and Cincinnati.

Artemas Ward, Jr., member of the Assembly, attracted a great deal of newspaper attention because of his conflict with the suffragette party during the elections of 1910. One of his noted ancestors was General Artemas Ward, Major-General under Washington and member of the Continental Congress. The political career of Artemas Ward, Jr. began when, as an election worker, he assisted in the overthrow of the Odell machine in New York County. In the following year he was nominated and elected from the 25th Assembly District and has served continuously since 1907. In 1909 he ably handled the Election Bills in the Assembly. Mr. Ward was born in Philadelphia, 1875, is a Harvard A.B., an



EDMUND L. BAYLIES



EDMUND K. STALLO



ARTEMUS WARD, Jr.



LEONARD A. SNITKIN



ROBERT F. WAGNER



HAROLD J. FRIEDMAN

LL.B. of Buffalo University and has practiced law in Buffalo and in New York since 1902. He is a member of the Sphinx, Harvard, City, Ardsley and of many other clubs, as well as of the Mayflower Society and Sons of the American Revolution.

Wide experience in criminal and civil work was the equipment that has made Leonard A. Snitkin a successful municipal Justice. Born 35 years ago and educated in the public schools and the New York University, which conferred the LL.B. degree upon him when he graduated in 1897. The Supreme Court admitted him to practice the same year and he started at once on a successful legal career. His fitness in his profession was attested by his selection as special Deputy Attorney-General under Attorney-General Davies, an office that he filled most acceptably. After retiring from the Attorney-General's office, he returned to active practice. In 1909 he was elected to a municipal justiceship for a period of ten years. He is a member of the National Democratic Club, County Lawyers Association and many Hebrew charitable institutions. He is very popular in the district in which he resides and is familiarly called the "poor man's judge."

In the contest for a United States Senator to succeed Chauncey M. Depew, Harold J.

Friedman, the youngest member of the Assembly, displayed such independence and disregard for party dictation that he became widely known and commended throughout the entire country. He was born in New York City in 1887 and after graduating from the Horace Mann School and the Teachers' College, he entered the New York Law School and also studied in the office of Thomas E. Rush. Shortly after his admission to the bar, he entered the law firm of Einstein, Townsend & Guiterman and later commenced practice alone. When elected to the Assembly, his course in that body was marked by such independence of action that he was commended by the Citizens' Union and by the newspapers of the state, many of which classed him as a progressive advocate of reform, and an unyielding opponent of "ripper" legislation.

One of the youngest Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York is Luke D. Stapleton, born in Brooklyn in December, 1869. He was educated at the St. James Academy and Manhattan College and subsequently took a law course at the University of the City of New York. He began practice of his profession in this city at the age of 22, and having special fondness for criminal law, tried a large number of capital cases—twenty

three in all. He was First Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of New York, 1898-'01. Appointed to the bench by Gov. Hughes, he was renominated by all parties for the Supreme Court Justiceship and elected in November, 1908, for 14 years. He is a Democrat and belongs to the Brooklyn, Riding & Driving and Montauk clubs and the St. Patrick Society.

Fondness for the law is hereditary in some families and this can be said especially of Lawrence E. Brown, who belongs to a race of lawyers. His father was a lawyer and his grandfather, Benjamin W. Bouney, was a Supreme Court Justice in this city. Mr.

Brown was born in New York, 1872; was educated at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., and was graduated A.B. at Yale, 1893. He taught school one year and entered his father's law office as a student. Admitted to the bar in this city, 1897, he engaged in general practice. In the same year he was elected a member of the As-



LAWRENCE E. BROWN

sembly, as a Republican, from the 29th district, New York City. He is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, his great-great-grandfather, David Brown, having commanded the Continental forces at Concord Bridge and is said to have fired "the shot heard around the world." Mr. Brown also belongs to the Union League and Yale clubs.

James P. McGovern, lawyer, orator and financier, is a worthy example of the New York City self-made man. Born in that city in 1877, he graduated from the Grammar school, meanwhile helping to support his parents by the sale of newspapers. He entered the law department of the Northern Pacific R.R. Co. as office boy at the age of fifteen, rising rapidly to the position of Chief Clerk. Pursuing his academic and law studies

at night he was admitted to the New York Bar at the age of 23, and has since become a recognized authority on Corporation Law and Management. Among his clients are numbered many large interstate concerns of some of which he is director and officer. He is Secretary, Treasurer and Director of the U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co., an \$18,000,000 corporation, engaged in the manufacture of denatured alcohol. For many years his services have been in demand in the campaigns of Tammany Hall. In 1905 he was nominated by that organization for the State Legislature in the then Seventeenth Assembly District, but through a combination of forces was defeated by 85 votes, running however, ahead of Mayor McClellan, who headed the Democratic ticket.

A member of the Allen family in Virginia does not have to enter into details regarding his ancestry. One of the contributions of the "Mother of Presidents" to the bar of New York is William Allen, born in Claremont, Surrey County. His parents removed to Richmond soon after his birth. He was graduated with high honors at Georgetown College, 1875, and took a law course at the University of Virginia. He practiced as an attorney in Richmond, as a member of the firm of Peyton & Allen, until 1890, soon after which he came to New York. Here he took high rank at once as a corporation lawyer and served as referee in bankruptcy for the Southern District of this State. Although independent in state, city and county politics, Mr. Allen is a Democrat in national affairs. He is a staunch Catholic and a member of the Bar Association. His clubs are The Virginians, University and Southern societies.

A man of wise judgment regarding values of real property in this city or its vicinage is De Witt C. Fox. Born in the metropolis, 1882, he took classical and law courses at Columbia University, finishing in 1904. After practicing law for several years, he turned his energy entirely in the direction of real estate development, conducting several large operations. He suggested the Duane Street site for the County Court House which the Board of Estimate has accepted.

Since graduation and admission to the bar, the career of William W. Lapoint has been a varied one and his versatility is proven by his success along several lines. He was born in



WILLIAM W. LAPOINT

Barre, Vermont, November 10, 1870, and has been successively newsboy, lawyer, theatrical manager, journalist, dramatist and campaign orator. His education was obtained at the Goddard Seminary in his native town and at the Boston University and his legal training was in the office of ex-mayor J. W. Gordon, Barre, Vt. After admission to the bar, Mr. Lapoint practiced law in his native town and also became manager of the local theatre there. During his residence in Barre he wrote several plays, edited a weekly journal and acted as correspondent of Boston and New York papers. He was also for seven years prosecuting attorney in Barre, Vt., and also acted as assistant District Attorney of Washington County in the same state. After coming to New York he entered the practice of his profession and in 1910 acted as a United States Census Inspector.

During the years of his practice Mr. Lapoint has won three murder cases and has lost but

twelve out of the large number of civil and criminal cases in which he has appeared, in New York and Vermont. He is now meeting with great success in recovering English estates for American claimants, and is also acting as counsel for several well-known theatrical managers. During the campaign of 1909 he was a vigorous speaker in Otto Barnard's behalf.

Mr. Lapoint is an ex-Commander of the Vermont Division, Sons of Veterans, a member of the New York Society Sons of Vermont, and former vice-president of the Goddard Alumni Association. He is interested in the Staples Estates Company and owner of the Vermont Theatre Company.

The strength of personality is admirably illustrated in the character of John B. Stanchfield, who plays a preëminent part in the Democratic counsels of the state of New York. Mr. Stanchfield has distinguished himself in his profession, that of law, in private practice and as District Attorney of Chemung County during 1880-'85. He was born in Elmira, N. Y., March, 1855, was graduated from Elmira Academy, 1872, and took the degree of A.B. at Amherst College in 1876 and studied his profession at the Harvard Law School and in the office of the late David B. Hill in Elmira. He later became Mr. Hill's partner. Mr. Stanchfield has served as Mayor of Elmira and as member of the Assembly of this state. He was nominated for Governor in 1900 and for U. S. Senator in 1901.

He is a member of the Bar Association of the City of New York and of the New York County Lawyers' Association. He is a member of the University and Manhattan Clubs and of the Psi Upsilon fraternity.

The ability to fill any niche and fill it acceptably, is the reason that Charles M. Russell has been successful in several lines of endeavor. He is a product of the country village, being born in Glens Falls, N. Y., December 11, 1872. His early training was received in the schools of his native village, in the Glens Falls Academy and Cornell University. Prior to his collegiate days he served an apprenticeship as drug clerk, and

while in college acted as an out-of-town correspondent of metropolitan dailies. He utilized his vacation periods as clerk of a large Lake George Hotel, of which he afterwards became proprietor. He first attracted attention by his work as a reporter on the *Albany*



CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Press and *Knickerbocker* and as legislative correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and *Sun*. While hustling for news he attended the Albany Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1899. He came to New York City the same year and entered upon his professional career. Mr. Russell devotes twelve hours each day to business and sometimes fifteen and sixteen, having in addition to his law practice the care of several estates and the management of the Metropolitan Hardware Co., of which he is president. This business, unique in its field and methods, has widely expanded under his supervision. Mr.

Russell is a Mason, a member of the New York Press Club, the Montauk Club, Machinery Club, Cornell University Club, Delta Phi fraternity and many social and political organizations. His acquaintance with politicians of both state and national importance, newspaper men and others in public life is most extensive. He married the daughter of Senator William J. La Roche, who was well known at Albany. Mr. Russell succeeded Senator La Roche as president of the Metropolitan Hardware Company.

One of the most prominent practitioners at the New York Bar during the last quarter of a century was George G. De Witt, who died January 12, 1912. His power of quick analysis and perception, fidelity to court and client, and courteous consideration of others brought him a large clientele and the friendship and respect of every one with whom he came in contact. He was born in Callicoon, Sullivan County, New York, April 9, 1845, the son of George and Julia (Foster) De Witt, and received his preparatory education at the Columbia Grammar School, New York City, afterward entering Columbia College from which he received the degree of A.B. in 1867 and A.M. in 1870. His legal training was received in the Columbia Law School which conferred the LL.B. degree upon him in 1869. He was admitted to the bar the same year and practiced in New York City until his untimely death. George G. DeWitt was a man of unblemished integrity and the highest attainments and could well be characterized as a lawyer of the "old school." At the time of his death he was a director of the Chemical Bank, the New York Life Insurance Company and the Fulton Trust Company; a member of many of the leading clubs. He was also a trustee of Columbia University and Roosevelt Hospital; one of the governors of New York Hospital and vice-president of the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.



CHAPTER XXIII

CHRISTMAS AND THE FRENCH BALL



CHRISTMAS is the time of the pine tree, holly and mistletoe. Conservation of the American forest is unpopular at Christmas season, because young pines that would become monarchs of the forest in our grandchildren's time are cut down and shipped to the cities to serve as Christmas trees—the wildwood's sacrifice to the children!

Of the Christmas tree, most modern of all accessories of the sacred anniversary, nothing need be said. Encyclopedias are full of its history. But the holly and the mistletoe supply a theme flavored with delightful romance and smacking of warm kisses of maidens and youths. The popularity of the holly, with its bright red berries, is probably due to its natural beauty. Joined with a Christmas wreath, it adorns our windows from Christmas to New Year's day. To me its mystic meaning is entrancing. Like the mistletoe, it comes to us from the ages when Druids worshipped trees as gods! For that reason, the parasitic mistletoe was excluded from Christian churches for fifteen hundred years. Toward the end of the last century, the little gray berries began to have place with the red ones as pulpit decorations. Often have I wondered if the average Christian minister comprehended that in such use of the mistletoe, pagan rites of the ancient Druids of Western France and Britain were appropriated.

If Cæsar were as accurate in his information about the Druids as about other peoples he described, he must be leaned upon for nearly all known about these devoutly religious ancients. He tells us they had a Pope, who was infallible. The festival of Christmas far antedates Christ, because the Druids celebrated it. Indeed, the 6th of January was observed as the Day of the Nativity by Chris-

tians until the middle of the fourth century, when Pope Julius I changed the anniversary to December 25th.

To return to the Druids, when this famous holiday drew near the Sovereign Pontiff summoned his people to Rouvres, where the holy ceremony of the mistletoe was performed. The parasite must be gathered from a tree of not more than 30 years' growth. The forest was then primeval, and the leathery, parasitic shrub was easily procured. Under the oak upon which grew the sacred plant, as if to deify the fortunate tree, the altar was raised.

The solemn procession, exactly as was the custom in Egypt under the Pharaohs, was preceded by the victims, two white bulls that never had felt the yoke. After them came priests, novices, disciples, the three most venerable pontiffs and, last, the Supreme Pontiff, clad in white and girdled with gold. Hymns were sung while the sacrifices were making. Then the Great Druid climbed the tree, and with a golden sickle cut off the sacred plant and distributed parts thereof among the attendant priests. Believers, in turn, received small portions of the (*pauch restum* or universal remedy) life-giving mistletoe.

This sacred shrub cured all ills of the body; it was an amulet against misfortune; it warded off enchantment; a house that harbored it was not to be struck by lightning. There was nothing profane, cruel or disgusting in the ceremonial of the beloved mistletoe! Some of the other Druidical rites were terrible.

No Druidical superstition can prevent young girls of this generation from hanging the mistletoe in places high enough for them to be led under by the man by whom they wish to be kissed. At this season wreaths of evergreen and holly appear in windows of rich and poor alike and the dainty, mysterious mistletoe is

dangling from gas and electric fixtures, in homes of poverty as well as wealth.

In New York, the event to which the gay world looked forward, after Christmas, was the annual French Ball. Every reader of this volume knows what habit is. I had been attending that merry Winter diversion ever since arriving in New York. In the early days it was held at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, and its recurrence was anticipated more distinctly than other dates on the calendar. Illness or absence from the country alone prevented my attendance. A description of one will suffice for all. A weird, unholy glamour of unreality surrounds all inexperienced conceptions of great balls at Madison Square Garden. Flowers, electricity, champagne of all qualities, and pretty women of all classes are there. Late suppers, lost coat checks, insolent waiters, over-charges in the wine-room, deliriously shocking incidents of cocotterie are inextricably jumbled in the imaginations of people who never attended a French Ball. Imagine that you accompany me, on a crisp February night, to observe the frivolity of 5,000 men and women, to hear for four hours the chatter of 5,000 voices and the continuous blare of two mammoth orchestras, playing turn about.

Heaven is said to be the only place in which fair and lovely woman is understood, but one comprehends why members of the gentler sex, fashioned for Paradise, attend such balls. They go to be admired! Like other men, we fall into the circling line and worship. The "Parade of All Nations" has completed its final circuit of the dancing floor. We are in ample time to witness the transformation of church-wardens into hilarious harlequins. Our tongues are keen with comment. If your Parisian experience has been real, you can imagine yourself at Montmartre or in the *Quartier Latin* with Henry Murger as guide, for we have at hand "*La Vie de Boheme*" in more than five acts. We occupy the hour between 12 and 1 in paying calls. This is a dull period, because a continuous stream of guests is pouring into the Madison Square Garden and the trend of diversion is, as yet, unestablished. The music is in sympathy; the stringed orchestra is playing a dreamy

waltz by Waldteufel, described as "The Violet," a neutral tint to serve as priming for cardinal hues to be laid on later. Everywhere is "a dash of lavender." Although the music intoxicates us in one way, we detect a welcoming gleam in the eyes of Musette, true daughter of Bohemia. You have your first waltz with her! I am enmeshed in a sudden conjunction of dancers.

Outside the dancing floor is a broad promenade, fenced off by a hedge of evergreen. Here is a vantage point from which to inspect the occupants of the boxes. They are there to be seen and should not be overlooked. Faces, fair and otherwise, are everywhere! Pink, light blue and cream-hued costumes vary the monotony of white lace and chiffon. Some masks are still worn, although midnight has passed. Hired revellers have left the floor and the ball is fairly launched. In each box is a small table, destined to play its part when wine is brought. Bottles and glasses appear thereon and disappear therefrom, as by magic. How cosmopolitan the atmosphere! In that quarter mile saunter are to be seen the best and worst men and women in America. The same proximity occurs in all parts of the building.

There is a hush! Enter the opera-queen, from the Casino! She wears a superb milk-white gown of silk, cut *Directoire*, brocaded with golden roses and trimmed with *point de Venise* lace. Her neck and shoulders are ablaze with diamonds, "stage" or real. The immortal Sarah Bernhardt looks on from Mr. French's box. Every actor and most of the actresses of the city are present; one would think it a professionals' morning performance.

How one's thirst emphasizes itself at such a time. Here is the making of a great ball,—time for a "high" one! The bar is crowded and noisy; but it is peaceful as a woodland dell compared with the wine-room. We are again on the dancing floor in time for the York, done to "*Ein Herz, ein Sinn*." Kind Providence finds partners for us, not a miracle, by any means. A tame frolic, ending in the wine-room, with a cold bottle. "The Lanciers" brings out a lively group of high-kickers at the eastern end of the Garden. They dance

with more impetuousness than grace. "Ladies cross over!" Then a *farandole* before the next figure. Staring men and women surround the set; late comers can barely see the tossing heads and flashing eyes of the *can-can* dancers.

Simultaneously, a diversion is occurring in a box on the southern tier: a popular stock-broker has become the prize of a hair-pulling match between two rival beauties. The cause of the contention lights a cigarette and swallows a glass of wine, indifferent to the outcome. Why shall he interfere? The floating throng sways to that side of the house, like the rush of a football team. So great is the jam that an elderly woman, long past days of frivolity, faints and is trampled upon before she can be lifted and carried into a corridor.

Two o'clock! Ludicrous scenes of folly are visible, now, as every second is ticked! In a nearby box, a perfect lady, excessively desirous of seeing the prostrate woman, still supposed to be upon the floor, leans too far over the front railing, loses control of her light head, turns a somersault and lands upon the shoulders of the throng below her. She is boosted back into her box, uninjured but terribly mussed.

The brass band having had an inning, the stringed orchestra renews the waltzing. Music and wine are vying with each other for popularity. By this time, all of us are as talkative as magpies.

"Come on, old chap," you shout. "Take another degree in the brotherhood of man; there's much in philanthropy. 'Tis she! She knows me. She's beckoning; I fly to her side." And you are true to your word. I lose you. Again that music, sensuous, seductive, "*Àge d'Amour*." My partner is a superb mistress of the dance and we end in a whirl towards the wine-room. Only one table, but we get it. Bring a bottle! Pop! Swish! Tr-r-r-zp!

An hour with a Bacchante! An hour gorged with frivolity and expense; a memory of polyglottery, of stale salad and of champagne that never knew the beautiful land of France. "*Àge d'Amour*,"—lovely music. The not less lovely creature tells me about

herself. They all do. As the wine bubbles about the rims of the glasses, she warbles her variation of the dear old yarn. She takes two thousand words to recount it, but I can tell her two-bottle romance in two hundred:

"I am the daughter of an impoverished but noble family. I was raised near Joinville, on the Marne, outside Paris. I was sent to a convent, but ran away with an American artist. We were happy together; he was waiting for his father's death to marry me. I was the model for his 'Mimi' that took the *Prie de Rome* in the next Salon. I never had attended a ball at the Opera. I slipped away and went one night with a young Parisian, meaning no harm. My poor Fred was there and challenged my escort on the spot. They took cabs for the Parc de Vincennes and met at daylight, rapiers in hand, in the very park wherein, as a young girl, I had played! I followed, hoping to interfere; but I was too late. I found Fred on the ground with a sword wound in his breast. He died in my arms. There was an inch of snow on the ground; the dear boy's blood made a sickening spot therein. Speaking of art, you know Gerome's picture of a duel in the snow? He paints the blood red, you remember? He never saw any blood-stained snow—never had a lover die for love of him. He should have made it chrome with a dash of Nile and a dab of lake. * * * * Oh, here's the wine."

Half a dozen ladies known to you tell similar stories equally well. When we return to the dancing floor, the promenade band is playing "The Beggar Student," as half the merry-makers in the vast throng burst into a chorus:

In a moment of rapture, a transport of bliss,
On her lily-white shoulder I planted a kiss.

At this moment, you reappear, my neophyte! You are waltzing as if it were a life's task. Singing, too; forever singing. Wine is served on the ball-room floor—against rules, but profitable. "Here's to life!" is the toast that accompanies the champagne. "Take off the roof that the stars may see how happy I am!" retorts Sappho at your side, draining her glass. A snowstorm is raging outside but nobody knows or cares.

"Who breaks, pays!" But *who* pays is of no

importance. Money is dross, only made to buy the smiles of pretty women.

In a box sits "my real old friend," Musette, widow of a college mate, whose grief over a husband's loss started her on the merry career she now leads. I stand in front of her box to have speech with her. Although she affects jollity, I can read regret in her eyes. Her face is flushed with wine. Alas, there's sad contrast to the time when I knew her as a good woman! Once a successful actress, she rarely has a choice in these days between a coupé and a stage,—meaning an omnibus. A bold venture "on the road" as a "star" having proved disastrous, she is now following "the primrose way."

"Ah! There's the old waltz '*Tout Paris!*'" she exclaims. "Just once 'round the house, in memory of other days!" She hastens from the box to my side. Musette is as Champfleury describes her,—tall, slender and graceful as a willow. Her gown of dull, black satin fits her like a glove and becomes her, to me, at least, because the black typifies mourning for a dead past. Away we move to the waltz music. She begins to tell me what has happened since we last met,—they always do,—when a big woman bumps against her. Musette haughtily surveys the dame and says, "Go home, grandma!"

We are soon at the southwestern corner of the Garden, where a once pretty blonde in a box is monopolizing attention. She is sprawling in a chair, limp and unconscious. A colored maid is bathing her face with champagne, water being unobtainable. The man who has brought the beauty is solicitous; but before he lifts the precious burden in his arms, he adjusts a mask upon his own face. There are water-drinkers in Bohemia, according to Murger, but none is at this ball. When the dance is finished, my watch marks "Five o'clock" and I have promised to take Musette to her home.

Zigzagging across the floor is a handsome young chap, barking like a dog. Every one of us has hydrophobia, therefore none is afraid of him. If he be mad, others are as fearful of water as he. Not a glassful in the Garden! A two-step is next on the card. Cyclones of

humanity sweep across the floor, making a wreckage of torn gowns. A gentle youth walks amid this mad medley, as Pinel trod the maniac wards of Bicêtre, handing to each woman who pleases his fancy an American Beauty rose. He carries an armful, each flower having cost him \$2 at a counter in the lobby. He is a man of thirty, scrupulously attired. At times he exacts a kiss in exchange for the rose; so exquisite is his art of approach, so palpable his condition, there's neither resentment nor refusal. Like the moon, he is greatest when full.

Morning has come, but not daylight. Music has lost its charm. Time of waltz and two-step is slower, owing to sheer fatigue of members of the orchestra. The last circle of the floor has been completed. Seeking Musette, she is told that the hour of departure has arrived. In an adjoining box, I observe that Nanine has begun her two-bottle story, and that the rich brewer by her side has succumbed to potations more heating than his own beer. At her other side, listening to the story, is an old banker, opening wine. He opens his mouth and yawns, most discourteously. Perhaps he has heard Nanine's tale elsewhere?

Eighteen of the largest roosters in all New York, imprisoned in cages over the second balcony, are awakened by a simultaneous thrill of electric current sent through the metal perches upon which they are dozing. They crow in chorus! Theoretically, dawn has come! Out go many of the lights. The band is playing "Home, Sweet Home."

We take a carriage at the main entrance to the Garden, Musette and I. The vehicle makes its way through deep snow and turns into Twenty-seventh Street, toward Broadway, *en route* to the upper West Side. In the gray of the morning light, as we pass the Hotel Victoria, its foyer is seen to be aglow with electric lights. Musette points to a score of bedraggled women upon their knees scrubbing a marble floor! A grim-faced housekeeper, perched upon a tall stool, directs the workers amid suds and dirt. Their task-mistress is berating them; her voice is barren of sympathy for their lot. To her, this is a hard world

and she makes it so for others. Turning to my companion, who is trembling, I ask:

"What do you think of that?"

"*That* is virtue!" exclaims Musette.

"Ah, yes! See what it costs!"

"Perhaps they, too, danced at a French ball and drank champagne, once upon a time."



From Palmer's Views

THE SINGER BUILDING, LOWER BROADWAY

The Studio of Oliver Lippincott, Photographer of Men, is in this Building.

CHAPTER XXIV

MARVELS OF SURGERY AND MEDICINE



HERE'S no autocracy in surgery to-day!" said the late Dr. George F. Shrady to me during a visit with him at the Hotel Renaissance shortly before his death. He stated the case accurately, because an emergency in surgery can be met in the backwoods by a so-called "country doctor" as well as in the best-equipped city hospital. This is due to simplification of methods, the splendid work of the post-graduate schools by men who give the benefits of their experience for the benefit of the young men who must take their places before long. Many such able and conscientious teachers in this city and at colleges elsewhere are my friends. I shall mention many of them in this volume.

The human race should take heart! Some of the most dreaded human ailments have been abolished by medicine in civilized countries. Many of the older plagues have not only been robbed of their terrors but have ceased to come to our shores. Surgery is annually saving thousands of lives that would have been beyond human hope only a generation ago. Perhaps the most brilliant surgical operations of the present concern the heart; in chloroform poisoning, for example, after the patient is dead to all previous understanding, an opening is made, the heart is grasped in the hand and is directly massaged until natural action is resumed. This is already a settled method of practice. A surgeon must do and dare! The grand thing in medicine and in surgery is to save life.

However wonderful and praiseworthy reparative surgery and medicine may be, the highest aim of either branch of the art is to prevent disease, or to obviate an operation rather than to perform it. The spectacular phases of

advanced sanitation were reached during the recent Russo-Japanese War. Dr. Louis L. Seaman, who visited the battlefields and hospitals while that terrible conflict was in progress, has given to the world definite information regarding the marvelous—I might almost say magical—methods by which camps were protected from epidemics and the general health of vast armies maintained. Modern aseptic treatment works wonders! The courage of the members of the United States medical corps who solved the yellow fever mystery, by submitting themselves to be bitten by infected mosquitoes, was equal to that of the battlefield. Many of them died from the disease that future generations might live! There is no longer any conflict between surgery and medicine; one is ever ready to yield to the other.

The recent elevation of Sir Thomas Crosby, a distinguished London physician, to the post of Lord Mayor of London, calls attention to the fact that practitioners of the healing art have attained high honors outside their own profession. The Crosby family is an old one, antedating the Norman Conquest and Sir Thomas is the first physician to be a successor of "Dick" Whittington. I recall Dr. L. S. Jameson, who rose to be Prime Minister of South Africa; Dr. Georges Clemenceau, who served as Prime Minister of the French Republic; Dr. Leonard Wood, who is to-day a Major-General and Chief of the General Staff of the United States Army; Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, who is a regular practitioner only among the poor; Lord Lister, the father of antiseptic surgery, represents his profession in the British House of Lords; Dr. William Jenner was knighted by the late Queen Victoria and was consulted by her on matters of statecraft; Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger

of New Hampshire has been a United States Senator from his state for several terms, and many other names might be mentioned. The service Pasteur, Charcot, Shradz and Morton have rendered to the human race is incalculable.

When I set out to talk about Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman, an associate at Cornell University and a devoted friend during all the years we have dwelt in New York, a whole volume is needed. He was born at Newburgh, N. Y., October, 1851. His family has a fine record in the medical profession; his grandfather, Valentine Seaman, M.D., introduced vaccination in this city, 1799. On his mother's side, Dr. Seaman is a descendant from Robert Livingston, First Lord of the Manor, and from Philip Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Entering Cornell with its first class, he was graduated A.B.; thence he went to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and was graduated, the gold medalist, in 1876. Post graduate medical courses were taken at Vienna, Paris and Edinburgh; later he received a degree of Bachelor of Laws at the University of New York. He then served as resident surgeon of the State Immigrant Hospital on Ward's Island and as Chief of Staff of various institutions on Blackwell's Island from 1877 to 1885. First of his many tours around the world was made in 1887, during which in India and China he studied cholera and other infections and epidemic diseases of the Far East. When the Spanish-American War arose Dr. Seaman promptly offered his services and was appointed Surgeon-Major of the 1st Regiment, U. S. V. Engineers and served in Porto Rico and Cuba; and subsequently as Surgeon of the 17th and 23rd Regiments of Infantry in the Philippines; was with the Army of Occupation during the Boxer War in China, 1900-1901; was with the Russian Army in Manchuria, 1904; and at the front with the Japanese in Mongolia under General Oku, when peace was declared, 1905. Dr. Seaman was also in South Africa during the Zulu troubles, and in East Africa with the German troops in 1906. He made two trips to the Victoria Nyanza region to study the

sleeping sickness. On one of these occasions, he was accompanied by Mrs. Seaman—the first American lady to see the Ripon Falls and head waters of the Nile in Uganda. Prior to that journey made several months before Colonel Roosevelt—Dr. Seaman had penetrated the Dark Continent over the famous



DR. LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN

Zambezi trek of his kinsman, David Livingstone, to Victoria Falls; and the following year, in company with the late Dr. Nicholas Senn, had circumnavigated South America and crossed the Andes four times.

The researches and publications of this American student and traveler have received and deserved recognition in all parts of the world. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Royal Society of Arts of England. In recognition of his services to Japan's army in the field, the Em-

peror conferred upon Dr. Seaman, insignias of the Order of the Rising Sun and of the Order of Special Merit for Service on the field. By vote of the Société de la Croix of Japan, he received Honorary Life Membership in the Red Cross Society of that country. He was awarded the Diploma d'Honneur, Exposition Internationale de Paris, for his services in Army Sanitary Reform. He has been appointed delegate to various International Medical Congresses at London, Berlin, Moscow, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Lisbon and Budapest. His contributions to medical journals, addresses to colleges, professional and sociological organizations are too numerous to cite. Among a dozen books, I must mention "The Real Triumph of Japan," "From Tokio Through Manchuria with the Japanese," "La Ration du Soldat en Campagne," "Triumphs of Scientific Medicine, in Peace and War," and "Utilization of Native Troops in our Colonial Possessions." In addition to membership in the American Medical Association, the Academy of Medicine, and the County and State medical societies, Dr. Seaman belongs to thirty-odd social, professional, literary and civic organizations and the Authors, Lotos, Calumet, Players, Cornell University, St. Nicholas, Asiatic, Army and Navy, Republican and City clubs; the Metropolitan Club of Washington, and the Royal Societies Club of London. Dr. Seaman's affection for his *Alma Mater* is shown by his gift of the Varsity Cup for preëminence in aquatic sports. He has also served as president of the Cornell University Club of New York, and is now the president of the China Society of America.

Among all the medical specialists of the metropolis, Frank E. Miller, regarded as a world-wide authority on diseases of nose, throat and ear, has had an especially interesting career. Born at Hartford, Conn., in 1859, he was graduated from Trinity College in the year 1881, after which he came direct to New York and entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons,—acquiring a doctor's degree in 1884. After two years as a medical and surgical interne at New York, Charity and St. Francis Hospitals, Dr. Miller became a sanitary inspector for the Board of Health, where he remained three years. He then

served as an assistant under distinguished professors in the New York Polyclinic, the Vanderbilt Clinic, the New York University and the Post-Graduate Hospitals. It was at this time that he began specializing in diseases of the throat and acted as assistant for Dr. W. P. Swift, Dr. Urban G. Hitchcock and Dr. R. P. Lincoln, the latter a distinguished throat specialist. Dr. Miller was attending



Dr. FRANK E. MILLER

physician to the Minerva Home, to the Wayside Nursery, to St. Joseph's Hospital for several years and is now consulting physician for St. Francis Hospital. In 1906 he was appointed visiting physician to the New York Hospital; he is also at present a member of the Board of Medical Directors of the Loomis Sanitarium. He has had vast experience in treatment of the throat, ear and nose, especially at the Vanderbilt and Bellevue Hospital

clinics. He has been laryngologist to the Metropolitan College of Music since 1890. Dr. Miller began private practice in 1886; he has treated 188,000 patients in the last ten years. While a student at Hartford, Dr. Miller was solo tenor in the Glee Club at Trinity College; later, while pursuing his medical course in New York, he was solo tenor of St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street. Intense enthusiasm over music caused him to make a thorough study of the vocal organs and of the cultivation of the human voice; he established a principle of hollow space resonances which has gained authoritative recognition as the nearest approach to a perfect theory of voice production. He was first to advocate a regular standard for tone of voice production, by which any voice can be definitely measured and classified. He also suggested what he described as a Voice Sifting Bureau. At one time or another he has been consulted by the most prominent singers of the musical world. Due to the fact that Dr. Miller is both a distinguished medical throat specialist and possesses the qualifications of a high-class singer and musician, Mr. Oscar Hammerstein engaged him to pass upon the throats and vocal organs of his artists, — an innovation in voice training methods of the most radical kind. Dr. Miller has outlined a new theory of the origin of nodules, from a study of 234 cases, which has been subsequently confirmed. He is author in collaboration of *A Compend of Nose, Throat and Ear Diseases*, and has written many papers on the voice and vocal organs. He has devoted much time to investigations regarding the treatment of tuberculosis. He is a member of the American Medical Association, the American Laryngological, Rhinological and Otological Society. He is a 32d degree Mason, a Knights Templar, a member of the Mystic Shrine and the Elks. Among his clubs are the Players', Lotos, Mendelssohn Glee, New York Yacht, Republican, Masonic and the New England Society. In 1910 Schirmer & Company published his book, *The Voice*, which has been adopted by the Board of Regents and Public Schools as a text-book.

Germany makes a valued contribution to advanced surgery as practiced in New York in the person of Dr. Willy Meyer, born at Minden, Westphalia, in 1858. He was educated at the University of Bonn and was an assistant in the surgical clinic therein until 1884, when he came to New York City, where his uncle, Dr. Abraham Jacobi, had been in



Willy Meyer

practice for thirty years. After working in the surgical department of the German Dispensary and conducting a general practice for a short time, he decided to devote himself exclusively to surgery. He was appointed professor of clinical surgery in the Woman's Medical College and served from 1886-'93. He has been instructor and professor of surgery at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital since 1887. He is Attending-Surgeon to the German Hospital (1887), Consulting Surgeon to the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital and to the New York Infirmary, the Har Moriah Hospital and the Hospital for Deformities and Joint Dis-

cases. He was the first to introduce cystoscopy, in 1887, and Bottini's operation, in 1897, into this country. He is a Fellow of the American Surgical Association and of many medical societies.

Among distinguished physicians of the metropolis is George Thomas Stevens, who served throughout the Civil War, first as surgeon of the Seventy-seventh N. Y. V., as division surgeon and as medical inspector of the Sixth Army Corps. Dr. Stevens was born in Essex County of this state in 1832 and was educated at Castleton (Vt.) Medical College, receiving the degree of Ph. D. from Union College. He began practice in New York in 1880, after a term as Professor of Physiology and Diseases of the Eye



DR. GEORGE T. STEVENS

at Union University. While located in Albany, as Secretary of the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Union in 1886, the New York department of the Grand Army of the Republic was organized in his office by four men, of whom he was one. His first ancestor in America was John Stevens, who came to New Haven as one of the Davenport colony about 1645. Dr. Stevens has received the highest prize from the Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium for a treatise on "Functional Diseases of the Nervous System;" he is likewise the inventor of many surgical and philosophical instruments. He is author of several standard works on nervous diseases and treatises on ophthalmic subjects. He has

recently published an "Illustrated Guide to Flowering Plants."

American dentistry is classed as the best in the world. George Evans, who is Irish by birth, was born at Cork, Ireland. He received his early education in Ireland and when he came here at the age of ten attended the public schools and College of the City of New York. Dr. Evans studied music and art. His original plan was to become an architect. He incidentally became interested in dentistry and finally chose that profession, studying under the late Dr. Walter B. Roberts, of Bond Street, inventor of the



DR. GEORGE EVANS

Roberts Torpedo for reviving exhausted oil wells. Dr. Evans lectured at the Baltimore College of Dentistry for twelve years; has also lectured in the New York College of Dentistry, at the University of Pennsylvania and at the Royal College of Dentists, Toronto. He is the author of a popular Treatise on Crown-and-Bridge-Work and Porcelain Dental Art. He has introduced many novel methods in dental practice and has secured patents for mechanical dental devices in this country and Europe and is also interested in the manufacture of dental materials. He has also been an operator in city real estate and has a country place at Syosset, L. I. He is a member of the Lotos, N. Y. Athletic, Ibero-Americo, and Canadian Camp clubs, and of leading dental societies.



CHAPTER XXV

DEVELOPMENT OF THE RAILROAD BUSINESS



RAILROADING is unqualifiedly the greatest industry of the United States. Taking the railroad map as it was in 1870 and comparing it with that of to-day, development is seen in every section of the country.

Then a single trans-Continental line, known as the Union and Central Pacific railroads, from Omaha to Oakland, opposite San Francisco, was considered an achievement that nothing could outrank. The troubles of that road were with snow-slides and washouts. Hundreds of miles of snow-sheds were built. Then followed Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific, which slowly crawled across a totally unpopulated region—an enterprise that went to smash because people who were supplying the money failed to see where traffic would be found. The Southern Pacific, engineered by C. P. Huntington, who had acquired vast experience in railway building in the construction of the Central Pacific from the Pacific coast to Ogden. Next, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, originally a small group of lines, was caught up by Boston capitalists and rushed through to Los Angeles. Meanwhile, a St. Paul commission merchant, named James J. Hill, was personally surveying an extension of the so-called "Manitoba" road from his own city, and, almost before eastern people knew about it, the Great Northern was running trains to Puget Sound! Its route was supposed to run through a land covered with snow at least five months of the year. Later came the Oregon Short Line—an extension of the Union Pacific to the Puget Sound region; next the Burlington prolongation into the same section of Oregon land.

The genius of all trans-Continental development was E. H. Harriman, a minister's son, whom I have described as I knew him in his "hustling" days on the Exchange.

Activities in the West awakened chiefs of the great trunk lines in the East. Fast trains were put on the Pennsylvania and New York Central roads. At first a 24-hour run to Chicago was regarded as the maximum of fast travel. To-day a train on each of these roads makes the trip in 18 hours, and goes to or returns from St. Louis in 24 hours! The Erie, pioneer of the eastern trunk lines, has been improved, but has not grown as it should, owing to a load of debts, saddled upon it at various times by designing operators. The Baltimore & Ohio, earlier still in construction, lacked a New York connection for so many years that the traveling public almost overlooked its existence. The New England roads have been practically consolidated into a single corporation; time from Boston to New York still remains at five hours, a trifle over 50 miles an hour. As this volume goes to press, the most significant incident in railroad affairs is the waning of the Gould influence, which during the life of Jay Gould was potential. The Vanderbilts have almost held their own, even against such a magician as the late E. H. Harriman, who forced himself into the directory of the Vanderbilt System only a short time before his death. J. Pierpont Morgan and James J. Hill are the dominant powers at this writing, but who their successors will be cannot be conjectured.

The age of giants is here, but the dispersion of enormous fortunes must come!

The Interstate Commerce Commission has accomplished results in regulating freight and passenger rates; the Sherman Act only checked for a time some unholy combinations of industrial interests, which, supported by an iniquitous tariff that has benefited the few at the expense of the many, has been pushing upward the cost of living and engendering anarchist feelings in most law-abiding hearts.

Government regulation is no longer de-



GEORGE A. POST



BENJAMIN A. HEGEMAN



RALPH PETERS

scribed as "interference." Its wisdom is conceded by many of the so-called "captains of industry"—like Mr. Carnegie—who have inordinately fattened their purses during a long dynasty of "Do-Nothing-Presidents" and an equally long series of corrupt or indifferent Congresses. James J. Hill, an authority of high value, says two and one-half billions of money will be needed during the next five years to develop the railroad facilities of this country, in order to keep pace with its wonderful growth! Where is this enormous sum to be had? The answer is that it must be dug from the ground! The mines of the United States must supply the greater part thereof. And they will do it.

The railroads of the United States are not without friends among the business men who do not hold salaried positions under the various corporations or serve as directors in their boards. These men are lovers of fair play quite as much as patrons of the transportation companies. About three years ago, when the trend of opinion appeared to be hostile to the management of the great trunk lines of the country, and when the government was equally antagonistic, a group of men throughout the country formed what is known as the Railway Business Association. These gentlemen were largely engaged in supplying railroads with their equipment and not only paid an average of \$250,000,000 in freight charges yearly, but furnished employment to

a million and a half of men! The inspiring mind in the organization of this association was George A. Post, president of the Standard Coupler Company, of New York City. The Railway Business Association takes very high ground regarding railway regulation. So far as restrictive legislation is concerned, it makes no effort to control the law-making powers except by presentation of facts and figures, supplemented by argument. Be it remembered that a cardinal principle of the Association is that "no railroad shall have directly or indirectly any voice in its management." Self-protection is its claim to existence! It stands as the mediator between the railroads and the public. The career of George A. Post is an interesting one. I have known him since 1889, when we were associated on the *World*. He was born at Cuba, Allegheny County, N. Y., September, 1854; spent his youth at Owego, where he received his education in the public schools and academy. His father, Ira A. Post, was connected with the Erie railway fifty years, so that the son's natural attraction for railroad business in any form is readily explained. He entered the service of the Erie in its freight department at the age of 18, then became assistant to the superintendent of motive power. Always an active Democrat, he was elected Mayor of Susquehanna, Pa., where he was located. He was sent to Congress from that district at the age of 28—the youngest member of that body.

While in the employ of the Erie he gave his nights to the study of law and was admitted to the bar. He was a delegate to the National Convention of 1884. Mr. Post had been an editor and part owner of the *Montrose* (Pa.) *Democrat*, 1883 to 1889, when he came to New York. His fondness for the railroad business induced him to accept the vice-presidency of the Standard Coupler Company, of which he later became president. Mr. Post is an excellent speaker, talks with readiness and always speaks in terms of moderation and good humor. One of his speeches at Pittsburg acquired national reputation. In closing an address upon fair play Mr. Post said: "I plead for temperance in the use of language on public questions and at the fireside. Some homes are made happy by abstinence from intoxicating drinks; but a thousand-fold more owe their joys to kindly words and acts. More hearts have been broken by ugly words than through inebriety."

The railroad business is a very fascinating field of endeavor. It makes its appeal especially to sons whose fathers have given their lives to the work. In nearly every instance we find that men take up that work because the tang of it is in their blood. This is the case with Benjamin Arrowsmith Hegeman, Jr., who after eleven years of training with the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad formed a large company dealing in railroad supplies. His father had been traffic manager of the same road for many years. Mr. Hegeman is not a college graduate. He went to work after leaving the Mt. Washington Collegiate Institute, at Fourth and Macdougall Streets, at the age of seventeen years and has been steadily engaged in active business since that day. He was born in the City of New York in 1860 and early entered the public schools. He began as a clerk in the freight department and afterwards in the passenger department and treasurer's office of the railroad company with which his father was associated. Being offered the position of assistant secretary and cashier in the Citizens' Mutual Life Insurance Company, he spent a year and a half learning that business, after which he returned to his first love, as General Manager of the Lackawanna Live Stock Transportation Company. In

this branch of the service, Mr. Hegeman was eminently successful, developing it to the present standard of excellence. The American Car & Foundry Company of New York then made him an offer to act as its General Eastern Sales Agent, but at the end of a year and in less than two years he formed the company previously mentioned with which he is now the directing mind. Mr. Hegeman is not only president of the U. S. Metal & Manufacturing Company, but also of the Rockland Railroad and the Union Lumber Manufacturing Company; he is a trustee of the Excelsior Savings Bank and a director in several large manufacturing companies. In politics he is a Republican and has served as Councilman and Mayor of North Plainfield, N. J., where he resided before he made his permanent residence in New York. He is very fond of club life and belongs to nine social organizations, among which are the Lotos, New York Athletic, Republican of New York, and the Racquet of Philadelphia.

Thoroughly experienced in every detail for the successful operation of a great trunk line, Ralph Peters, president of the Long Island Railroad Company, has made that corporation one of the best-paying in the country.

Mr. Peters was born in Atlanta, Ga., November 19, 1853, and is of English and Scotch extraction. The family was founded in America in 1740, by William Peters, who was one time commissioner in the colony of Pennsylvania. His father was Richard Peters, a distinguished engineer and his great-grandfather was Judge Richard Peters, who, after the Revolutionary War, attained world-wide fame by his lavish entertainments in his beautiful mansion at Belmont, now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ralph Peters graduated from the University of Georgia in 1872, with the degree of B.A. He at once entered the service of the Atlanta Street Railways, and subsequently was employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, filling many positions of trust.

Taking hold of the Long Island line, then looked upon as a summer excursion railroad, Mr. Peters has made it an all-year-round proposition and brought the gross earnings up to \$26,433 per mile per annum. Mr.

Peters is a member of the Lawyers, Railroad, New York Yacht, Garden City and Garden City Golf clubs, Sons of the Revolution, Ohio, Georgia and Southern societies and Society of Colonial Wars in Ohio.

From farm boy to financier is a long stretch and where obstacles were to be overcome at nearly every step the distance is indeed long. This is the accomplishment of George Carson Smith and his early struggles must stamp him as a self-made man. He was born in Granville, N. Y., March 4, 1855, the son

private secretary to Charles M. Croswell, then Governor of Michigan.

He next completed a course in the study of law and entered the railway service in Texas in 1881, as assistant to the general manager of the Texas and Pacific and International and Great Northern Railways. Upon the establishment of the Missouri Pacific system in St. Louis, he was made assistant to the senior vice-president.

In rapid succession he became general manager of the Missouri Pacific system; the At-



GEORGE CARSON SMITH



IRA A. PLACE

of Harvey J. and Olivia Cordelia (White) Smith, and is of English ancestry on both sides of the family. His early education was obtained at North Helbron Institute, in Washington County, N. Y., and Castleton Seminary, Vermont, his collegiate course being at Adrian College, Michigan, from which he was graduated in 1877.

He defrayed his college expenses by acting as instructor in languages, bookkeeper, stenographer and as a newspaper correspondent. Immediately after graduation he was appointed

lanta and West Point Railway of Georgia; the Western Railway of Alabama and the St. Louis-Louisville lines of the Southern Railway.

In 1901 he was selected to represent George Westinghouse in the various corporations bearing his name and served as president, vice-president or director in a score of Westinghouse corporations. Retiring from many of these companies, Mr. Smith has during the past year established new connections in the field of construction and finance, becoming

a special partner in the firm of James Stewart & Co., of New York, St. Louis and Chicago, and representative in New York of the Canada Syndicate, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto.

One of the charming characteristics of man's nature is his affection for all graduates of his own university. It comes as naturally as the affiliations that grow out of relationship. There's much in the *alma mater* fondness that one Cornell man feels for another. Ira A. Place has been one of the most successful graduates of an institution that has grown in forty-three years from nothing to one of the foremost places in American educational ranks. He was born in this city in 1854, but prepared for college at Alfred Academy and took his A.B. degree at Cornell in 1881. While at the University, he was an editor of *The Era*, *Cornellian*, and *Cornell Magazine*. He then began the study of law in the office of Vann, McLennan & Dillaye, Syracuse, and was admitted to the bar in Buffalo. He came to New York, in October, 1883, with Judge McLennan, who had been appointed general counsel of the New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railway Company, prior to its reorganization as the West Shore railroad. In March, 1886, Mr. Place entered the Law Department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railway Company. So complete was his success in this post that he was appointed general counsel for all New York Central lines east of Buffalo in 1905. A year later, he was chosen vice-president of the New York Central lines east of Buffalo, in charge of the Law Department and of the Land and Tax Department. Mr. Place is a trustee of Cornell University; likewise president of the Cornellian Council and Cornell University Club of New York City. At the university, he was a Phi Beta Kappa and a Psi Upsilon man. In politics, he is a Democrat; in religion, he is a Unitarian. Among the clubs to which he belongs are the University, Transportation, Cornell, St. Andrews Golf, Adirondack League and Unitarian of New York and Fort Orange of Albany.

Mr. Place is a director in a score or more of railroads, coal companies and other corporations, among which may be mentioned: The Carthage, Watertown & Sackett's Harbor

Railroad, Tivoli Hollow Railroad, Troy Union Railroad Company, Little Falls & Dolgeville Railroad Company, Detroit, Mouree & Toledo Railroad Company, New York & Ottawa Bridge Company, Cornwall Bridge Company, Buffalo Erie Basin Railroad Company, Central Dock & Terminal Railway Company, Fair Land Realty Company, Gallitzin Coal & Coke Company, Gouverneur & Oswegatchie Railroad Company, New Jersey Junction Railroad Company, New Jersey Shore Line Railroad Company, New York Central Niagara River Railroad Company, Niagara Falls Branch Railroad Company, Spuyten Duyvil & Port Morris Railroad Company, Walkkill Valley Railroad Company, and New York & Fort Lee Railroad Company. He is president of the Central Dock & Terminal Railway Company, and of the Fair Land Realty Company.

A railroad man who has risen from the ranks to one of the highest offices in this country is William Johnson Harahan, born at Nashville, Tenn., December, 1867, of Scotch-Irish parents, whose ancestors were settlers in the West. He was educated at the public schools and at St. John's College, New Orleans. Before attaining his majority he entered the service of the Louisville & Nashville railroad—attached to the superintendent's office in New Orleans. He advanced rapidly, becoming an assistant engineer in 1889; but, a year later, he resigned to accept the post of division engineer on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad. Thence he went to the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern. He then joined the Illinois Central and in 1896 was made superintendent of the Louisville division, holding that place until 1901, when he became chief engineer of the entire system and assistant general manager. After fifteen years continuous service, Mr. Harahan retired from the Illinois Central to accept the vice-presidency of the Erie railroad.

Improvement in rolling stock on American railroads, especially the substitution of steel for wood in the manufacture of passenger cars, is largely due to the energy and inventive genius of a few young men. Among these must be mentioned Frederick Heber Eaton, president of the American Car & Foundry Co., which office he has held since 1902. Mr.

Eaton is a Pennsylvanian by birth, having for his native town Berwick and the date of his birth April, 1863. He was educated at the public schools and has engaged in manufacturing ever since he was seventeen years of age. Mr. Eaton is a director of the Columbia Trust Company, Seaboard National Bank, Mutual Life Insurance Company, Inter-Ocean Steel Company, the Hoyt & Weedin Manufacturing Company, and several other corporations and railroads. He belongs to the Chamber of Commerce and the Union League, Metropolitan, Ardsley and N. Y. Athletic clubs of this city. He was chosen a McKinley elector for the State of Pennsylvania in 1896. He has a city residence and a country place, "Hillcrest," in Berwick. Mr. Eaton is a lover of books and a member of several historical societies. He comes of Revolutionary ancestry and is naturally proud of the fact.

Thomas F. Oakes, now living in New York City, is one of the real "Builders of the West." He was associated with some of the great enterprises of that part of the country and carried out his part with credit and distinction.

Born in Massachusetts, about sixty-seven or sixty-eight years ago, where he was educated at the public schools, young Oakes turned early to the West and got into the battle of life by becoming associated with railroad contractors on the old Kansas Pacific in '63. Ten years later we find him as purchasing agent of the road and he advanced rapidly until ten years later he was made general superintendent. He was afterward connected with the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf R. R., and the Kansas City, Lawrence and Southern R. R. in the same capacity as general superintendent, which positions occupied his time until 1880 when he became Vice-President and General Manager of Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, with headquarters in the city of Portland, Ore.

The Northern Pacific was the next road to command Mr. Oakes' services. He was successively Vice-President, General Manager, President and Receiver of this great system during the years of 1881-1896.

Mr. Oakes now makes his home at the Plaza Hotel, New York City, but enjoys most at

present the pleasures of a well-appointed farm at Concord, Mass., within call of his boyhood home.

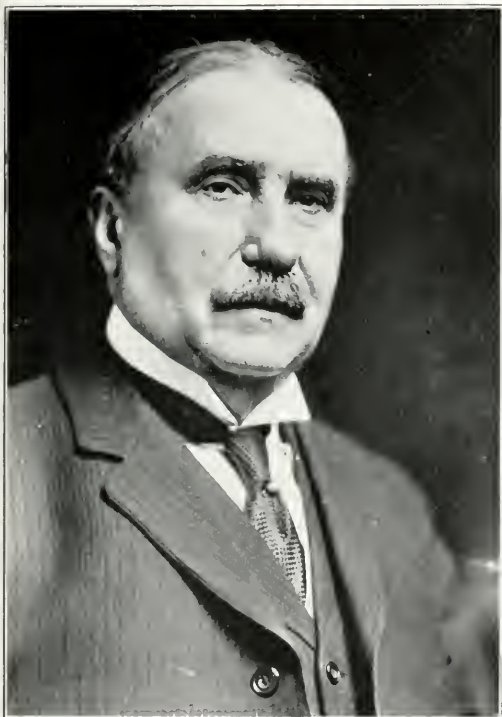
Prominent among the men who have figured in the commercial development of New York City during the last quarter of a century is William H. Woolverton, president of the National Railway Publication Company, publishers of the *Official Railway Guide*.

Mr. Woolverton was born in the State of Indiana, but was taken, when very young, to Pennsylvania, the family locating in the town of Alexandria. His preliminary education was secured in the country schools near his home, but it was not until he had started on his business career that he found the opportunity of broadening his mind and educating himself in the branches necessary for his battle with the world.

When a boy he studied telegraphy, working side by side with Andrew Carnegie, Thomas M. Carnegie, Thomas T. Eckert and David H. Bates, and the companionship of those early days developed into friendships that were life-long in duration. At this period Mr. Woolverton was an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and in this capacity he was transferred to Philadelphia, where he remained for several years, filling many responsible positions.

It was forty-four years ago in the Quaker City that the *Official Railway Guide* was started. Mr. Woolverton and several other railroad men were the organizers of the publishing company. Many difficulties were encountered and it was not until the publication had been removed to New York City that success was assured and the *Guide* came to be recognized as indispensable to the traveling public and of inestimable value to railway officials. Mr. Woolverton has been for years the president of the company, succeeding Henry W. Gwinner, the first president, who retired twenty-seven years ago. Upon entering the business world of New York City, Mr. Woolverton at once became interested in many corporations and was one of the organizers of the Bell Telephone Company, now the New York Telephone Company, of which he is still a director. In 1878 seven men undertook the installation of that service. The

telephone was then almost unknown and the venture did not look flattering at that time, but the organizers were men who could see a long distance ahead and they persisted in the work, in spite of all obstacles, and to-day the company's triumphant success testifies to their keen judgment and indomitable will. Of the men who brought this important work to perfection but two remain, Mr. Woolverton



WILLIAM H. WOOLVERTON

and Theodore Newton Vail, now president of the company. In addition to being president of the National Railway Publication Company, Mr. Woolverton is at the head of the New York Transfer Company, which operates Dodd's Express, and he fills a similar position with the Gamewell Fire Alarm Telegraph Company. This company's service is used in residences, stores, industrial establishments and by municipalities in over 1,500

cities in the United States and Canada, and has also been installed in South America, South Africa, Great Britain, Germany, Manila and the Sandwich Islands. It had its inception in the electric fire-alarm signal which John N. Gamewell installed in Boston in 1854. During the Civil War, the business made little progress and it was not until Mr. Woolverton became interested in the company that it started on its successful career. During all these years the Gamewell Company has not failed to recognize and secure every possible improvement so that to-day its service is as near perfection as is possible to make an electrical system.

In this work, Mr. Woolverton's ability and foresight are shown. He took hold of the Gamewell Company when it was in its incipency and non-productive; and recognizing its vast possibilities turned it into a fire-preventing, fire-loss decreasing and life-saving institution. A fraction of time often saves heavy loss and many lives when a big conflagration threatens. This the Gamewell system does.

Mr. Woolverton is also president of the Alexandria, Pa., Water Company, American Railway Supply Company, Gamewell Auxiliary Fire Alarm Company. He is vice-president of the Manhattan Fire Alarm Company and the Police Telephone and Signal Company, treasurer of the Iron Steamboat Company of New Jersey, treasurer of the New Jersey Navigation Company and a director in the American Railway Guide Company, the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company, Holmes Electric Protective Company, New York Telephone Company and the Union Transfer Company of Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Woolverton is a Republican in national politics, but in state and municipal affairs he is always found on the side of the best man, regardless of party affiliations.

He is a member of the Union League, the New York Athletic, the Railroad and Lotos clubs.

The United States has in notable cases supplied the genius of initiative to two important South American countries. I have already spoken of Theodore N. Vail's achievements at Buenos Ayres, Argentina; but a more recent champion of the destinies of the adjacent

republic of Brazil has arisen in the person of Percival Farquhar, who may be accurately described as "the E. H. Harriman of South America." He is doing for Brazil quite as much as Cecil J. Rhodes did for South Africa, although he is a republic developer, rather than an empire builder! Being born, dyed-in-the-wool lover of democracy, he has no liking for imperialism. Mr. Farquhar's career is a fascinating one. He comes of Maryland stock, but was born at York, Pa., October, 1864. Little more than a year previously, Lee's army had swept through that part of Pennsylvania, until checked at Gettysburg. Arthur B. Farquhar, father of the future financier, was a manufacturer of agricultural machinery in York—a business that has grown into the Pennsylvania Agricultural Works, of which A. B. Farquhar is chief. In its office, young Percival received his commercial training. He had passed through Yale University, taking highest honors of his class, 1884. In addition to the Arts course, he specialized in engineering, and followed his stay at Yale by a two years' attendance at Columbia Law School, in this city.

Thus equipped, Percival Farquhar came to New York to grapple the problem of success! A fondness for economics had been inherited from his father, not only a student of political economy but a writer on the subject. It was quite impossible, therefore, for the young man to keep out of politics. He joined the Democratic organization of his Assembly District and took an active part in its deliberations. He had not contemplated seeking office, but was nominated for the Assembly and elected.

Meanwhile, he had been studying the prospects of railway development in Brazil. After making an extended visit to the region southwest and northwest of Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Farquhar went to Europe and laid before London and Paris bankers, various propositions for financing a vast international railway system for South America. In a short time, Mr. Farquhar organized the Brazil Railway Company, which to-day owns, or controls by lease, 3,101 miles of road in operation, and has under construction 1,818 additional miles. His ambition was to combine under one system the lines of steel road serving the southern

part of the State of Sao Paulo and the States of Paraná, Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul, from the Atlantic coast to their western borders. When the extensions under construction are finished, the so-called "Farquhar system" will extend from Sao Paulo—the capital of the state of similar name, having a population of 1,500,000 and the important port of Santos, from which it is distant about 40 miles—to the frontiers of Uruguay and Paraguay. Its own lines and connections will open up the vast and now inaccessible State of Matto Grosso as far as the Bolivian border. It is well-nigh impossible for me, in an article of this length, to give a reader an accurate conception of the magnitude of the work that Percival Farquhar has accomplished and that he contemplates achieving in the immediate future. Several hundred millions of American and European money are enlisted in the development of the heretofore inaccessible resources of the largest country of the South American continent! The Amazon route has been fairly well explored; the shores of that mighty river are generally marshy and its fevers are deadly. Mr. Farquhar, on the other hand, has chosen to exploit one of the most healthy, salubrious districts on earth. It is a storehouse of arboreal, mineral and agricultural wealth. Santos, the port of Sao Paulo, is a city of 20,000 inhabitants and ranks second only to Rio as a coffee-shipping port. Sao Paulo is a fine, largely modern city of 80,000 people, within half a day's journey of Rio de Janeiro by the Central Brazil Railway—a distance of about 230 miles.

Percival Farquhar, as President of the Brazil Railway Company, has under his immediate control the following lines: Sorocabana Railway, in the State of Sao Paulo, 813 miles in operation and 268 miles under construction; the Sao Paulo-Rio Grande Railway, traversing Paraná and Santa Catharina already for 610 miles, with 1,550 miles under construction; the Paraná Railway, all in the State of that name, operating 258 miles; the Thereza Christina Railway, 72 miles; the Cie. Auxiliaire de Chemins de Fer au Brazil, operating 1,348 miles. The Brazil Railway Company possesses large holdings in and important traffic arrangements with the Mog-

yana Railway, 926 miles, and the Paulista line of 715 miles, a total length of 1,641 miles. Three other lines, with a mileage of 1,468, cooperate with the Brazil Company.

The vast region reached by the Brazil railways is an area of table-lands, called *chapadoes*, having elevations of 1,000 to 3,000 feet, and is in every respect the best part of Brazil. The climate is temperate, it contains the most fertile lands in the republic, its forests are of the finest commercial woods and its rainfall is regular. Already a large lumber company has been organized and millions of feet of mahoganies and other fine woods are coming to this and foreign markets from the mills.

This is only a small part of what might be written about the Farquhar activities. The man himself is President and Director of the Brazil Railway Co., Bahia Tramway, Light & Power Co., Madeira-Mamore Railway Co., Port of Para, Para Construction Co., Brazil Land, Cattle & Packing Co. and Southern Brazil Lumber Co., and First Vice-President of the Sorocabana Railway Co. Evidently, Percival Farquhar believes this to be an age of men of affairs! His clubs in New York are the Metropolitan, Lawyers' and National Democratic, and Metropolitan of Washington.

Elsewhere I have briefly sketched the development of the telegraph system of the United States. Like every other line of business,

it has been greatly improved by competition, the public has been better served and this very rivalry has developed one of the wonderful stories of modern invention. One of the men who has contributed a large part to the marvelous growth of telegraphy in this country is Charles C. Adams, second vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company.

Through the energy and indefatigable application of such men as he is, the art of telegraphy has become in the last half century a national utility of first im-

portance. Mr. Adams was born at Freeport, Pa., August, 1858, acquired his early education in the Pittsburg public schools and took a brief course at the Sharpesburg Academy. He promptly became an operator for the Western Union Company. Next I find him as Associated Press telegraphist at Fort Wayne. When the Mutual Union Company was organized, he was selected as the manager of its Pittsburg office, but after its merger with the Western Union he entered newspaper service in Pittsburg and soon returned to New York. He joined the Postal Telegraph Company in 1884 as manager at Philadelphia. Thence his rise has been steadily upward. He came to New York, 1904, to become a vice-president of the Postal Company. His clubs are the Lotos and the National Geographic Society. He is a director in about thirty subordinate companies of the Postal.

One of the prominent shipping merchants of this city who has devoted an active career to correcting abuses in commercial trans-

actions is Edward Ward Vanderbilt. One of his brilliant successes was securing the abrogation of the tonnage tax against American vessels that Spain had been levying for more than a generation. Mr. Vanderbilt was born near the Battery. As soon as the Civil War closed, he formed a firm for sending packet ships to Georgetown,



EDWARD W. VANDERBILT

Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville; next he enlarged his connections and sent packets to Corpus Christi, Texas. Acquiring an interest in Bently, Miller & Co. and other firms until 1879, he formed the house of Vanderbilt & Hopkins and took contracts for supplying lumber for railroads. He then took over the entire business and launched the house of E. W. Vanderbilt, which is still thriving. Mr. Vanderbilt is a veteran of the Civil War and independent in politics. He is especially proud of having destroyed the



CHARLES C. ADAMS

"sailors' lawyers"—a gang of shysters that shipped men for the purpose of prosecuting captains of sailing vessels on the charge of abuse while at sea. Such charges, he found, were chiefly made to extort money and were groundless.

Among the self-made men who have place in this volume none is more worthy of mention than John Nemeth, born in Garadna, Hungary, Nov., 1861.



JOHN NEMETH

After securing the advantages of excellent schools of his native land, he came to this country in 1887 and opened a general supply store at Hazelton, Pa. He was induced to go to that locality because so many of his fellow countrymen were there employed as miners. His business developed into that of foreign money exchange and the sale of steamship tickets. In 1901 Mr. Nemeth transferred his business to this city, where he is agent for all trans-Atlantic steamship lines. Recently he introduced a successful cable system of transmitting money to Hungary at the reduced cost of 50 cents for each transfer, sending any sum to any place. He has handled in this way several hundred thousand dollars without mishap. He is a Democrat. Mr. Nemeth is naturally proud of the fact that he arrived in this country at 19, absolutely friendless, without a knowledge

of the English language, with small capital, and has attained a position of affluence and of public esteem.

The coal business occupies so large a place in the domestic economy of every household that all of us are interested in the identities



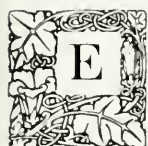
RICHARD T. DAVIS

of the men who superintend the extraction of "black diamonds" from the earth and regulate their shipment to market. Prominent among these is Richard Theodore Davies, general coal agent of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, one of the largest producers of anthracite. Mr. Davies was born at Buffalo, N. Y., October, 1850—being a direct descendant, in the sixth generation, from Sir Francis Pemberton, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench (1680), who presided at the trial of Lord Russell for the "Rye House Plot." He was educated in the public schools. For 31 years he has represented the oldest anthracite coal mining company in the United States in this city and now has charge of the sales department, with offices here and in Philadelphia. He is a trustee of the Dry Dock Savings Institution; treasurer and secretary of the Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen; first vice-president of the Empire State Society, S. A. R., and treasurer of its Pennsylvania Society; a life member of the New England Society. His clubs are the Union League, Railroad and Meridian.



CHAPTER XXVI

DEVELOPMENT OF THE NEW YORK PLAYHOUSE



EARLY in this volume, I have mentioned the scarcity of high-class theatres in 1870, when I first began to study the amusement question. Wallack's and Booth's exhausted the list—although Samuel N. Pike had started out to create a rival to the Academy of Music in Italian opera. Pike was the Hammerstein of his day. Niblo's was given over to the spectacular—presenting "The Black Crook" and Lydia Thompson's blonde maidens—the Olympic soon became the home of pantomime, with George L. Fox as "Humpty Dumpty." The old Academy was wholly devoted to grand opera and the great balls of the winter—especially the annual French ball, one of which, of a later vintage and at the Madison Square Garden, is described herein. The Theatre Comique was a variety show—would have been described as "vaudeville" in these days.

The Grand Opera House deserves more than mere mention. The building had been erected by S. N. Pike of Cincinnati,—before or soon after his own house in that city had been destroyed by fire—and was opened, in January, 1868, as a rival home of Italian opera. It cost about \$1,000,000, which was an eye-opener for metropolitan managers. They were amazed that a man from the West should lavish so much money on an amusement palace. It was built to seat 2,000 people, but during the furore that welcomed Tostée and Irma, it often held more than 3,000.

Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., got possession of the property, with the money of the Erie railway, in 1869, and changed its name from Pike's to the Grand. A few Shakespeare plays were produced. Then followed the remarkable seasons of French opera, one after another, that did more to make this city cosmopolitan than anything theatrical. Opera Bouffe, with Carlo Patti as musical director,

ruled for several years. The first woman of this stellar world I recall is Montaland. The year 1871 brought to us the adorable Marie Aimée, as "Boulotte" in "Barbe Bleue." Her great hit was made in "La Perichole," quite new here, and one of the best bits of comedy acting ever seen on the American lyric stage was Aimée's rendering of the drinking song in that operetta. There were other clever French women, but I don't care to remember them. Aimée died of cancer in Paris, October 2, 1887, and was buried from her little home at Nogent sur Marne. I was in Paris. Many sad memories stirred my breast as Albert Wolff, C. I. Barnard and I, as the only mourners, followed Aimée's body to the grave along a muddy road. Ah, yes; there was another mourner—a small girl of about 12 years, who was in dire distress but whose relation to the dead prima donna we did not know.

The first time I saw Lester Wallack was in May, 1871, when he played "Elliott Gray" and John Gilbert "Miles McKenna" in "Rosedale." I witnessed "The Long Strike," with Effie Germon and J. H. Stoddard in the cast. In the fall of that year, I saw Charles Fetcher for the only time in "The Lady of Lyons," with Lizzie Price as "Pauline." Charles Matthews came over not long after and I never shall forget him in "The Critic," and "London Assurance." Although I afterwards saw him in London in half a dozen roles he did not seem so clever over there; he appeared to repress himself for English audiences. The same thing was noticeable in John E. Clarke. I cannot forget Ada Dyas, in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," with H. J. Montague in the leading part. Then followed the wonderful "Shaughraun," with its all-star cast; Montague, Jeffreys Lewis, J. B. Polk, John Gilbert, Harry Beckett, W. J. Leonard, E. M. Holland, Ada

Dyas, Mme. Ponisi and Dion Boucicault, author of the play, as "Conn." Steele Mackaye made his first appearance at Wallack's on January 22, 1877, in "All For Her." The subsequent contributions of this man's work on the New York stage were marvelous—greater than any others except Augustin Daly and David Belasco. Lester Wallack I saw up to that never-to-be-forgotten benefit night at the Metropolitan Opera House (May 25, 1888), when he received the most triumphant tribute ever given to an American actor. He appeared before the curtain, in evening dress, and spoke a few words of thanks. The play was "Hamlet," with Booth in the title role, Joseph Jefferson as "First Grave Digger" and W. J. Florence as his mate. Lawrence Barrett was "Ghost," Modjeska was the "Ophelia"; the "Horatio" of John A. Lane was excellent. Equally interesting was the wonderful audience of nearly 4,000 people. I sat in the front row, between Gen. Sickles and John Russell Young. Recorder Smyth and General Sherman were a few rows behind us. So was Joseph Howard, Jr. Walter Damrosch had the Symphony Society of New York about him as orchestra. The picture presented during the court scene, when not only principals but all auxiliaries were grouped upon the stage left a mental vision that cannot be effaced by time. The management was solely in the hands of A. M. Palmer and the net receipts were \$21,600.

In writing of the occasion in next day's *Graphic*, Joseph Howard, Jr. said: "Next to John Russell Young sat a pale, blue-eyed, nervous-mannered, young man. I thought as he walked quietly to his seat how many toadies, flatterers, social flapdoodles there were on both sides of him, as he passed along the aisle, who would have made haste to do him honor had they known who and what he is. Julius Chambers, Managing Editor of the New York *Herald*, is nobody's fool. He is thirty-seven years of age, as genuine in heart as he is square in look. He is not a time server. He is faithful to his trust; he takes orders from his chief as soldiers take them. A man without malice, without jealousy, without envy, without self conceit—a model managing editor." I hope to be pardoned for using this brief paragraph, because Mr.

Howard's opinion was not the universal one, by a long way. A certain number of enemies had to be made, were made and venomous tongues loosed.

My next vivid recollection of Wallack's is Steele Mackaye's "Won at Last," in 1878, proving that players can write plays. Charles F. Coghlan came to the surface about this time. In the year following appeared Ada Cavendish and Henry Lee. About that time, I first recall Maurice Barrymore, already well known in Philadelphia. The first time I saw Boucicault and Wallack together on the stage was at a matinee, March 17, 1880, for the *Herald's* Irish Famine Fund. George Conquest, whom I had known in London and often met at the Junior Garriek club, came over for a Summer season in "extravaganza"; he was to have played five parts. On the first night, Conquest fell and broke a leg and the whole business went to smash. He was not nearly so clever an aerobat as Francis Wilson of a later period. The next new blood at Wallack's I recall was Osmond Tearle in 1881. Wallack retired in July of that year. That was the end of the real Wallack's Theatre.

After two years as a German playhouse it was re-christened the Star and Boucicault, Barton Hill and Lawrence Barrett appeared. Here Henry Irving made his American debut, October 29, 1883, in "The Bells." I had seen Irving in London in everything he did up to that time.

The theatre on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street, honored with Wallack's name is chiefly sacred to Adelaide Ristori, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Robson and Crane, and Mary Anderson—who appeared as "Galatea" in a curtain raiser to "As You Like It," with Forbes Robertson as "Pygmalion." About this time the Polish marvel, Modjeska, flashed upon this theatrical sky. Then Robert B. Mantell and Fanny Davenport in "Fedora." Wilson Barrett, an English actor of great promise, but of unsatisfactory performance, dropped in. Booth was heard a week later. Irving came again in 1888, and a year after, on the same stage, (!) Lydia Thompson.

A playhouse with a brief but brilliant history was the Park, on Broadway, near Twenty-second Street. William Stuart was manager

with Charles Fechter, the marvelous, as stage manager. It opened April, 1874, in a French adaptation; in September, John T. Raymond began his run of 119 performances in "The Gilded Age." I remember the Florences in "The Mighty Dollar." A sad recollection is the appearance of Ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall in his own play, "The Crucible."

Booth's theatre had been opened before my coming to this city (February 3, 1869, I think) with "Romeo" by Booth and Mary McVicker as "Juliet." The greatest event I witnessed at Booth's was Charlotte Cushman's farewell, in the fall of 1874, when she played "Lady Macbeth," with George Vandenhoff in the title part. She made a pretty but very sad speech before the curtain—there was not a dry eye in the audience. Booth I saw in nearly every one of his Shakespearian roles. After Booth gave up the playhouse, it was successively managed by Maurice Grau and Henry E. Abbey, each equally unsuccessful. There it was I first beheld the radiant Adelaide Nielson in "As You Like It." The building was sold at auction in February, 1883.

The Union Square theatre was a monument to Sheridan Shook. It opened September 11, 1871, and to this hour it is sacred to the memories of Agnes Ethel, D. H. Harkens, Mark Smith, F. F. Mackay, Clara Jennings, Maud Granger, Kate Claxton, Charles R. Thorne, Jr., Stuart Robson, Marie Wilkins, Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, Fanny Morant (of Wallack days), C. F. Coghlan, Agnes Booth, the lovely Sara Jewett—of "Wyndecott," Pigeon Cove, Mass., where I once visited her—Linda Dietz, Fanny Davenport, Zelda Seguin, Charles Fisher and Louis Aldrich. Later, we had Eugénie Legrand, then the wife of Kyle Bellew (afterwards to become so popular here as a leading man, but then unknown), E. F. Thorne, Charles Wyndham, Annie Pixley, Nelson Wheatcroft, Tyrone Power, W. H. Crane, Agnes Huntington and a score of other people who earned fame.

Augustin Daly's career as manager began December 3, 1873, when he opened the New Fifth Avenue Theatre, at Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street. He gathered one of the strongest companies ever seen in America.

Apparently, he took the best from the other managers. He had been dramatic critic on the *Times* and every newspaper man took pride in his project. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote an opening address that Fanny Morant delivered admirably. Daly's first play, "Fortune," was a failure; then followed a series of adaptations until Bronson Howard appeared in September, 1875, with "Saratoga," a play at which Howard had been working when I first knew him on the *Tribune*—and established the house on a paying basis. "Diamonds" and other plays by Howard followed. I witnessed the first presentation of "John Moorcroft," a failure, because the prejudices of the people of the North against slavery were still rife. After Daly moved to the Wood Museum building at Thirtieth Street, his career as manager was a grand triumph. Many immortal names belonging to the New York stage are on the Daly roll. I would have to repeat nearly the entire Wallack and Union Square list. In addition should be added George Clarke, Louis James and James Lewis—who, with Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, made the best old couple ever seen on any stage—Charles Fisher, W. Davidge, George Parkes, Nellie Mortimer, Ada Rehan, Nina Varian and Minnie Conway.

The Lyceum theatre, which was to establish the reputation of Daniel Frohman as a manager, owed its inception to the versatile Steele Mackaye. With the exception of the Belasco theatres that have succeeded it, the Lyceum was the expiring breath of the stock company playhouse. In saying this, I am not overlooking the New Theatre episode of 1910-'11 which lasted for exactly one season. The Lyceum was opened April 6, 1885, by Mackaye with his own play, "Dakotar." In September, Daniel Frohman took the lease and produced Mackaye's version of Gardon's "Andrea," with Minnie Madden, Eben Plympton, Richard Mansfield and Selina Dolaro in the leading parts. Helen Dauvray got Bronson Howard to write a play for her, took a lease of the house and the play, "One of Our Girls" had a 200-night run. With that fine record of success, Miss Dauvray retired from management.

Daniel Frohman took hold for good when the regular season of 1886 began. Success attended him until January, 1887, when Bronson Howard's "Met by Chance" was elaborately produced, but proved a dismal failure. Miss Dauvray returned to the stage and scored success after success. E. H. Sothern, Enid Leslie, Ellie Wilton, Alexander Salvini, Ida Vernon, W. A. Faversham, Henry Miller and Herbert Kelcey were among the new or revived names. Here, at the end of October, 1887, we hear of David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille collaborating in a play called "The Wife." In the Winter of that year, the Lyceum stock company took permanent form. "The Wife" ran 239 performances. Belasco and De Mille reappeared as joint authors of "Lord Chumley." It ran about two and one-half months. After fair success for two seasons, the house was opened for the season of 1889-'90 with another Belasco and De Mille play, "The Charity Ball." In the cast were most of the old favorites, but the run of the play is famed for the appearance at that theatre of Henrietta Crossman. "The Charity Ball" had 200 representations. The season of 1891-'92 opened with a play by Henry Arthur Jones, "The Dancing Girl," with E. H. Sothern at the head of the list and Virginia Harned in a soubrette part. Marguerite Merrington's first attempt at playwriting, "Lettarblair," was produced in the fall of 1891, at a special authors' matinee. Georgia Cayvan, Bessie Tyree and Effie Shannon came into the Lyceum fold about this time. A constant succession of new plays appeared. Paul Potter's "Sheridan" was delightful—done September, 1893. Revivals of former successes and new plays were the feature of this house. Isabel Irving was next new blood. Sothern, Kelcey, Le Moyne, Isabel Irving, Elizabeth Tyree, Elita Proctor Otis, Mrs. Thos. Whiffen, Virginia Harned and all other favorites were constantly seen. A new leading man appeared in 1899; Charles I. Riehman. Clara Bloodgood and Robert Edeson were recruited about this same time. The fate of the building had been decreed by a life insurance company that wanted the entire block and the end came in March, 1902.

The new Lyceum in West Forty-fifth Street

is everything a theatre ought to be. Its career is so recent and so brilliant that no words are needed from me. The memories of the old Lyceum are still lustrous.

Charles Frohman, like his brother Daniel, began his career in a daily newspaper office in New York. It was an afternoon journal, the *Graphic*; therefore he sold tickets at Hooley's theatre, Brooklyn, at night. I first knew him with "Jack" Haverly's "Mastodon Minstrels," and have always believed him to be the inventor of the phrase "Count them!" which became popular bywords. When the Haverly band marched upon the stage, each person in the audience read this legend, painted upon the bass drum: "Fifty performers! Count them!" Everybody did as ordered and found the troupe to exceed sixty! It was easy to get ten or more men in plain clothes to appear for the price of an admission. Charles Frohman took Haverly's Minstrels to Europe, where they outdrew Moore & Burgess in London. Success came thick and fast, after that. In 1890 the Charles Frohman stock company was organized; but the so-called trust was soon after formed, giving to its manager a string of playhouses across the Continent. In association with Al. Hayman, Charles Frohman manages ten theatres in this city and, individually, two in London.

The rise of David Belasco to eminence as a manager was achieved by determined effort. He was schooled in the College of Hard Knocks, so far as the dramatic profession is concerned. He made several successes in playwriting, as we have seen. I first met the handsome young man about 1887, at one of Mrs. Frank Leslie's receptions. That was before his hair had acquired its present snowy whiteness. It was during that long period between "Lord Chumley" and the brilliant series of plays that in 1895 signalized his advent as a manager—beginning with "The Heart of Maryland" and by no means ending with "The Girl of the Golden West." It is a spare season in which one or two Belasco plays are not produced, generally with large financial success.

The afterwards famous Madison Square theatre was originally opened by Heller, the



DAVID BELASCO

magician, but in 1879, Steele Mackaye, with the backing of Mr. Mallory, built "the first and only double stage in the world"—a record unbroken to date—and opened under the above name. The importance of the event is due to the rise of the actor to management. Here, later, was the home of Charles Hoyt's farce-comedies. But Mackaye was not idle while his new theatre was getting ready. "The Iron Will" was produced at the South Broad Street theatre in Philadelphia, November 4, 1879, and I was present. An old miller, with an adamant heart, was played by C. W. Coudock; his sole object in life was to prevent his daughter, Hazel, from marrying the man of her choice. Dainty Effie Ellsler was the much-thwarted maiden; human interest was expected to centre in the cruel parent. One representation was sufficient to show that the girl was the feature of the play. At a luncheon to which Mackaye invited me next day, I made that point and insisted that the name side-tracked the audience. When the melodrama was brought to this city, its name was "Hazel Kirke," and it ran here for 200 performances. Daniel Frohman, who had been attached to the *Tribune* when I was there, was business manager for Mackaye. I shall

not attempt to recall all the plays and players of that snug little house. I remember, years later, taking Paul Bourget of the French Academy there to see "a characteristic American drama"—"The New South." Memory recalls Herbert Keiley, Georgia Cayvan, Master Tommy Russell, Maud Harrison, Annie Russell, Richard Mansfield and Eben Plymton. As I was leaving the first performance of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a horribly realistic study by Mansfield—I met a physician in the lobby and asked for a prescription to counteract the effect of the experience through which every member of the audience had gone. He gave it to me and I printed it (*Herald*, June 4, 1888) over Mr. Minton's criticism. At this house appeared Emily Rigl, Dorothy Dorr—who afterwards married my devoted friend, Harry J. W. Dam—and Henry Miller. Charles Hoyt's advent occurred September 18, 1893, in "A Temperance Town," then "A Texas Steer." Hoyt and McKee leased the house in January, 1894. My relations with Hoyt were of the warmest kind. I went to Charleston, Vt., to see him in his last illness. Frank McKee was his devoted friend to the last, although evil tongues tried to separate the two comrades.

Ohio has been called the mother of presidents, but it is a remarkable fact that the old "Buckeye State" has grown many of the successful theatrical and operatic managers of this country. Among the former is George Crouse Tyler, especially prominent at this time because of his realistic presentation of "The Garden of Allah," the great dramatic feature of the season of 1911-12. Mr. Tyler was born at Circleville, April, 1867, and studied at public and private schools at Chillicothe. Like many



GEORGE C. TYLER

other men who have attained success in other lines of endeavor, young Tyler learned to set type and then trekked to New York to become

a reporter on a daily newspaper. Thence he secured employment on the N. Y. *Mirror*, and soon found his place as a theatrical manager. First, he undertook advance work for James O'Neill, subsequently acting for several large dramatic organizations in the same capacity. He had shown so much acumen as an organizer and manager that in 1897 he readily formed the firm of Liebler & Co.—composed of Theodore A. Liebler and George C. Tyler—to present Charles Coghlan in his own adaptation of "The Royal Box," which achieved great success. Mr. Tyler's first preëminent success came when he made a five years' contract with Viola Allen to exploit her as a star under Liebler & Co., in Hall Caine's "The Christian," which proved the greatest money-maker of the decade—about \$1,000,000 in net profits accruing from this contract. Since that time the firm of Liebler & Co. has been on "easy street" and has scored an almost unbroken series of dramatic successes. Among the now famous stars which Mr. Tyler has been instrumental in managing or exploiting may be named Eleanor Robson, Ada Rehan, James A. Herne, Otis Skinner, Viola Allen, James O'Neill, Wilton Lackaye, Blanche Bates, Elsie Janis, William Faversham, Gertrude Elliott, May Irwin, Mary Mammering, William Hodge, George Arliss, H. B. Warner, Dorothy Donnelly, Arnold Daly, Albert Chevalier, Walker Whiteside, Nat. C. Goodwin, Olga Nethersole, Dustin Farnum, Chrystal Herne, Mabel Hite, Annie Russell, Margaret Anglin, Sarah Cowell LeMoine, Edward Harrigan, and others. In addition, Liebler & Co. have brought to this country for American tour or long-while contract some of the foremost dramatic artists of Europe, including Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Elenora Duse, Madam Gabrielle Rejane, Vesta Tilley, Edward Terry, Ellis Jeffreys, Kyrle Bellew, and more recently Lewis Waller, who sustains the leading rôle in "The Garden of Allah," and Madame Simone, the great Parisian artiste who has been playing in New York and Boston in repertoire the past season.

The art of dramatic composition takes second place only to that of epic writing in

the entire domain of literature. Until recently, meaning little more than a generation, America has had to depend upon Europe for its plays and most of its novels.



CHARLES KLEIN

In the case of Charles Klein, born in London, 1867, the order was reversed, the dramatist himself was imported. He was educated at North London College and came to New York about the time of his majority. Here, he soon formed the acquaintance of Charles Frohman and for many years served as his censor of plays. From his earliest boyhood, Mr. Klein had been associated with the stage, although there is no record that he ever appeared as an actor. He began to compose playlets before he was out of his teens and his first full-fledged drama, "A Mile a Minute," was produced on the stage when he was twenty-three years of age. That marked him as a prodigy. Full twenty other plays have followed in rapid succession. There never was more than an interval of two years between them: three of his productions have been on the New York boards at one time. To give a list of his plays would be like naming the separate volumes of the "Comedie Humaine," and would give little idea of their many merits or of the transcendent success some of them achieved. Without pretending to utter a dictum as to the relative merits of Klein plays, I should say that "The Auctioneer," 1901, in which David Warfield made his first hit, really signalized the deserved recognition of Charles Klein. Three years later, with the same actor in the chief rôle, "The Music Master" literally took New York by storm. Then followed "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Daughters of Men," "The Stepchild," "The Third Degree," and the "Next of Kin." Mr. Klein is a prominent member of the Lambs and American Dramatists' clubs. He is devoted to a country life and dwells on his Sabine farm at Rowayton, Conn.

Journalism has been the entering gate for many successful American theatrical managers and playwrights. Harrison Grey Fiske, descended from Revolutionary stock, was born at Harrison, Westchester County, July, 1861.



HARRISON GREY FISKE

After attending Dr. Chapin's Collegiate School he traveled in Europe and returned home to enter the University of the City of New York. His tastes were literary, and after graduation he became dramatic critic on *The Argus* of Jersey City. Later he held a similar place on the New York

Star. Securing stock in *The Dramatic Mirror* in 1879, he became its sole owner in 1888. Fiske has been a staunch encourager of the American drama and has striven for patriotism in dramatic art. The distinguished American actress, Minnie Maddern, became his wife in 1890. Mr. Fiske entered the field of management, starring Mrs. Fiske, in 1896. The Manhattan was leased in 1901 as the home theatre for Mrs. Fiske, and remained so for five years. During that period, Bertha Kalich, the Polish actress, was made known to the American public. Mr. Fiske is a producing manager, personally directing rehearsals and supervising all details of the productions he presents. His more notable successes have included "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Becky Sharp," "Mary of Magdala," "Miranda of the Balcony," "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," "Divorçons," "A Doll's House," "Leah Kleschna," "Monna Vanna," "Hedda Gabler," "Rosmersholm," "The New York Idea," "Marta of the Lowlands," "Sappho and Phaon," "The Devil," "Septimus," "Salvation Nell," "Hannele," and "Pillars of Society."

Mere mention of Oscar Hammerstein must suffice, although he has built so many theatres and music halls that he deserves extended eulogy. The Victoria, still open, was his fifth attempt, the Republic his sixth, since

which time the splendid Manhattan Opera House has risen, where Oscar introduced Mary Garden and operas of the modern French and Italian schools to New Yorkers. When the Manhattan was sold, the sleepless impresario repeated his experiment in London.

Victor Herbert occupies a commanding position in the musical world, as musician, conductor and composer of versatility. He has



VICTOR HERBERT

written several charming light operas which have met with unusual success and the Victor Herbert Orchestra, his own organization, is now an institution in New York. Born in Dublin, 1859, Mr. Herbert is a grandson of Samuel Lover, the novelist. He was educated by private tutors and received a broad and careful musical training in Germany, specializing on the violoncello.

He achieved high success as solo 'cellist with several famous orchestras in Germany. Coming to America, on tour, in 1886, he remained in this country as solo 'cellist at the Metropolitan Opera and later appeared in that capacity with other leading orchestras. He later succeeded the famous conductor, Patrick Gilmore, at the head of the 22nd Regiment Band and was for some time conductor of the Pittsburg orchestra. His new grand opera, "Natsma," which is, so far, his most ambitious work, has received public approval.

We who live in New York hardly realize that there is no absolutely dull season here. In this respect, our city differs from almost every other one in the world. Washington, when Congress is not in session, is like a college town when the students are away. London, during the Fall and Winter, is a deserted town,—everybody is in the country. Only the stages and cabs give evidence of throbbing business activities at commercial centres of the metropolis. In New York, Broadway is

as much a moving panorama in and out of season as are the Parisian boulevards. Its large shops are crowded with strangers during the warmest August weather. Roof-gardens are aglow with light and noisy with conviviality. Country merchants are here to replenish their Winter stocks,—a type of man rarely accompanied by his wife and who returns home as a missionary, self-appointed, to injure the good name of this gay city. He is always to be recognized by his apparel and his fondness for the "Tenderloin." The life he finds there is in such marked contrast to that of the western village from which he hails that its enjoyment overcomes his judgment. At home, his maddest revel consists of an "ice-cream party" or a meeting of a mite society! Here, by comparison, he finds a continuous carnival at the giddy restaurants; a dinner at one of the French table d'hotes along the Great White Way will furnish a memory picture to illumine his after years of dull and monotonous life.

New York's history is invested with much truthful and much apocryphal glamour. Washington Irving, an unconscious humorist, is chiefly to blame for the latter incidents. "The Conquest of Grenada" and "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York" were practical jokes of their author. Veritable figures exist in Wouter Von Twiller, the pioneer Dutch Governor, and Petrus Stuyvesant, "exile of ye Bouwerie." Jacob Leisler was first American martyr to popular liberty. Captain Kidd, born an Englishman, hanged in London, came to New York as protégé of the Earl of Bellamonte. He lived on the north side of Wall Street, opposite the National City Bank. I never pass through "Golden Hill"—that section between William and Gold Streets—without hearing, in imagination, the shouts of the "Liberty Boys" during their ebullition of spontaneous patriotism that brought about the first conflict with British troops: that skirmish marks the earliest bloodshed of the Revolution and antedates the Boston massacre. One may easily see, as he crosses the old Common, now City Hall Park, the shadowy figure of Washington, sitting erect upon his white horse, listening to the first reading in this city of the Declaration of Independence.

In the watches of the night, going home after the newspaper with which I was associated had gone to press, I have fancied I heard the clatter of Putnam's steed and the tramp of his troops on Broadway, in their precipitate retreat from Bowling Green to Spuyten Duyvil. A many-volume novel is hidden in the loves, hatreds and revenges of Madame Jumel. The statue of Nathan Hale, in City Hall Park, is a constant reminder that the only editor ever hanged in this city was one who said, "I regret I have only one life to lose for my country!" I have witnessed the executions of preachers, physicians, lawyers and men about town, all critics of the daily newspaper, but never of an editor.

When the grandson of a very rich man devotes his life to art instead of luxurious ease, one must feel high respect for his efforts to achieve success in his adopted profession. I write of Ben Ali Haggin with sincere en-



BEN ALI HAGGIN

thusiasm, because I have visited his studio and have seen many of his portraits. His large portrait of Mary Garden is known

throughout this country and Europe as the most interesting likeness of the prima donna. Twelve of Mr. Haggin's portraits were recently shown at the Glaeuzer Galleries. The canvasses included Miss Marjorie Curtis, Mrs. Edward W. Delafield, Mrs. Leo Everett, Miss Kitty Gordon, Mrs. Wilfred Buckland, Mr. Otis Skinner as "Hajj the Beggar" in "Kismet," Mlle. Rita Sacchetto, Mr. J. Harry Benrimo, two of Margaret Lee, one in a Chinese coat, and a portrait in black. The exhibition attracted much attention, due to excellence of execution. Mr. Ben Ali Haggin was born in this city, April, 1882. He was prepared to enter Harvard University; but he forsook a college course for art and began painting. After study abroad, he opened a studio in New York at the age of 19 and married Miss Faith Robinson two years later. At 24 Mr. Haggin exhibited at the Society of American Artists and since then his pictures have been accepted and hung at nearly all important galleries, including the National Academy of Design, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Corcoran Gallery at Washington, Cincinnati Museum, the Royal Academy at Berlin and Der Kunstverein at Munich.

The history of the Haggin family is very romantic. Mr. Haggin's great-great-grandfather came from Turkey to this country in the eighteenth century. He was an officer of the Janizaries at Constantinople and his name was Ibrahim Ben Ali. The artist's grandfather, James B. Haggin, the wealthy mine owner, is the largest breeder of thoroughbred horses in this country. At the age of 84, he is hale and active. His Kentucky stud farm at Elmendorf is the show place of the state; his California stock farm, Rancho del Paso, contains 47,000 acres. At the two places, Mr. Haggin has had at one time as many as 1,000 brood mares and stallions; in the days of turf popularity, he bred as many as 400 yearlings annually. His racing stable has contained many illustrious names. Mr. Ben Ali Haggin's grandmother was a famous Southern beauty, Miss Sanders, of Natchez, Miss. She died in 1894. The artist has his atelier in the studio building on West Sixty-seventh Street. His club is the Players.

It is a pleasure to talk about a real hero of the Civil War, who, when strife ended, promptly returned to paths of peace and to a forgetfulness of past differences between a reunited people.



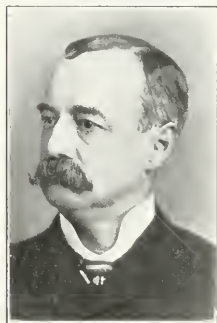
Gen. EDWARD L. MOLINEAUX

In the business life of this city, General Edward Leslie Molineaux has been a commanding figure for forty-five years. He was born in 1833, and although actively engaged in trade became identified with the National Guard of the State of New York in 1854. Joining the Brooklyn City Guard, he rapidly rose in non-commissioned rank until he was despatched to South America on an important commercial enterprise. At the first shock of Civil War, he enrolled himself as a member of the Seventh Regiment, assisting meanwhile in filling the ranks of the Twenty-third (Brooklyn) regiment. He was subsequently chosen Lieutenant-Colonel of the latter regiment. In August, 1862, as Lieutenant-Colonel, he raised the 159th Regiment, N. Y. V., which was mustered into the United States service with Mr. Molineaux as its Colonel. His command was assigned to the Banks Expedition on the Lower Mississippi, and the Colonel was severely wounded in April, 1863, while leading a charge at the battle of Irish Bend. Wounds did not keep him from active service long, however; as soon as he could leave the hospital, he reappeared in the Red River campaign. He was then appointed assistant Inspector-General of the Department of the Mississippi, afterwards acting as Provost Marshal at an exchange of prisoners. This led to his appointment as military commander of Lafourche district, La. At the close of the Red River campaign, he was ordered North and joined Gen. Grant in the final operations against Petersburg and Richmond. With a division of the 19th Army Corps, he reinforced Gen. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley and took part in every

engagement of that campaign. Conspicuous gallantry at Fisher's Hill, Winchester and Cedar Creek won him a Brigadier-General's epaulets by brevet. Then his brigade was sent to Savannah by sea to reinforce Gen. Sherman. "For gallant and meritorious service during the war," he was breveted Major General. Subsequently, he was made Major-General, second division, N. G. S. N. Y. He is a member of the Loyal Legion and of many public and charitable associations. On October 14, 1908, General Molineaux was tendered a reception by his surviving comrades of the 159th Regiment, on his seventy-sixth birthday, which was one of the most memorable social events that ever occurred in Brooklyn.

A leading figure in one of the world's greatest industries is Richard A. McCurdy, who recently retired from the presidency of The

Mutual Life Insurance Company. Mr. McCurdy was born in this city in 1835 and is a son of Robert H. McCurdy, who was for many years a director of the Mutual.



RICHARD A. MCCURDY

He graduated LL.B. from the Law School of Harvard University in 1866 and practiced law with Lucius Robinson, afterwards Governor of New York. He was appointed attorney for The Mutual Life Insurance Company in 1860 and became its vice-president in 1865. Upon the death of President Winston in 1885, Mr. McCurdy succeeded him in the office and continued in that capacity until 1906, when he resigned.

He is a member of the Metropolitan, Lawyers, Morristown and Morris County Golf clubs and resides at Morristown, N. J.

Scores of remarkable reminiscences could be recounted about "Inspector" Byrnes' methods in dealing with criminals. One incident I particularly recall. About 1890, a notorious thug, named Jerry Dunn, came East from the Pacific Coast for the avowed purpose of killing

Byrnes. He got himself interviewed at Denver, Omaha and Chicago, uttering, in each place, terrible threats against the Chief of New York's police force.

A few days later, I was walking up Broadway one afternoon and overtook the "Inspector." He was sauntering along, studying the faces of every man he passed. In exceptionally good humor, we had traveled several blocks, when I happened to glance across to the west side of the street and saw big, burly, black-whiskered Jerry Dunn! His face and figure were familiar to me, as he had been a frequenter of the race tracks, where I had gone as a writer of introductions, until Byrnes had driven him out of town for killing a companion in a brawl. The "Inspector" never moved a muscle, but said:

"Oh, yes; he has been following me all the way from City Hall; I am walking slowly, not to fatigue him. He will not cross the street. He never will shoot me or anybody else, unless he can do it in a dark alley, with nobody in sight."

"Surely, you are armed?" I asked, anxiously.

"Never have I carried a revolver since I ceased to be a patrolman; a gun is of little use in a crowd. The silent, vindictive chap who is determined to 'get you' will do it if you are a walking arsenal."

We parted at the corner of Houston Street. Naturally, I lingered a moment to see if Dunn crossed the thoroughfare, when the "Inspector" turned eastward toward police headquarters. The thug stopped barely a second, then he resumed his way uptown. Byrnes' estimate of the man's character was correct.

The sporadic appearance in this city from time to time of a murderer whose crime is characterized by the horrible atrocity that distinguished a series of butcheries in White-chapel from most others that had preceded them (outside the French capital), is calculated to spur medical specialists in degeneration to further study of a subject that has been thoroughly set before the world by Nordeau and Craft-Ebbing. When in London in October of 1889, I took a letter from Chief Thomas Byrnes to the Scotland Yard authorities and with a special officer visited the scene of every

one of the so-called "Whitechapel murders."

There is much tiger blood in human veins! Sight or smell of human blood inspires in a degenerate mind a ferocity that brooks all control. The horrors of Whitechapel were no greater than those witnessed in the Borden house at Fall River, where an old man and his wife were chopped to sausage meat by the hands of some temporarily crazed creature. When I visited the scenes of the murders in the London capital, weeks had passed and new tenants, quite as miserable and depraved as those that had contributed victims for the slaughters, were domiciled in the rooms that had served as shambles for previous butcheries. Every trace of the crimes had disappeared. Bodies of the slain had passed through the dissecting rooms to the Potter's Field. But, at Fall River, I was shown through the Borden charnel-house before the blood was dry upon its walls! The mutilation of the bodies was entirely different, but evidences of superhuman, overmastering savagery were apparent.

Is it to be wondered that Jay Gould, for Byrnes' service to him, showed Byrnes how to get rich? Jay Gould did for Thomas Byrnes, who had saved him from supreme humiliation, if not from death, exactly what H. Victor Newcomb of Louisville did for Henry Grady. He "put him in" several fine deals, until Byrnes had capital enough to go alone. Henry Grady once described to me the sensations he went through when H. Victor Newcomb enabled him to make \$35,000 in one day, without risking a cent. With that money he bought an interest in the *Atlanta Constitution* and became a national character. I knew Grady in Philadelphia when he was very poor and he sat with me for half an hour when passing through New York on his last trip to Boston. He was very ill and I tried to dissuade him from going.

The problem of supplying water to a great city is one of such vital importance that the men responsible for that supply must possess more than ordinary ability as engineers and students of terrestrial economies. William C. Cozier, now responsible for the Brooklyn

water supply, began his professional career as a reporter on the *Troy Standard*. He was born at Waterville, Oneida County, N. Y., and was educated at the public schools at Troy. From boyhood he had an inclination for newspaper work and subordinated everything at school to fit himself therefor. He rose rapidly, becoming city editor and finally managing editor of the *Standard*. In 1888, at the age of thirty, he bought the only morning paper in Troy, but after three years' experience he took advantage of a favorable opportunity to sell and answered the lure of the city by accepting an editorial position on the *Mail and Express*, where he did political and City Hall work until 1902. This brought him into acquaintance with many public men. He was offered a position in the business department of the *Sun*, where he remained until January, 1906, when Mayor McClellan appointed him Water Commissioner of Brooklyn. Mayor Gaynor approving all his official acts retained him. This is the only political office Mr. Cozier has ever held.

Political party leadership always seemed to me to be one of the most thankless tasks in the entire category of human efforts. Surely

most of the big men in both parties find this true. It requires a certain temperament for success as a leader: level headedness, tact, and above all a knowledge of human nature.

John H. McCooley, who succeeded the late Senator McCarren as the Democratic leader of Kings County, seems to have the characteristics which are needed in the man who stays at the head of things.

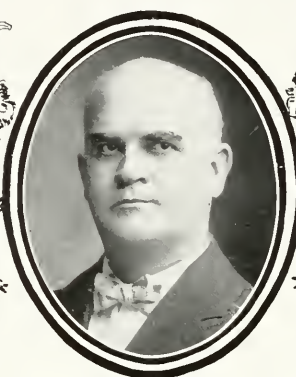


JOHN H. MCCOOLEY

Mr. McCooley was born in the old Eleventh Ward of New York City, less than fifty years ago, and was educated in the public schools. On attaining his majority, he became interested in politics, and his activity was rewarded by a position in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The



MARCUS BRAUN



WILLIAM C. COZIER



Dr. ALVAH H. DOTY

succeeding years found him occupying several minor positions, until he was eventually made Deputy Comptroller of the city, which position of trust he filled with satisfaction.

Mr. McCooey was recently appointed chief clerk in the surrogate's office of Kings County.

He is a member of many political and social organizations in Brooklyn and Manhattan Boroughs.

A distinguished member of the Hungarian population of this city is Marcus Braun, who now holds the important office of Warden of the Port of New York. He was born at Melykut, Hungary, in 1865 and secured the rudiments of an education at the public schools of Budapest. When little more than a boy, he began to learn the trade of tinsmith and at fifteen tramped over most of Europe as a journeyman. He worked in Berlin, Paris and Antwerp until 1885, when he became a newspaper correspondent. He had been a constant student and observer, determined upon an education, and was only prevented from taking a college course by utter lack of means. He came to America in 1892 and secured a job as a porter; but when he had acquired sufficient knowledge of English, he resumed newspaper work, giving all spare time to the elevation of his needy compatriots. By mixing with them and by public addresses he constantly strove to inspire in their breasts respect for American citizenship.

He became a citizen himself under the earliest provisions of the law. Prior to his emigration, Mr. Braun served for two years in the First Hungarian Infantry regiment, and received the Imperial and Royal Jubilee medals. He is a prominent member of the Republican Club, is founder of the Hungarian-American Club,—its President for fifteen years, a Mason, a fellow of the I. O. O. F., and a member of many charitable organizations. From 1903 to 1910, Mr. Braun was United States Special Immigrant Inspector.

For many years, Dr. Alvah Hunt Doty has been keeper of the gateway to this port from the sea—the guardian of the nation, as well as city, from epidemics of all kinds that threatened the public health. Under his direction, all incoming steamers and sailing craft were boarded, their passengers and crew submitted to keen scrutiny and persons afflicted with contagious diseases removed to the hospitals in the Lower Bay. So efficient has been his watchfulness that not a case of cholera or yellow fever has got past the Quarantine. Dr. Doty received his medical education in this city and was graduated from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1878, and for several years was a lecturer at his Alma Mater on "Quarantine Sanitation." About 1894, he succeeded Dr. Jenkins as Health Officer of the Port of New York and was retained in that important post until February, 1912, when Gov. Dix

appointed a successor. He is a Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine and a member of the New York State Medical Society.

When the typewriter, now in universal use, was a comparatively new invention, one of the first men to appreciate its future possibilities

was John Walter Earle.

He was born at Ulysses, Tompkins Co.,

one of the many towns in Central New York laid out by Major McClintock and named from Lemprier's "Classical Dictionary"—in August, 1854. After

preparing at the Ithaca Academy, he spent a year at Cornell University. Next we hear of him engaged in the sale of Remington typewriters; he became the Lon-

don agent of that company in 1889 and continued as director-general for Europe until 1902. During that time he was chairman of the American Society in London. He then returned to this country and organized the Union Typewriter Company, becoming its president. The development of the "Monarch" machine is largely due to his experience. While abroad he was created an Officer of the Imperial Order of the Magidieh (Turkish, brevet and decoration by the Khedive of Egypt).

Maiden Lane, which recently had a tablet in its honor placed upon the Silversmiths' building, has a curious history. It has played many parts in the city's career; it has a historical society of its own! The street was originally known as 't Maadge Paatje, or Maidens' Walk. Silversmiths began to gather there about 1840. Where the street slopes down to the river, at its junction with Liberty Street, was the famous Fly Market, a corruption of the Dutch word "Vly," meaning a valley or low land. The Fly Market was an institution of the locality surviving long after the Revolution, and some of the Fly Market

butchers were among the most substantial citizens. Two of them have given their names to city streets, James Mott, and his apprentice, James Pell.

In recent years many men intending to lead commercial lives have qualified themselves by taking courses in law. A notable example,

is Francis R. Appleton, who was graduated from Harvard in 1875 and then spent two years at the Columbia Law School.

Those were the days of Professor Theodore W. Dwight, whose lectures were marvels of instruction. Mr. Appleton, after some years spent in the law office of Carter and Ledyard, and with Abram S. Hewitt, took an active interest in the

affairs of the Waltham Watch Company, with which his family had been associated from its organization. He is to-day vice-president of the American branch of that great corporation. He is also a director in the National Park Bank, Manhattan Trust Company and Mount Morris Bank, Cape Cod Construction Co., General Memorial Hospital and Lying-In Hospital. While in college he was identified with the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. He is a member of the Harvard University, Knickerbocker, Turf and Field, Meadow Brook, Somerset and Myopia Hunt clubs; Down Town Association and Society of Colonial Wars. He is a prominent associate of the New England Society and devoted to books, music and art, as well as outdoor sports.

Actively engaged in the petroleum industry for nearly half a century, Theodore E. Tack is recognized as an authority on everything pertaining to oil.

He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., January 6, 1837, and was educated in the public schools there, commencing his business career with a dry goods house. In 1862 he entered the volunteer service of the state to repel the in-



J. WALTER EARLE



FRANCIS R. APPLETON



THEODORE E. TACK

vasion of the Confederate Army under General Lee. He afterwards, in association with his brothers, established in Pittsburg the first oil brokerage house between that city and Philadelphia, later engaging in the production of oil in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Since the pioneer days he has been allied with many producing companies. He is now president of the American Oil Development Company, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Passing through South Street from the Whitehall Ferry on the eve of Thanksgiving, 1899, I was attracted by a most unusual

entertainment in a new building at Nos. 2 and 3 which was obviously receiving its housewarming. The event was a preliminary celebration of the opening of the Marine Hardware business of Charles Durkee & Co. in new quarters. There was music, dancing and a collation, in which five hundred guests participated. The actual opening did not



CHARLES D. DURKEE

occur until January 1, 1900. Mr. Durkee was born in Brooklyn in 1862. He learned the ship chandlery business with A. N. Rankin & Co., then in Broad Street, and rapidly rose from various clerkships to partnership. Charles Durkee & Co. is known throughout the marine world for the promptitude with which it fills orders for the equipment of ships of all kinds. Mr. Durkee's particular diversion is yachting and he is a member of several well-known yachting clubs. He is an enthusiastic Mason and a Past Master of Covenant Lodge 758, Brooklyn; he is also a Knights Templar, a Shriner and Elk and member of Royal Arcanum.

In the field of music Ralph Scheuer has won recognition as well as in the manufacture of leather specialties. His father when nineteen years of age came to America penniless from the town of Hesse in Darmstadt and built up the business of S. Scheuer & Son, Inc., of which the son is now the head. Ralph Scheuer was born in New York city in 1861, attended the public schools and the City College, from which he was graduated, receiving a medal for his studies in architecture. While at college, Mr. Scheuer founded the



RALPH SCHEUER

first college orchestra in America. Among the members were Frank and Walter Damrosch, Samuel Untermyer, Bartow S. Weeks and J. C. Morgenthau. Mr. Scheuer is the inventor and patentee of twelve devices of great labor-saving value in the manufacture of belts, purses and the like. These machines are widely used and have enabled Mr. Scheuer to manufacture articles which are quite unique in design and practical utility. Mr. Scheuer is president of the New Idea Metal Goods Company. He is an alumnus of the New York City College, a 32d degree Mason and active in all charitable and civic movements.

Victor L. Mason was born in Washington, D. C., December, 1870; was graduated at the

George Washington University, where he was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity. He did some writing for magazines along his-



VICTOR L. MASON

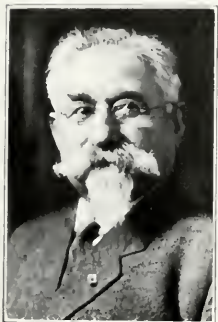
historical and scientific lines. "New Weapons of the Army" and "Four Lincoln Conspiracies" were published in the *Century*.

He then became private secretary to General Russell A. Alger, Chief of the War Department under President McKinley. When Elihu Root came to Washington Mr. Mason acted as secretary for him until he decided to go to Detroit and

enter the lumber business with General Alger. The latter was interested in the Development Company of America, which owned mines in Arizona. Mr. Mason was made vice-president. In 1910 he resigned and went into the railroad construction business. He is Chairman of the New Jersey Interstate Bridge Commission, for five years has been President of the Board of Trade of Passaic, New Jersey, and served as Assistant Secretary of the Republican National Committee in the campaign of 1908, which position he still holds.

New York owes much of its greatness to the fact that it is the gateway through which the vast resources of this country find their way to foreign markets. The export trade has increased with the development of the city and, like other branches of commerce, "has floated with the swelling tide of national growth."

Kaufman Mandell, born at Dautendorf, Alsace, was educated at the French University at Pfaffenhofen, at a time when the province was French territory. He



KAUFMAN MANDELL

was graduated in 1854. He came to America as a young man and joined the Federal Army, served through the Civil War and began an active business career in 1865, when he was mustered out of the army at the city of New Orleans. Coming to New York, he formed the exporting firm of K. Mandell & Co., the business of which has steadily increased.

Much external adornment has been added to the buildings of New York by liberal use of terra-cotta, and Walter Geer, who began his career as a lawyer,

is largely responsible for the development of that industry. Mr. Geer was born at Williamstown, Mass., August, 1857, and took a degree at Williams College, 1878. He then went to the National University Law School, Washington, D. C. While practicing law, he became an assistant manager of the Walter A. Wood Mowing and Reaping Machine Co.,



WALTER GEER

of Chicago. Since 1886 he has been president of the New York Architectural Terra-cotta Company of this city. The important buildings in which his terra-cotta has been utilized are the Waldorf-Astoria, Knickerbocker, Ansonia, Belmont, Ritz-Carlton and Gotham hotels, Police Headquarters, the Brunswick, United States Express, City Investing and *World* buildings. He is associated with many other companies.

Calling on William McAdoo soon after he retired from the Navy Department, in his office at Broad and Wall Streets, the former Congressman said: "I want you to know my partner; we're not related, but our names are nearly similar." He led me to an adjacent apartment and I met William Gibbs McAdoo. When he rose to his full height, there was considerable of him—at least 6 feet 3 inches. First impressions were exceedingly favorable. He had been in this city five years, but this was our first meeting. He has achieved im-

perishable fame since then, as the directing mind that has driven four tunnels under the Hudson River and developed a subway system extending from Christopher Street, northward on Sixth Avenue to the Grand Central Terminal. Mr. McAdoo was less than 30 years of age when he responded to the call of the metropolis. He came from Tennessee, a stranger, without financial resources or acquaintances; his capital was courage and brains. He wanted to do something bigger than practice law. He saw the need of better facilities for reaching New Jersey and in a few years gathered around him capitalists who supplied \$60,000,000, with which the tunnels and approaches were constructed. The Hudson Terminal buildings, under which the roads from New Jersey end, contain more floor space than any structures in New York. W. G. McAdoo was born at Marietta, Ga., Oct., 1863; after his admission to the bar, he removed to Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1885, where he remained until he came to this city in 1892. He is President of the Hudson & Manhattan Railroad Company and of the Southern Society of New York. His home is at Irvington-on-Hudson and he is an enthusiastic golf player.

The rigid self-discipline which necessity inculcates in the youth usually produces in

mature years the characteristic called self-reliance. The career of Arthur S. Somers is an illustration of the rule. Born in New York in 1866 and educated in the public schools he began the battle of life at the age of ten. Ten years later he was a clerk for Fred L. Lavanburg, manufacturer of dry colors for the paint and printing ink trade. In '96 he became general manager of that concern, a position he has



ARTHUR S. SOMERS

since held. Mr. Somers is vice-president of the Universal Audit Company of New York, director of the Citizens Trust Company of Brooklyn, and trustee of the Sumner Savings Bank. He is a member of the Board of Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum Society and interested in the Brooklyn Home for Crippled and Defective Children. He has been a member of the Board of Education and of the Civil Service Commission. The Hanover, Lincoln and Drug Chemical clubs number him among their members.



CHAPTER XXVII

BOHEMIAN NIGHTS



AFTER Pfaff's day there was not a true Bohemia in New York for a score of years. Then it reappeared in a cellar on Macdougall Street, south of Washington Square.

Never shall I forget the first time I was taken to Maria da Prata's. Returning on an afternoon train from Philadelphia, I met a fellow writer, editor of a popular magazine. Near us, in the parlor car, sat the proprietor of the then fashionable hotel in New York. We were all known to one another and at the ferry the hotel man graciously invited us to enter his waiting carriage and dine with him. I had declined, when Henry Tyrrell, a gentle personality, spoke up:

"Come with me to Maria da Prata's. It will be a great night there, because Aldrich, Robinson, Gilder, Stoddart, Gribayedoff, Luks, Gunn, and other artists of pen and brush have arranged for a dinner of real soup, spaghetti, chicken and zabilyoni; there will be plenty of chianti and Lachrima Christi spumante. Come on, all; you can dine with our friend, Mr. Boldt, any time and always well; but an opportunity like that I offer doesn't occur every day."

Four of us went. The exterior of the place was very uninviting, contrasted with the sumptuous place at which we might have dined, for we entered a basement under a broken stoop. Once inside, however, the good fellows assembled at one long table made the hovel seem a palace. Soup was on the table, a great bowl thereof. Colonel Gilder was mixing cocktails, which were handed round in tumblers and swallowed without ceremony. The chaff had already begun. According to the gastronomic code of Ancona, where the best spaghetti in Italy is made, only water was drunk with the succulent paste. When

chicken was served, red chianti flowed plentifully from gigantic *fiascos*, warmed by husky coverings that enwrapped their round bellies. Olive oil was atop the wine in their necks those days, and I marveled at the cleverness with which members of the party, who had lived in Italy, flecked it off against the wall of the room, without losing a drop of the wine.

That evening led to the establishment of a coterie that endured until an unfortunate time in which the prosperous Maria moved to West Twelfth Street and her *pensionne* began to be visited by people who came in carriages and evening dress.

Many friends of the fat priestess of Bohemia followed her; several young authors, since become nationally famous, and artists who are to-day National Academicians, joined the group. Sad to say, a class of people began to affect the dinner because it was cheap. This was contrary to our view of *fin de siècle* Bohemia. The dinner cost only 60 cents, but our bills often ran as high as \$8 and \$10 for wine. The cheap people were more obnoxious than the swells who came in automobiles. For a time, therefore, we deserted our Maria for the Pensionne di Livorno, on Washington Square. On the north side of this ancient parade-ground, opposite the home of hilarity where we were wont to forget the cares of the present and to lay up scores that had to be settled, dwelt some of the oldest families of the metropolis—people of much method, many dollars, and inheritors of humdrum, commonplace lives.

Arriving at the Livorno late, one memorable night, I took the only vacant seat at a long table beside a well-dressed stranger. Many old comrades were there; some were in buoyant spirits, chief of whom was Marie Potofski, a Russian woman known as The Countess. She had belonged to the coterie for several

years and was vivacious as ever, although her vivid auburn hair was streaked with grey and deep lines had formed in her face.

"Sing for us!" commanded Potoffski, looking hard at The Poet, as she called for more *chianti*.

While The Poet sang,—because, in Bohemia nobody offers excuses,—I sought other familiar faces 'round the board. Near the foot of the table, I saw The Great American Artist (I mentally used capital letters to distinguish this man from The Poor Artist, who sat near me). Across the board was The Vampire, secretive, silent and watchful; we called him "The Vampire" because he listened with his eyes as well as his ears and bled us of all good stories, clever bits of repartee and sold them to his own profit. Not far away, I had a bow from The Incubator, so named because he hatched out our abortive witticisms and warmed into living form our imperfect metaphors. Beside the fair-skinned Russian woman was The Tutor, who addressed his company in French and taught that language at one of the most fashionable schools of Manhattan. To my surprise, I recognized The Pretty Model, now several times a mother, who had "a past" but did not brood over it. This fact, interesting in itself and delightful to me, distinguished her from several other young and unknown models at the table who had entered the field of art much later than she and had not yet attained to the distinction of having their faces and most of their figures portrayed nearly every week in illustrated publications by such artists as Archie Gunn, Charlie Reinhart, Charles Dana Gibson, William T. Smedley, Louis Loeb and Granville Smith.

Various placed, were representatives of "The Glad-Hand Society," generally met with in Bohemia and club-land. But the sweeter The Poet's song, the more I studied The Stranger at my right. He was dressed in broadcloth, of clerical cut, and looked the part of "leading man" in Kotzebue's famous play, "*Menschenhass und Reu*,"—familiar to all of us in English as "The Stranger." Obviously well known at the Pensionne di Livorno, his face was new to me. He had not

belonged to the old Maria da Prata crowd that included Joseph Stoddart, Julian Hawthorne, Nugent Robinson, Edgar Fawcett, Valerian Grebayedoff, George Luks, W. S. Walsh, Recorder Goff and Col. Gilder,—with many brilliant women who supported themselves or their husbands by the product of their pens.

While a dainty little waitress, called Pinota by every one, was serving us with *minestrone*, my neighbor, The Stranger, transferred to me the conversation he had been lavishing upon Madame Potoffski. Probably assuming I had overheard his previous talk, he said, authoritatively:

"It was one of the misfortunes of history."

"Doubtless," I answered, ignorant of the cause of his regret.

"I am sorry you do not take stronger ground on so important a question," retorted The Stranger, reproachfully.

For the first time, I critically examined my neighbor from the corner of an eye. His was a birdy figure, and by far the best dressed in the dingy apartment. He looked to be a strong, dogmatic and highly positive personality.

"How can I?" was my retort.

"Surely, you admire Bona-part-e?" he demanded.

"Naturally." I was temporizing in order to learn his game before leading through his hand.

"Had Bona-part-e made his escape to the United States, this land would have witnessed a restoration of the Roman Republic!"

"Not while 'Old Hickory' was living," I suggested.

"'Hickory'? I never heard of him."

"Madison was president, of course; but Andrew Jackson, called 'Old Hickory,' never would have stood for Napoleon."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely, there wasn't room in this country, with the area of the Louisiana Purchase added, for Andrew Jackson and Napoleon Bona-part-e."

"That's the most remarkable statement I ever heard!" exclaimed The Stranger, with

amazement. He wasn't sure whether he had underrated Jackson, or overrated Bonaparte.

"Bonaparte would probably have been hanged," said I; "that would have been as unfortunate as the ending that finally came to him at St. Helena."

"Ah! Profanation! Why do you say this?" screamed The Stranger. "Bona-part-e would have builded a new nation here, as—as —what was his name?"

"You probably refer to Æneas?" suggested The Poet.

"Yes, as Æneas planted a new Greece in Italia."

"But Napoleon was a Frenchman," protested The Poor Artist.

"He was not!" retorted my neighbor, with an emphasis that awakened echoes from the remotest corners of the room. "He was a Roman,—an Italian Caesar, who reconquered Gaul!"

At this point, The Stranger drew a card from a side pocket and handed it to me. For a moment, I was in doubt whether I was about to be challenged. Upon the card, were engraved the words: "Carlos Bacigalupo, Funeral Director."

I thanked The Stranger, and promised to bear him in mind. He became to me the visible presence of Death, fit to appear in "Hannella." While an "omnibus" was removing the fish course, The Stranger recurred to the Napoleonic contention:

"Bona-part-e"—and he always sounded the final vowel—"was a Republican, driven to Imperialism, just as was Caesar. He cared nothing for show. He'd have made a true American. * * * What a pretty child she is!" he exclaimed, as bright-eyed little Pinota reëntered, bearing a monster tray of spaghetti. Strings of vermicular paste wriggled over the edge of the dish. The food was as hot as Christmas pudding; the tomato sauce made it as pink as Indian coral. Behind this steaming feast, as in a cloud of vapor, shone the innocent face, with its sparkling eyes and daintily puckered mouth. Pinota was the angel of the Pensione di Livorno and every man among its regular patrons regarded himself as her special protector.

"How she smiles and makes eyes to-night!" said my neighbor.

"She is more of a child than a waitress," I commented.

"What a sweet little bride she'd make!" soliloquized The Stranger, as his eyes followed Pinota.

Everybody was clamorous to be served.

"To Pinota!" shouted the men, lifting their glasses. The Poet stood up.

"Sing us your latest song!" again demanded "The Countess," who like the other women had been silent and thirsty when the toast was proposed.

"That I will," replied The Poet. "It is so new that nobody has heard it. I wrote the verses this afternoon, to the melody, 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' I have called the song '*Addio Pinota!*'"

The Poet sang and everybody helped or hindered him in the refrain.

"Why '*Addio!*'?" several voices asked, when he had finished.

"Because, I am to be married," replied The Poet.

Pinota, standing near the singer, had been listening, enraptured. She knew "*Addio!*" meant "Farewell!"; the word "married" was one of the few in her English vocabulary. Her pretty face turned pale. As she staggered to the rear of the room, The Incubator, who hadn't noticed her distress shouted:

"To Pinota, everybody!" All glasses were drained again.

"He always writes verses to Pinota," said The Stranger, in a stage whisper. "She's a foolish child and has believed him when he sang of his love for her. When she hears that young fool's voice her eyes beam with delight."

"Pinota is in love, then?" I queried.

"Yes, in love," he replied, adding a deep sigh.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Potoffski, with a sneer. "She's a meer child."

"That she is," commented The Vampire.

"Ought to be in the nursery!" snapped The Pretty Model.

"O, I say, she is sixteen," ventured The Poor Artist.

"What does a girl know of love at sixteen; or boy, for that matter?" retorted The Countess, with a curl of lip. "When I was——"

"Hear!"—from our corner of the table.

"Listen, all!" from the other end of the board.

"This is not a confessional, Madame," interposed The Stranger, looking hard at The Lady of Quality. His check to Her Ladyship, in defense of Pinota, made him my friend.

"If he *is* an undertaker," whispered The Poor Artist, "I'll swear he's no mute!"

"He's not conducting my funeral!" The Countess flung back.

The Vampire wrote this bit of repartee in his note-book, surreptitiously, for the British market, where "mutes" are as necessary to a funeral as the corpse. After exchanging glances of defiance with Pinota's champion, The Countess burst into a laugh as keen as the pitiless winds of the frozen North. Strange that none of the women, old or young, who came to the pensionne liked the little waitress. It is exceptional for older women to be jealous of younger ones.

The Poet sat moody and silent; but what else was to be expected from a man of his temperament about to forsake Bohemia and to settle down to staid matrimony? The truth was, he and Pinota had exchanged glances and he saw tears in her young eyes.

At this point, there was delay in serving the dinner. The cook brought in the next course, because the little serving maid was not to be found. For a time, we forgot her.

A scream was heard from the upper part of the house that brought every Bohemian to his feet. The shriek increased in volume as the woman uttering it descended the stairs. She came bounding into the basement, as she gasped:

"Pinota is—dead!"

The shock was appalling. In broken English and equally unintelligible Italian, the trembling woman explained that on going to the roof for fresh table linen she had found poor Pinota writhing in the agonies of death. "By

her side lay this bottle," the woman added, holding up a small vial bearing the label, "Oxalic Acid." Kitchen maids use it for cleaning copper vessels.

While several men ran in search of physicians, most of us climbed the stairway to aid the "Child of Bohemia." Promptly, the frail body of the girl, still having the warmth of a life just extinguished, was brought to the dining-room. Although distorted by the agony of death, the face was still beautiful. We composed the girlish figure atop an unoccupied table. Most of us men cried like children! No more eating and drinking for us! The Poet stood apart, clutching in his fingers a scrap of paper that had been in the dead girl's hand. The rude scrawl read: "I huff you, Mr. Poet. Gift me huff to Signor Bacigalup'."

Two physicians came and told us what we already knew. A coroner arrived, also. Then I heard a voice at my side,—a voice that echoed like the fall of clods upon a box in an open grave:

"She left me her love! I will bury her, friendless little one!"

And he did. Some of us sent flowers. Several of the women went to Bacigalupo's mortuary chapel, upon the walls of which hung pictures of the Blessed Virgin brought from Italy, duty paid, and other evidences of sacred reverence for art and religion, and sang in requiem the same pretty airs to which Pinota had listened with rapture. Thus it was I came to know the identity of "Il Gran' Bacigalup'" as he was lovingly called by the Italians of New York, the merriest undertaker who ever lived—and the most interesting. He loved his fellow man.

We drifted back to our first love, Maria, after the tragic death of Pinota, the elf-child that took her life for love of a poet. More than half a year had passed for it was now Summer. The Laureate of Bohemia had married, as he said he would, and had dropped from our lives. The Poor Artist had suddenly become famous. He had foreshorn landscapes, for which he had little talent, and had taken to figures, for which he possessed marvelous aptitude. He could paint a portrait in half a day that commanded \$500, and

orders were far ahead of his capacity for work. Not that he was an idler, but he insisted on studying his subject, often for a week, before he would put brush to canvas. When the inspired moment arrived, he would fix the face upon the stretcher in a jiffy. He painted from memory, only requiring a sitting for the finishing strokes with the camel's-hair. But fame came unexpectedly. He sent half a dozen of his impressionistic portraits to the annual exhibition of the National Academy, and every one of them was rejected! One of the greatest of the Fifth Avenue art-shops at once placed its main gallery at The Poor Artist's disposal; the newspapers that had given half column notices to the Academy's exhibition devoted two columns or more to the Luks display. Crowds flocked to see the pictures. A clerk was appointed to take orders and twenty-three portraits were booked in ten days, at \$1,000 each. Not a member of Bohemia but was glad. This had occurred during the previous winter, and now that Summer was come and The Poor Artist had a bank account, he had taken himself to Paris and was renewing faded memories of the *Quartier Latin* and Montmartre. This was well, for the heat at Maria's that night was intense.

The Vampire, of whom I have spoken, had followed us to the new home of Bohemia. He had been a member of the Cloister Club for a brief space; but its "Friars" had detected his propensities to absorb and market their quips and epigrams, which represented money to them. They had expelled The Vampire for violating a by-law of their unwritten constitution. Then he returned to us,—a compliment, in a way. His presence implied that he could find sixty cents' worth of salable literature somewhere among us. Sixty cents was the price of the dinner, wine included. And such wine. Most of us never drank anything cheaper than chianti. And here was The Vampire, drinking our literary heart's blood, also, as of yore!

The Countess had married and had become mistress of a modiste's shop, on a side street near Fifth Avenue. She was said to be doing a successful business in second-hand evening gowns and Parisian hats not more than a

season old. Around the board were Walsh, Gilder, Stoddart, Max de Lipman, Anthony (the White Czar), Robinson, Golf (now a "Recorder" or something of the sort), and a score of other clever men, less famous or more notorious; but there was a break in the circle not to be forgotten for an instant. I refer to Salisbury, of Salisbury Plain, near Boston. He had been graduated from Bohemia, the previous Winter, but we were sure of his affection for his alma mater and actually felt the presence of his astral body at all our reunions. That his memory might be kept fresh, a dozen quarts of chianti were opened every Sunday at his expense, in which his health was pledged again and yet again. For, you must know, Salisbury had come into a great fortune.

About three years before the night I am describing, Salisbury had appeared among us sorely disgusted with the world, indifferent to promises of the future in this existence or the next. His father had cast him off and a sweetheart had renounced him in the same week. His parent had thought him deficient in business capacity, unequal to the inheritance and management of a thrifty shipping-house that had been in the family since the days of the Colonies. The head of this Boston firm had expected to transmit its name and business to his only son, the Salisbury we all knew. But the youngster had not distinguished himself at Harvard as a student; indeed, he had required five years to get a degree, having been "set back." His popularity among his fellows was immense, equally admired in the two classes with which he had been catalogued. Had the Yale custom of awarding a wooden spoon to the "best fellow in a class" existed at Harvard, Salisbury would have won the trophy by unanimous vote. Then, too, when he took his place in the counting-house facing India Wharf he did not show to advantage. He could not add a column of figures! He did not last long, because his father was an ogre that fattened on discontent. The old man had turned his office into a nest of spies, and actually encouraged informers who brought to him tales about his only son! One day, the young man went to a yacht race instead of remaining upon the wharf to check an invoice of hides from

Argentina. That settled him. He was handed \$500 by his infuriated parent and told to leave Boston. Then he came to us.

Quite a while elapsed before we took him to our hearts. We thought him too liberal with his money,—not a fault in itself, but his name was one of the best known in the American commercial world and we despised commerce more than we coveted wealth. Naturally, we thought him a “ringer in,” who affected a respect for Bohemia in order to patronize us. Poor as was Bohemia in this world’s goods, it could not endure to be patronized! But we misjudged him. Had we known Salisbury’s entire bank roll to have consisted of \$500 and no more, his treatment would have been entirely different. Some of us could have advised him in rudiments of economy. The time came, and that very soon, when his last dime had been spent. In despair, he turned to a few of us on that eventful night and confessed his impecuniosity. He told us how and why he had been disinherited,—palliating the outrageous conduct of his parent, as all agreed. Immediately, he was of the inner circle! He was no longer the patron of Bohemia, as we had unjustly thought him; he craved a place in the ranks.

“How can I make a living?” he asked, with a pathos that touched every heart, although many a man within the sound of his voice would have found the question difficult to answer in his own case.

Some of us were in executive positions and our thoughts were concentrated on devising an excuse for giving employment to him. Suddenly, I blurted out:

“You were on the crew at Harvard, if I remember?”

“Yes; rowed stroke two years; was captain in my senior year,” he replied, with a modesty that charmed.

“Very well; you’re fixed for the Summer,” one of the editors at the table exclaimed. “Can you write a description of a boat race?”

“I never tried; but I can sign one!”

“Exactly my idea!” shouted the editor. “That’s what I want. You will attend the intercollegiate races, observe them closely. Then I’ll have you interviewed and you will

sign what you have said, when written out. Do you understand?”

“You’ve saved my life.”

“We will discuss the salary question when you come to my office to-morrow,” added the editor.

“That’s a matter of secondary importance,” replied Salisbury, with a sigh of relief, as if the cares of this world had been lifted from his shoulders.

This novice developed remarkable capacity for describing a boat race. His keen eyes never missed a point in the contest. When the finish-line was passed, Salisbury would sit with his back to a stenographer and “talk” two or three thousand words about a four-mile contest at New London, Saratoga Lake or Poughkeepsie, without a halting sentence. He knew the game so thoroughly and his eye-memory was so vivid that he could go over every yard of the long course with the struggling contestants. For the time, he sat in each of the boats, spiritually, if not physically. He could feel the straining of the muscles, when the stroke was quickened. The dizziness of exhaustion in the final spurt was known to him by bitter experience on the River Charles or at Lake Quinsigamond. He could pick out the weak spot in each crew. He understood the meaning of the word “endurance.” Those things he had learned at college, and right well did the knowledge stand him in hand.

When the Fall came and rowing was over for the year, Salisbury’s enthusiasm found vent in football. Although not a member of the Varsity eleven, he had played as a Freshman and never had missed seeing a game during his college career. He understood every trick. His boating articles, bearing the now famous name, were the pride of the metropolitan press! Without envy, rival writers of sports accorded the palm to Salisbury. As an innovation, his name was printed over, instead of under, his work, and in type very little smaller than the headings that announced the results of the contests. And, without fail, the line “Famous Stroke of Harvard University” always found place beneath his name.

That’s what gentle Bohemia did for Salis-

bury: it supplied the human touch that saved his pride and did not inflame his vanity. He was still one of us; he did not outgrow the friends around him. So confident became he of himself, in his new walk, that when his hard-hearted parent relented, during the Winter that followed that Summer, Salisbury wrote to his father a brief but respectful letter, saying that he was able to make his own living and preferred to do so. He accepted the veiled apologies for previous treatment that came to him in an unusually long letter from India Wharf. What he did not know was that Salisbury, *per se*, watched the *Daily Thunderstorm* with the eyes of a hawk and thought his son the marvel of the century's end. He was more vainglorious about the boy's notoriety than of his many millions! He liked to see the family name in the newspapers! His magnificent country house at Salisbury Plain, a short run from Park Square station, became a place of entertainment for athletes of Harvard, Tufts, "the Tech" and the University bearing the city's name. He became a patron of sports. He purchased and gave additional acreage to Holmes' Field. He built a new boat house for the Harvard Navy. He re-equipped the gymnasium. In short, the son had won back a father's love.

For three years our delightful companionship with Salisbury had continued. Some of us were so busy that we didn't meet for weeks, but we were sure of one another. One morning, we read in the newspapers that Salisbury, the elder, had died suddenly. Within a week, each of us who had known Salisbury, the younger, received a letter, heavily bordered in black, announcing that he "must take up his father's burden," because the entire business had been left in his keeping; with the help of old employees, his message said, he expected to master its details.

This young man, never before confronted with anything more exacting than an over-charge for a bottle of wine he had not ordered, but thirsty companions had imbibed, suddenly became executive chief of an establishment, the subordinates of which were risking their lives against attacks from pirates on the Yellow Sea, combating fever and death in the ports of Java, watching mutinous sailors in

the Straits of Malacca, were windbound in the Red Sea, were waiting for a tow at Suez to pass through the canal, were chasing serpents on a day's shore-leave on the Island of Cyprus, were regarding Scilla and Charybdis with indifference, were rounding the Cape of Good Hope in sight of Table Mountain, were passing the Pillars of Hercules, were crossing the mysterious Sargasso Sea, were seeking whales in the Antarctic Ocean, or killing seals off the Aleutian Isles. For all of his ships, there was safe and welcome haven in Massachusetts Bay, where they'd finally tie up at India Wharf.

Salisbury had accepted the situation just as he had accepted life; just as he had attempted an education forced upon him at Cambridge; just as he had swallowed his hot coffee in bed, each morning. But Salisbury was no fool. Back in Boston, re-united to the Somerset Club, with its dull, painted walls, its sombre reading room, its New England waiters, its starched napkins, its Plymouth *chef*, its Massachusetts baked-beans on Sunday morning, its Vermont maple syrup and hot rice cakes, Salisbury was a very different man from the one we had known at Maria da Prata's and other haunts of Bohemia. Some vague reports of the life he had led in New York had circulated in Boston. Friends envied him; enemies sought in vain for damaging information regarding escapades that had not occurred. Business rivals shook their heads in affected distrust, expressing doubt that a man once so frivolous could settle down to the dull routine of meeting notes, signing checks or computing exchange on thirty financial centres of the world! Nevertheless, Salisbury succeeded. His house never had been more prosperous; its ships and captains and sailors and cargoes went out as before to the four corners of the earth, as Argosies for the retrieval of American trade, so largely absorbed during our Civil War by European competitors.

Thus did we lose Salisbury as a regular companion; but he never came to New York without taking at least one meal with all companions of Bohemian days who could be "rounded up." Lately, he had introduced an idea peculiarly his own. When an interval, longer than he thought necessary had elapsed

between his visits, Salisbury sent a proxy to eat, drink and make merry with us. The man always was of the right sort and such occasions were rare nights for The Vampire and his prey. The joke market was glutted for weeks: so many new ideas found vent.

Now, we are back at the night with which we began. Maria's was crowded with diners, some of whom have been mentioned. About the critical moment at which the succulent spaghetti was brought on, the street door swung wide and a tall stranger entered. His Newmarket coat touched his heels. He bowed to every one with a single nod, because every eye in the place was fixed upon him. Before he spoke, we had guessed his identity.

"I come from Salisbury!" he said.

Spontaneously, every man and woman of Bohemia stood up and shouted:

"He comes from Salisbury; he's welcome!"

A seat was made for him at the chief table. The Pretty Soubrette-out-of-an-Engagement proposed the stranger's health in a neat little speech, the *motif* of which was, "He comes from Salisbury!" When the cheering ceased, the tall Bostonian rose and, in a voice exceptionally tender and affectionate, thanked the merry crowd for the welcome he had received and the tribute paid to his friend.

"On this occasion," he added, "I am the bearer of an important message. I am indeed a special commissioner from a faithful subject to the Court of Bohemia and the generous spirits that dwell here. My heart is big with information, but new to the formalities of diplomacy, I can only speak the words I am directed to utter in the frankness of despair. Know, then, that our beloved Salisbury has taken to himself a wife!"

Men cheered but the women around the board were silent. The Pretty Soubrette showed that she regretted her joyful speech of the previous moment. However far removed from the hope or expectation of a woman's heart a man may be, she dislikes to be informed that he has passed into the pos-

session of another member of her sex! She may affect an indifference not real, but the sting of being overlooked remains! Again, the special commissioner was speaking:

"Salisbury directed me to tell you affectionately what many of you well know, namely, that when he lost the love of his father and of his sweetheart on the same day, you came between him and despair. The devotion of his parent returned. Now, the heart of the girl he never ceased to love has melted! Outside, in a cab, is a wedding cake, baked especially for you. It will be brought in and cut."

As the guest sat down, Salisbury's own valet entered, bearing a monster cake, snowy with icing. It was placed in the centre of the largest table. There was little more of the regular dinner: its progress was forgotten.

"A glass of champagne and a piece of wedding cake for every one!" spoke the guest of the night. "Such are the orders of Salisbury. —a command that must be obeyed!"

And it was done. The proxy of the Absent One cut the cake and so contrived that the piece with the ring fell to the lot of the Pretty Soubrette. Then the happiness of life in double harness was toasted by lonely Bohemians, who pretended to hold it in favor. Next, the oldest bachelor in the party, a lifelong scoffer at matrimony, spoke from his corner seat:

"Our dear Salisbury is right, my friends. 'Better the nest than the wandering wing'; more precious the home, wherein Love keeps company with a man and a woman, than the shallower, ever-hunted happiness that we lone bachelors and spinsters seek."

These words produced a profound impression,—cast a momentary damper upon the jollity; but many as were the speeches uttered during the hours of a quickly moving night, no words clung to our memories like those of Old "Bachelor Button."

All of us knew Bohemia to be very well as a diversion, but the real thing is Home.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HOW GOOD COOKING CAME TO US



THE trade of the cook is as eternal as the hills: we eat to live, and some of us live to eat. The domestic affections of our palates begin without the cook as an intermediary and ripen into respect for the artisan's upon nature's methods of providing food.

The magic of the kitchen! Thought of it works a spell, memory of it stirs the sense of smell and of savory odors.

What a noble brotherhood is that of the cooks of all creation and all times! Painters have been knighted, sculptors have been awarded grand crosses of the Legion d'Honor, but the *cordons bleus* of Careme or Vatel is as proud an honor as any of the workers in colors or in stone ever have worn. In reality, a kitchen is a chemical laboratory, wherein are studied the economies of heat, the transmutation of elemental substances into viands of golden delight and perfect physical assimilation.

The cook's place in the literature of all ages is firm as adamant: carplings of splenetic dyspeptics cannot disturb his supremacy. The grouchy Englishman, who said "God sends meat, but the devil sends us cooks," never had eaten a properly prepared meal. An American who doesn't know how to make a proper salad dressing is a disgrace to his country. Massachusetts owes its intellectual and industrial decline to the use of sugar and vinegar upon lettuce and tomatoes. Chicago with wonderful push and enormous growth remains crude and wooly because its citizens chiefly subsist upon "pies"—incongruous concoctions of hog's lard, flour and fruits. Good food is the surest proof of high intellectual conditions.

Greek fables glow with references to culinary art. Homer's warriors, in their camps upon the plains of windy Troy, feasted and

fed at night that they might die with full stomachs in the morning. Roasts were their specialty, and one can see the huge carcasses of beeves and sheep, turned upon massive spits over glowing embers and basted by cooks that suffled the savory odors of roasting flesh. Very little imagination is required to conjure up such a vision, if one chooses for background the Long Island shore at Southampton, with the Shinnecock Hills for a horizon stopper. The scene at Troas was quite similar and the beach of sand is identical.

Keen as was the satire of Aristophanes—the Dean Swift of his day and the original Charley Hoyt of farce comedy writers—he never cast a sneer at cooks! He loved good dinners. He bespattered the lawgivers, philosophers, pedants and the stilted tragedians of Athens, but, God love him, he spared the cooks, who stirred, and basted, and roasted and fried ever to his delight. Aristophanes was a fine Grecian gentleman who, early in life, had heard the croaking of the frogs in Egypt: he learned to prefer the sizzling of the frog upon an oiled skillet to the croaking of the stoics. He belonged to the "Four Hundred" of Athens. The banquet that the cooks prepared for Jupiter, when he assumed mortal form and masqueraded as Amphitryon, probably was as dainty as any could buy to-day in the best New York restaurant, but no better. What a delightful point Molière makes in his comedy (adapted from old Plautus), when the real Amphitryon suddenly appears and controversy as to the identity of the two persons arises. The line runs: "The veritable Amphitryon is he who gives the feast."

True at this hour because he is not the host, but the cook.

Most cooks were slaves in ancient Athens; but what of that? Many eminent men were slaves. Esop was one. He learned and

composed his fables while herding goats for his master. It was bad form in Athens to be unduly harsh with a well-conducted slave. Only a drunken debauché of the aristocracy, like Alcibiades, might abuse the servile race and escape censure; but the unfortunate "poor freeman" received harsh treatment on all sides, even from favored slaves. He was the "Patsy Bolivar" of his day. The best Athenian cook came from Andros or Chios, or other of the sacred isles. He was a Greek! That title caused him to forget he was a slave! Asia never produced a real cook.



HOTEL BELMONT

One of the modern type of high class New York Hotels

Much of Plato's philosophy is as weak as was his stomach, because he lived upon nothing but dates and water. A good cook would have prolonged his life and enriched the world's literature. Sparta hardened her warriors on sour bread; she always banished her cooks when war was imminent. Clever Spartans! Bad digestion and bad temper go together. Warfare in those days was quite as much a matter of anger as valor. It was, veritably, "war to the knife."

Rome, in the Augustin period, ate in moderation, although enormous sums—equal to the plunder of a province—were at times lavished upon a single banquet. Maecenas and Lucullus were hospitable hosts, but never gluttons. Lucullus feasted most pompously when alone; he would send to Nubia for a dish of rhinoceros' eyes or to Syria for a dozen peacocks' livers. The hospitality of those two men made them immortal, owing to Horace and other poets. It was well spent money. But back of the poets stood thoughtful, sincere, ever inventive cooks! They made immortality possible to Maecenas, because he wasn't "descended from royal ancestry" at all, but came of a race of Etruscan highwaymen, most of whom died with their sandals off the ground—either on a cross or by a method of execution equally effective. That's what the cooks did for Horace, Maecenas and Latin literature!

But Rome always overdid what ever she attempted. Her nabobs lived too high and the freemen suffered more privations than did the slaves of the rich. She remained "mistress of the world" only as long as the majesty of the kitchen was maintained; but with Heliogabalus came Syrian *chefs* who introduced hideous cooking, concocted from recipes handed down to them by Babylonian ancestors. An era of gourmandizing began and the decline hurried toward the fall. Poor cooks and bad cooking were responsible.

The dismal "Middle Ages" made chaos of all cookery. The Goths cared no more for cooked food than for the comforts of home. Viking meats were devoured raw. Pieces were cut from the dying beef and the flesh torn with wolfish teeth.

Cooks invaded England for the first time with the Conqueror, although none of their names figure on the Battle Roll. After everything is said in favor of war, tickling the palates of a conquered nation is wiser than hammering heads or helmets of the subjugated. In such emergencies a cook is the proper thing!

As a rule, the cook of the Feudal period was more accomplished than his baronial master. As for the "lady"—the grande dame of that time—she was a vulgar talking, painted and

be-plastered jade, arrayed in silks and fine linens, but utterly unwashed and uncleanly as to skin or morals. Her cook was her intellectual superior.

The English Channel always made a vast difference at dinner-time. Falstaff deplored fish dinners. You wouldn't wonder at this if you'd ever seen the sluggish carp in castle moats, upon which courtiers were fed. The Frenchmen, Rabelais, Froissart and Montaigne, no more real to most of us than the British Falstaff, expressed the utmost contempt for a fish diet—although Victor Hugo, of our time, extolled the eating thereof as brain-fattening. But there are all kinds of fish cooking. The range from *sole à la Marguery* to planked shad at Gloucester is very broad. Like eggs, the freshness of the fish is a large factor; the best of cooks cannot make a stale fish taste sweet. A man of true pride and self-respect will not undertake the task.

Literature on the art of cooking made its appearance, as nearly as investigation discloses, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The French, having learned all the Italians had to teach, set themselves to improve thereon. Their success has been prodigious. First, they refined all the rules by reducing the quantities of ingredients used to exact scale of weight or measure. Louis XIV and the Regent Duke of Orleans were sturdy encouragers of their *chefs*. The Bourbons knew good dinners when they smelled them afar. Under them were the most famous *chefs* the world has known—Vide, Carême and Vatel! These are names that awaken pride to-day in every well-appointed kitchen of Europe.

Even in our modern New York there are names that stand for good cooking throughout the civilized world; so famous are they that I wish to mention a few of the many that have come to be so well known in this art so near to the heart of every man.

There was a period of cathedral building in all parts of Europe and its results are seen to-day in the beautiful edifices dedicated to the cause of religion. In New York, the past score of years may be described as the era

of the hotel builders. When I first came to New York, all hotels worth mention were on Broadway and did not exceed four in number, namely, Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, Astor and Fifth Avenue. There were others, but they had no claim to distinction. About 1885, hotel building began. The results have been marvelous. When, therefore, the time came to eclipse all attempts at hotel building that had preceded, John Jacob Astor erected the St. Regis for R. M. Haan. Never was such utter disregard for expense shown. Admittedly it was the most exquisitely arranged, furnished and decorated hotel in America. Many features of home comfort, including special facilities for the entertainment of



ST. REGIS HOTEL

friends by guests during the opera season, Horse Show week, the Easter season and at other holiday times, give to the St. Regis a place apart from all other hotels. The quiet magnificence of the place, superior management and a cuisine that has become world-famous have made it one of the most popular hosteries in this city which boasts of the last word in hotels.

Mr. Haan's well-earned reputation is behind this enterprise and its superior location, upon the avenue that is the pride of New York, gives to it the supreme eminence it possesses. Transient guests who appreciate

the best of everything will find that they pay no more at the St. Regis than at other places of acknowledged merit.

Mr. Haan's large and popular restaurant, occupying one-half of the first floor of the Park Row Building, is one of the sights of this city,—as Taylor's was fifty years ago.

Switzerland is known the world over for the rearing of successful hotel managers. They are found at the heads of most of the successful establishments in all parts of Europe. The name of "Oscar" is a familiar one to all lovers of good eating in this city. He was born at Cahux-de-fonds in the Swiss Republic, September, 1866, and was educated

when the original Hotel Waldorf was erected. A large measure of the success of that establishment has been due to him. He tells me his greatest hobby is farming. He is a 32d degree Mason; also honorary president of the Geneva Society and of the New York branch of the International Stewards' Association.

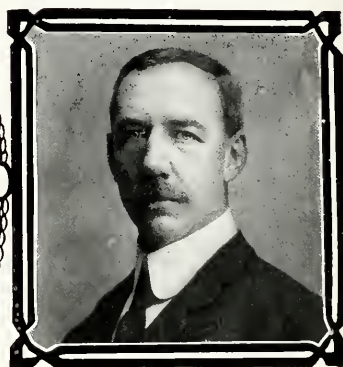
New York is undoubtedly the greatest hotel field in the world; the statement is so thoroughly recognized that its repetition seems trite. The capacity of the splendid hotels of this city is more than double that of London or Paris. Many successful managers of to-day have come among us with well-earned



OSCAR TSCHIRKY



EDWARD M. TIERNEY



W. JOHNSON QUINN

in the schools of his native country. His active career in America began in 1883 at the Hoffman House, where he soon rose to a place of responsibility as caterer to the most critical class of patrons known to New York hotel managers in that day, among them being Roscoe Conkling, B. B. Hotchkiss, John W. Mackay, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Woodford and David B. Hill. Oscar Tschirky served an apprenticeship in every part of the restaurant and hotel business, beginning at the bottom in Switzerland, until to-day he has the distinction of being manager of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. He left Delmonico's to take charge of the dining rooms

reputations made elsewhere. Among these is Edward M. Tierney, present proprietor of the Hotel Marlborough and recently president of the New York State Hotel Association. Mr. Tierney was born at Susquehanna, Pa., November, 1858, and was educated at the public schools of his native town. After experience as a clerk in various hotels until 1885, he began for himself. His start was made at Binghamton, N. Y., where, in association with J. W. Kennedy, the Arlington Hotel was erected, which is now conducted by Mr. Tierney. These partners subsequently leased the Rathbun Hotel at Elmira. In 1902 Mr. Tierney made a tour of Europe,

Egypt and Palestine. He has been an extensive traveler all his life. After the formation of the Sweeney-Tierney Company, in 1904, the Hotel Marlborough, of this city, was leased and has been managed by Mr. Tierney ever since. He is well known as an after-dinner speaker and is president of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association of the United States and Canada.

The Dominion of Canada has supplied the metropolis with one of its most successful hotel proprietors in the person of W. Johnson Quinn, of the Hotel Empire. Mr. Quinn was born at Durham, Ormston, Province of Quebec, April, 1861, and was educated at the Brothers' School, Montreal, and the Turner Institute, graduating in 1877. He left Montreal in 1882 and has been continuously engaged in the hotel business, principally in this city, since that time. He was manager of the Hotel Vendome, 1889 to 1894; the Hotel Arvene, at Arvene-by-the-Sea, 1894-'95; opened the Hotel Empire in 1894, as manager for the estate of William Noble, became proprietor in 1897 and has conducted it successfully ever since. Mr. Quinn also conducted the Allenhurst Inn and Cottage Company, at Allenhurst, N. J., and the Long Beach Hotel on Long Island; both were Summer hotels and both were destroyed by fire. When Mr. Quinn took charge of the Hotel Empire, it was thought to be too far uptown, but through persistent advertising and special attention to his guests, it has become one of the most prosperous houses in New York. Mr. Quinn's parents came from Ireland. He is a member of the Catholic Club, the Order of Elks, the national, state and city Hotel Men's Associations.

Diners at the celebrated French restaurant of J. B. Martin, now at the old Delmonico site at Twenty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, have watched the growth of this business since the appearance of M. Martin on the corner of University Place and Ninth Street, in 1883. He was born at Aix-les-Bains, son of a restaurateur. When Count de Lesseps undertook the construction of the Panama Canal, M. Martin set out for the canal zone and started a hotel at Colon. It was far more successful than the canal enterprise, for when

the latter collapsed the young Frenchman found himself rich enough to come to New York and start business. During nineteen years the Hotel Martin attracted French epicures. Its proprietor was the first to successfully establish in New York the French table d'hôte.

Delmonico had an eating-house somewhere far down town; but an event of far greater importance to the average professional man south of City Hall was the appearance of a Frenchman, Henri Mouquin, on the lower part of Fulton Street in 1857. Many New Yorkers had previously enjoyed his excellent cooking in a basement room on Nassau Street; but when he opened a restaurant, reaching from Fulton to Ann Streets, editors, reporters, lawyers and bankers, who appreciated wine with their luncheons, joined in an acclaim of welcome. Henri Mouquin demonstrated the possibility of supplying a good grade of red or white French wine at half dollar a bottle! Caterers of the old school were dissatisfied with less than three hundred per cent. profit upon foreign wines, and the drinking of any beverage except beer with one's meals was restricted to wealthy patrons. In a year's time this thrifty Frenchman put a new mint-mark upon good living at a reasonable price! Never were his charges cheap; reasonable they assuredly were. New Yorkers who know only the fashionable restaurants of to-day cannot form any conception what a revelation the Mouquin cooking became to appreciative, good-livers of the Seventies and Eighties! My own satisfaction may be estimated by the fact that one waiter, "Peter" served me for twenty-seven years! When he died he left to his widow four brownstone houses in Harlem,—indicating the favor in which he was held.

The business expanded, as it deserved to do. For the first time, waiters were studiously attentive to the tastes of customers. Never was there any hesitation about changing an unsatisfactory dish. The aim of the proprietor was to satisfy his patrons. Every complaint was promptly attended to. This was a revelation to New Yorkers, who, for generations had been compelled to pay for

food served to them whether it was in satisfactory condition or not. Here, for a novelty, the customer was asked exactly how he wanted his steak or roast fowl and he could confidently expect to receive it as ordered. If the cooks were careless, a patron never suffered. Mouquin may be truthfully credited with the introduction of low-priced French wines in the United States,—a service to humanity not to



LOUIS C. MOUQUIN

be forgotten. He also brought to the attention of the American public foreign cheeses and delicacies that the most fashionable grocers had never kept in stock. Not one New Yorker out of ten thousand had eaten Pont l'Eveque, Camembert, Gorgonzola or Porte du Salut cheeses until he became a frequenter of "Mouquin's." There never was

a dull day's business. Daily new French dishes were added to the list; business men grew fond of cêpes and artichokes, served as they are at Fontainebleau and the Café Bignon, Paris. Of course, some people had eaten these characteristically French vegetables at Delmonico's; but such delicacies were assumed to be beyond the ordinary purse. Mouquin showed the fallacy of this. Lovers of Thackeray were served with steaming touarens of Bouillabaisse, and inimitable fish and side dishes so dear to the French taste, at twenty-five cents a portion. A feature particularly attractive to regular diners was *le plat du jour*. This differentiated one day's meals from the other. A patron could go to Mouquin's with confidence that on certain days he was sure of his favorite dish. The second floor of the building was soon added. Especially do I speak of a small room in an adjoining building to the east added for the accommodation of customers from Newspaper Row. A swinging door only separated this "sanctum" from the larger dining room, but the exclusiveness was generally respected by men in other professions. In this out-of-the-way-nook, I have frequently seen Charles A. Dana, William Cullen Bryant, Park Godwin, Mayo W. Hazeltine, John Bigelow, Amos J. Cummings, John Hay, Whitelaw Reid, Manton Marble, William Henry Hurlbert, Thomas B. Connery, John Russell Young, John R. Stockton, Albert Pulitzer, Louis J. Jennings, George Jones and many others.

About the time Henri Mouquin was establishing himself on Fulton Street (1870), the present head of the business, his son, Louis C. Mouquin, was born in the Ninth Ward of this city. Young Louis first entered the New York public schools and then finished his education in France, Switzerland and Germany. He is an accomplished linguist. On his return from abroad, he took an active part in the conduct of the business, and when "The Knickerbocker Cottage," an historically prominent tavern on Sixth Avenue, was remodeled and added to the Mouquin outfit, he was placed in charge. He is an exceedingly popular man, young looking for his years.

In speaking of the hotels and restaurants of the city, a thought comes of the brewers of the country, and a few words about the National Association may not be amiss.

The United States Brewers' Association, organized in November, 1862, is an indirect product of the most momentous crisis of our national life. The beer tax, a part of the internal revenue system, then embracing every branch of commerce and industry, was the direct tangible cause of its organization.

Unbiased historians admit that the more important border States were saved for the Union by the German-Americans, and among them—as in fact throughout the country, even in the South—the brewers distinguished themselves by their willingness to give active support to the Union cause.

The first revenue laws were crude and defective, and frauds were inevitable. The law-makers sought remedies for these defects; but above all, they looked for a tax-method ensuring safe and easy collection and the prevention of fraud. It was the organized brewers' avowed purpose to assist the Government in the accomplishment of these objects.

When in 1865 Congress created a Special Revenue Commission with a view to perfecting the system, the United States Brewers' Association again volunteered its assistance, and at its own expense sent a committee to Europe for the purpose of studying the excise methods in the various beer-producing countries.

Under special instruction from the Treasury Department, the Special Revenue Commissioner attended the brewers' convention at which this committee reported. The brewers' report became a public document, not inferior, as impartial critics admit, in any respect to the official dissertation on revenue of which that period was so prolific. Congress adopted the system which was proposed by the brewers, and which in its essential features remains in force to the present day.

In 1875 Massachusetts abolished Prohibition on the strength of a voluminous official report, the outcome of an investigation which

resulted in a complete negation of every argument and presumption in favor of compulsory total abstinence. Following this came the famous scientific inquiry conducted by Dr. Bowditch, which induced thousands of physicians, journalists, clergymen and authors to advocate the use of wine and beer.

Early in the 80's Prohibition gained the ascendancy in Iowa. From this period dates the systematic dissemination of literature on the drink question by the Association, and its effect may be properly gauged by the fact that up to the era of the Anti-Saloon League of our time, proposed State Prohibition was defeated at the ballot box in ten States, and abolished in all the New England States, excepting Maine.

Concerning Federal legislation against adulterations, this Association assumed an attitude which secured to it the respect and confidence of the Agricultural Department and of Congress. Taking an active part in the First Pure Food Congress, its Committee submitted that clause, subsequently adopted by Congress, which gave to the manufacturer the right to coöperate with the government in the establishment of standards. That being granted, the Association consistently advocated the enactment of a Federal law, and had the gratification of being complimented for this attitude by several industrial bodies that had originally opposed Federal legislation. The patriotism of the brewers was again manifested during the Spanish-American War, when the brewing industry was subjected to and cheerfully paid a double tax.

During the past five or six years the local option movement has assumed formidable proportions under the leadership of the Anti-Saloon League. On the other hand, a reawakening of the liberal spirit is noticeable everywhere. Thanks to the energy of many associations of manufacturers and other business men, who realize the destructive tendencies of the League and the utter lack of fairness in its agitation, the counter-movement goes bravely on, and will bring about in time, it is confidently expected, a revulsion of public sentiment wherever the natural rights of the citizens are threatened or suppressed.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE GREAT METROPOLIS OF TO-DAY



CLIMB the tallest building in New York, therefore the highest business structure in the world, and get your first comprehensive view of the greatest port on earth! No matter what hour of the day be chosen, you

are sure to see mammoth steamships at their wharves or setting out or arriving. Descend and visit the river front and you will hear all the tongues of the commercial world. The Far East and the Western Orient are contributing their wealth to this land. In their places, grains of all kinds from our Western prairies are going to maintain the physical energies of the rug-makers of Persia, the ivory carvers of the East and the artisans of Italy and Southern Europe. Tank steamers are loading with oil from Pennsylvania, Texas, Ohio and other sections. Cattle by thousands and dressed meats by the ship-load, machinery for the farm-lands of Russia and Egypt, dredgers for the Persian Gulf, typewriters for every quarter of the globe, and phonographs for Turkey! Only then do you acquire a full understanding of the colossal commercial enterprises represented here.

Here is a clearing-house for the whole world!

Near the Fulton fish-market, where Gloucester sailors are unloading their catch from the Newfoundland banks, Malays and Chinamen are carrying ashore cargoes of spices from the Indies, silks from Singapore, coffees from Batavia, tobacco from Sumatra, and, at another pier, crated wild animals from Bengal and pythons from the Straits Settlements; teas from China and Ceylon, sugar and hemp from Manila, human hair from all parts of Asia—in all a hundred million dollars' worth a month—are landing at the best of the world's markets from a thousand ships of every nameable class and are swallowed in a day down the voracious throat of New York.

More than a hundred coast-wise steamers, not reckoned above, are transferring the goods of one part of this country to another: "whale-backs" on the Great Lakes are contributing their share by canal-boats from Buffalo; vessels of sail and steam from the West Indies, Panama and all the Gulf ports are coming and going several times each day. It will be a rare occasion, also, in which half a dozen of the most modern of Uncle Sam's fighting craft are not within the Narrows.

Sixteen transatlantic steamship companies, a fleet of more than one hundred great liners, are competing for passengers and freight between the new world and the old—with business for all of them. Tramp freight steamers are countless. New York's 450 miles of waterfront is twice as great as that of London and its commerce exceeds the British capital by more than a million tons annually! New York's waterfront is barely half developed, and by the time it is fully opened—including Jamaica Bay—it will measure nearly as many miles as lie between the Atlantic seaboard and the Mississippi River.

Where Nature originally placed obstacles in the path of New York's commerce, dynamite and dredging have cleared paths. Rocks have been blown out of "Hell Gate," shoals have been removed, and a canal 2,000 feet wide, seven miles in length and forty feet in depth has been dug at vast cost from the upper end of the Lower Bay direct to sea. It is known as the Ambrose Channel, and shortens the preliminary voyage—for distance on the ocean is only reckoned from the lightship—by more than an hour. Half a million dollars were spent in lighting it at night! The new Chelsea piers cost the municipality more than \$12,000,000, and the advent of the 1,000-foot steamship has already necessitated their further extension into the North River.



Taken from the Slinger Building

A PARTIAL VIEW OF NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING JERSEY CITY AND HOBOKEN ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE HUDSON RIVER

From Palmer's Views of New York

One of the Modern Ocean Liners is seen just putting out to sea on its five-day trip to Europe.

Three hundred years ago the first white man sailed up this river.

What has the future in store for such a city?

Recent Customs rulings permit ocean greyhounds to come to their docks at any hour of the day or night. So admirably enforced have been inspections of all incoming foreign steamers or sailing vessels that the arrival of infectious diseases is impossible. Guns that guard this imperial port are the heaviest known; a system of submarine mines has been perfected that in a day's notice will render the harbor impregnable to attack from sea. The bottom of the Lower Bay will become a network of mines. The Brooklyn Navy Yard is the most important in the country and the best equipped. With the opening of the Panama Canal, several new lines of steamers will carry United States products to the West coast of South America and return with argosies that now go to Europe 'round Cape Horn.

To safeguard ships of all nations, bound to this port or leaving it, the Government maintains a complete meteorological bureau atop one of the loftiest buildings, to give warning of hurricanes or dangerous storms by wireless messages. Every steamer on the North Atlantic, properly equipped, is told the direction and intensity of the threatening storm.

Over this great harbor towers the stately Goddess of Liberty—gift of the French people, to whom the American patriots of the Revolution pointed the way to freedom.

To tell the story of such a city would mean the writing of the history of the American people. It represents the tireless energy of a new nation; but, perhaps the most interesting feature is the study of the men who are carrying on the great work founded by the fathers. This book has included the names of many men who are at the forefront of the battle today,—all builders of this great city—this chapter will contain a review of a few of the prominent men and firms who are engaged in the direction of the financial interests which are such a stupendous factor in New York, the money centre of the western world. One realizes that this city draws into its labors the strong, the vigilant and the brave; there is no place here for the weakling, life is too strenuous, and the current soon carried the sluggard to the outer shores.

To be successful in New York means more than success in any other city in the world, and the pages of this book are filled with those who are carrying the burdens of this wonder city on their efficient shoulders.



WALTER E. FREW

Many successful bankers have started their careers as merchants. An example of a successful change from general merchandise to finance is found in Walter Edwin Frew, now at the head of a great banking institution of this city. He was born in Brooklyn, July, 1864, and educated at the Greenpoint Academy and the public schools. He entered the employ of Shepherd, Knapp & Co., where he remained six years, going thence to the Eleventh Ward Bank as a clerk in 1885. We next find him as cashier of the Queens County Bank, Long Island City, four years later, and its president in 1895, which position of trust he held for four years. Thence he went to

the Corn Exchange Bank as a director and vice-president, since becoming its president. Mr. Frew is associated with many financial institutions. For example, he is a director in the Bankers' Trust Company, the United Button Company, secretary and treasurer of the Queens County Safe Deposit Company, and trustee of the Dry Dock Savings Bank. He served as secretary of the New York Clearing House Association and during the panic of 1907 was member of its Loan Committee, which sustained many financial institutions from disaster during that critical period.

Among the men prominent in the banking circles of the city is Alexander Walker, president of the Colonial Bank.

Mr. Walker was born in the parish of Rufford, Morayshire, Scotland, June 25, 1852. He was educated in the parish school of the town of his birth and upon the completion of his studies became an apprentice to a stone cutter in Forres, Scotland. After coming to New York City he followed the same trade and at the same time studied in the evening high school. He then commenced business for himself as a partner in the firm of Gillie & Walker, and subsequently became a member of the real estate firm of Walker & Lawson and is still engaged in large realty transactions and building operations. He has been connected with the Colonial Bank since its or-

ganization and its president since 1895, and is also vice-president of the Standard Mortgage Company, a director of the Greenwich Bank, and trustee of the Harlem Savings Bank. Mr. Walker is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, St. Andrew's Society, president of General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, New York Historical Society and the New York Scottish Society.

Of old New England ancestry and inheriting the sterling integrity and business acumen of his forebears, Henry C. Hulbert has through his own efforts risen to high position in the financial world of New York City. Mr. Hulbert was born in Lee, Mass., December 19, 1831, and was educated at the district school and Lee Academy, after which he was employed in stores in Lee and Pittsfield, Mass. He came to New York City when nineteen years old and entered the employ of White & Sheffield, wholesale paper dealers. He was given an interest in the profits after the fourth year and the year following became a partner in the firm of J. B. Sheffield & Co. In 1858 he organized the firm of H. C. & M. Hulbert, and in 1872 bought out his partners' interest and admitted to partnership two young men, Joseph H. Sutphin and George P. Hulbert, who had been brought up in the business. The firm was H. C. Hulbert & Co. from



ALEXANDER WALKER



HENRY C. HULBERT



ANTON A. RAVEN

1872 until 1900, when he retired. Mr. Hulbert is a director and vice-president of the Importers and Traders National Bank, South Brooklyn Savings Institution and the Brooklyn Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; a director and member of the Executive Committee of the Pullman Company and the Celluloid Company; director of the United States Life Insurance Company and the Franklin Trust Company; life member of the New York Colonial Wars Society and the New England Society of both New York and Brooklyn, and is a member of the Chamber of Commerce of New York.

The commercial interests of New York are under large obligations to the Island of Curaçao, because it has given to us one of the foremost insurance men of this country. Except for small discrepancies of latitude and longitude, the Garden of Eden might well have been located in Curaçao, in the Dutch West Indies. Of beautiful spots that have come under my eye, in various parts of this globe, this little island is one of the fairest.

Upon this happy and peaceful tropical isle, Anton Adolph Raven was born in the year 1833. His father was John R. Raven, a name that indicates English ancestry; his mother was O. Petronella Hutchings, descended from Knickerbocker ancestors, who went from New York to Curaçao, a generation earlier.

Anton Raven came to New York in 1852, when 17 years of age, and entered the service of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company. When he became a clerk in the employ of this corporation, his position was one of comparatively little scope and importance. During the last half century, the rise of Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company to its present preëminent position has kept pace with the steady progress of Anton Raven to its presidency. His financial rank, as the head of this great company, is indicated by the responsible positions he holds as trustee of the New York Life Insurance Company, vice-president of the Metropolitan Trust and of the Home Life Insurance Companies, and as a director

of the Fidelity and Casualty Company, the Bank of New York and the Seaman's Savings Bank.

Mr. Raven's heart and purse are always open to worthy objects. He also takes an active interest in civic reforms. He is a constant patron of science and art, being a member of the American Geographical Society, the American Museum of Natural History (Life Member), and of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His clubs are the Hamilton and Montauk of Brooklyn, of which borough he is a resident.

The splendid building occupied by the company, at the corner of Wall and William Streets, is one of the finest office structures in a city of skyscrapers. It towers high above surrounding edifices, having for nearest neighbor the ancient custom house, reconstructed for the use of the City National Bank.

When the two cities of Manhattan and Brooklyn were tied together by the opening of the first Brooklyn bridge in May, 1883, the manifest destiny of Greater New York was seen. Although Brooklyn has profited more than Manhattan from that subsequent means of communication, both boroughs are stronger for the union. No one has labored more sturdily to effect and cement this consolidation of interests than Julian D. Fairchild. One by one, he has seen bridges added, but the proved value of the first one led to the construction of the others and every new structure of the kind has merely confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Fairchild's original views. Despite the thought and time he has given to public interests, characteristic modesty twice induced him to decline the highest honor in the gift of his fellow citizens. He was offered the Democratic nomination for Mayor of Brooklyn in 1894, but refused it. When the greater city was first organized, he likewise objected to being nominated for City Comptroller. This action was not taken because of disinclination to assume responsibility or to undertake arduous work for the city, but for the reason that he believed he could serve the public equally well without holding office.

The erection of the Williamsburg bridge was one of the most businesslike and properly conducted public works ever accomplished by the City of New York. Mr. Fairchild held the position of treasurer of the Commission having charge of this undertaking and helped materially to sustain public confidence during the progress of the work. The completed structure stands to-day as an example of what can be accomplished even in graft-ridden New York; the bills for its erection were as closely scrutinized as though they had been presented to a business house and fewer "snakes" crept in than in any public enterprise of recent years.

Julian D. Fairchild came from Connecticut, where he was born at Stratford, April, 1850. He attended public schools in Stratford and New Haven. His family is of English descent, Thomas Fairchild crossing the sea to wed Sarah Seabrook, of Puritan stock, in 1637. Before his schooling was complete, young Fairchild sought employment with a manufacturing house in New Haven, to which city his parents had removed. By industry and intelligence displayed, while employed by this firm, his prospects were advanced materially. Having saved the money thus earned he started a store of his own which proved exceptionally successful and raised him to the position of a small but independent capitalist in the "Eln City." He was exceedingly desirous to take a course at Yale College, but the struggle for existence prevented. After being identified with several industries in New Haven, he invaded what is to-day the City of New York and eventually developed into a capitalist of large proportions. He was elected president of the Kings County Trust Company, in 1893, an institution in which he had been interested since its inception. Soon after he became a director of the Bedford Bank, Lawyers' Title Insurance and Trust Company, National City Bank and many other corporations. Ever since Edison had successfully subdivided the electric current, Mr. Fairchild has taken interest in "the new light" and was early in the activities that led to the formation of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Brooklyn. Despite the fact that he was an enthusiastic advocate of bridges



JULIAN D. FAIRCHILD

and tunnels connecting the two boroughs, Mr. Fairchild accepted the presidency of the Union Ferry Company, hoping to restore his fortune—seriously impaired by the bridges and tunnels he had advocated. In this, as in all things, his thoughts were centered upon the fortunes of the two cities rather than upon any profits that might accrue to the stockholders of individual corporations. This unselfishness characterizes Mr. Fairchild's whole life. His declination of the Democratic nomination for Mayor in 1896 has been referred to. He is a regent of the Long Island College Hospital, president of the Brooklyn Central Dispensary, member of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Brooklyn, Montauk, Carleton and Dyker Meadow clubs.

Banking in America has become one of the fine arts; no professional pursuit requires keener judgment, readier resource or broader scope of national affairs than the conduct of a successful banking institution in New York or any large city. The highest type of individual integrity is also essential—capacity and experience being a condition precedent. One must carry in his mind the standing and credit of all prominent business industries of the community to properly safeguard interests



EDWARD EARL



ELIAS A. DE LIMA



LOUIS G. KAUFMAN

committed to his care. A bank president must possess qualifications necessary to insure success in nearly every other branch of commercial life, as well as professional service. In this respect he is much like the chief editor of a metropolitan newspaper, because he can only acquire such knowledge when he has begun at the bottom and grown with his advancement until he has reached the pinnacle of his capacity and ambition. I am led to dwell upon the requirements of the modern bank president in contemplating the successful career of Edward Earl, President of the National Nassau Bank of New York. He entered that institution in January, 1887, when a young man, as an assistant bookkeeper, with no other capital or influence save a good character and a resolute determination to command respect and advancement. His natural ability and close application to business advanced him in eleven years to the post of assistant cashier. In another nine years (1907) he became cashier. Soon thereafter the responsibilities of the active management of the bank fell upon his shoulders, owing to the illness of the then president. Opportunity to exhibit the value of 20 years' practical training brought out the dominant forces of his character! His sole attention was directed to strengthening and increasing and broadening the Nassau Bank. When elected cashier the deposits were \$3,800,000; but in November, 1908, when he became the executive head of the bank, less than two years later, they had

grown to \$6,000,000. In February, 1910, hardly a year after he became president, the deposits were \$8,830,393, having much more than doubled in the first three years of Mr. Earl's management. On November 1, 1911, the deposits were \$13,592,625, and the total resources were \$14,984,475, showing the most remarkable increase of over 310 per cent. in resources in less than four years.

Be it remembered that the training of this young man was in an atmosphere of conservatism. During the panic of 1907-8 not a customer of the National Nassau Bank was refused accommodation.

One of the latest accessions to the ranks of bank presidents in this city drawn from the Middle West is Louis G. Kaufman, president of the Chatham & Phenix National Banks, recently consolidated, with resources exceeding \$20,000,000, in their new building at Broadway and John Street. Mr. Kaufman hails from Marquette, Michigan, of Dutch descent on his mother's side and of German ancestry on his father's. He was born in 1872 and his early education was received in the public and high schools of his native town. When nineteen he entered the Marquette County Savings Bank and rose to be its cashier-manager in 1898. He soon after became vice-president of the First National Bank of Marquette and was chosen its president in 1906. The Chatham National Bank was established in 1851 in Chatham Street, but came to the

Broadway corner it now occupies in 1860. Mr. Kaufman was elected to the presidency thereof in 1910. He is also a member of the executive council of the American Bankers' Association and an ex-president of the Michigan State Bankers' Association.

Young men who intend to pursue commercial careers display much wisdom when they acquire a knowledge of law. Elias A. de Lima, a successful banker, prepared himself for his lifework by taking a degree in Science at Cornell University in 1886, and another in law at Columbia. He was born at Curaçao, Dutch West Indies, in 1865. He was admitted to the New York Bar in 1889, meanwhile having become a member of the firm of D. A. de Lima & Company, and a director and advisory counsel of the Staten Island branch of the Corn Exchange Bank and trustee of the S. R. Smith Infirmary of Staten Island. He takes a great interest in art and in the beautification of New York.

After forty-three years of constantly increasing business, the Excelsior Savings Bank, is now quartered in the new fireproof edifice at the Northeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. For many years it occupied the store in Booth's Theatre at the Southeast corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. Later it moved to the Masonic building on the opposite corner and remained there until the building, which was erected in 1870, was demolished in order to erect a nineteen-story modern edifice in which the bank is now located. The institution's prosperity is shown by over \$12,000,000, of deposits and surplus, which plainly indicates the necessity for its handsome new quarters. The officers of the bank are: President, William J. Roome; first vice-president, James C. Gulick; second vice-president, William H. Barron; secretary, John C. Griswold; assistant secretary, Arthur Plager; counsel, John C. Gulick; trustees, James C. Gulick, John C. Gulick, Robert C. Brown, Henry Dazian, William H. Barron, William J. Roome, Henry D. Brewster, John Burke, Joseph J. Little, Robert J. Horner, William Crawford, Rich. G. Hollaman, Patrick F. Griffin, Ephraim M. Youmans and Benj. A. Hegeman, Jr.

The reputation of the bank for prompt, courteous and efficient service on the part of its employees, is one of the reasons for its popularity and rapid growth. In order to



THE EXCELSIOR SAVINGS BANK
Chartered in 1869

facilitate the business of those who cannot appear in person at the bank, it publishes a leaflet which explains how accounts can be opened, deposits made and drafts effected, by mail. This will be sent to anyone applying for it. This bank deserves the patronage and confidence of all those seeking a depository, which is conservative and safe and, at the same time, progressive.

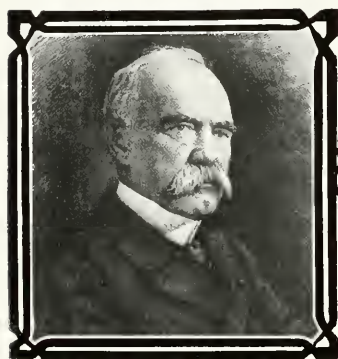
The Union Dime Savings Bank, occupying its own handsome building at Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street, shows a remarkable growth for the fifty-three years of its existence; having

a surplus of \$2,975,088.57. Its directorate includes some of the best known business men in the city.

The only man I ever knew to attain the presidency of a metropolitan surety company at the age of twenty-seven, in this city of tremendous rivalry, is William M. Tomlins, Jr. The career of this young man is as interesting as has been the growth of his corporation since he became associated with it. He was born in Brooklyn in 1878 and is a product of the public schools, graduating from the High School at the remarkably early age of sixteen, secured an unimportant clerical position with

his vote for the candidate that he believes most worthy. He is a member of the Lawyers' and the Underwriters' clubs. He is an enthusiastic Elk and Mason.

Wall Street has for years rested under a cloud of misapprehension and distrust. Isolated instances of disgraceful and dishonest conduct in the financial world have been blamed on Wall Street as a whole. No one ever rose in defense of Wall Street or endeavored to show its true character. It has perhaps been this policy of silence which has done more to confirm the bad impressions than anything else. In the latter part of 1906



Col. ROBERT M. THOMPSON



WILLIAM M. TOMLINS, JR.



WILLIAM C. CORNWELL

the Lawyers' Surety Company of New York. He remained with this corporation until 1900, when he joined the American Bonding Company, soon receiving an offer of an agency for the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company. A year later he entered the service of the Empire State Surety Company, soon becoming secretary, the following year vice-president and then president. His rise through the various official grades to the chief executive position was due entirely to the suggestions constantly made by him for the improvement of the company's service. He found the organization with a capital of barely \$125,000, and in less than eight years has increased its capital to a half million with assets of over \$1,200,000. Mr. Tomlins takes no active part in politics, although he always exercises the right of citizenship by casting

Wm. C. Cornwell, who was associated with the Stock Exchange firm of J. S. Bache & Co., and who always believed that Wall Street should have some medium which would express the true sentiment of the street, began the endeavor of publishing something more nearly embodying the larger ideas of that part of the financial world. The firm, for many years, had issued a weekly financial review of the usual character of stock market letters and pertaining mainly to the speculative situation. Mr. Cornwell took over the writing of this periodical and made of it a small editorial sheet covering all events of importance, political as well as commercial, affecting the financial situation. Every subject was treated fearlessly and without prejudice. Mr. Cornwell had long been a financial writer of prominence and his style was clear-cut,

condensed and picturesque, and the *Review* soon began to be more quoted throughout the United States than any other issue of its kind. The views on political and national questions were particularly sound and frequently led popular thought and forecasted final judgment on the problems of the day. Mr. Cornwell had for many years been a successful writer and student of the currency question, and his publications in the anti-silver campaign were the text-books for newspaper writers of that period. He was one of the first to insist that asset currency was the only kind for the United States, and when he first began to urge this opinion there were only five other men of prominence in the United States who believed as he did. The banks almost to a unit were against it. To-day the vast majority of thinking people agree with his early position that the only bases for true bank notes are the commercial assets of the business world, and no sound plan for Currency Reform is now proposed that does not embody this one essential doctrine. The *Bache Review*, as it was called by the newspapers in the West, which quoted it and based editorials upon its utterances, began to be a forceful exponent of the real situation and competent authorities assert that it has great power in molding public opinion in the West and Southwest and along the Pacific Coast. The *Review* began to find its way to Europe and is now eagerly looked for by bankers in London each week as an indication of the true situation in that country. Its unprejudiced character and opinions have given the banking firm a high reputation throughout this country and abroad. The *Bache Review* was designated in one of the Western editorials "the mouthpiece of Wall Street" and this cognomen has become one of its titles in the press. Many of the newspapers of the country quote the *Review* each week under the headline "What Wall Street Says." All this is evidence of the power of one man's pen.

Who's Who in New York gives the following about Mr. Cornwell:

Born, Lyons, N. Y., August 19, 1851; son of Francis E. and Catherine Livingston (Howe) Cornwell; attended private, public schools. Cashier of Bank of Buffalo, 1878-1893; President City Bank of Buffalo, 1893-

1901; associated with J. S. Bache & Company, members of New York Stock Exchange, for several years past. Founder and first President American Institute of Bank Clerks. One of the founders and first president of the New York State Bankers' Association; member Executive Council American Bankers' Association, 1893-1896; vice-president for New York State of American Bankers' Association, 1893; Chairman, Committee on Education of American Bankers' Association, 1897-1900. Curator, Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, 1874-1899; president, Buffalo Society of Artists, 1887-1888. Author of many works on currency and sound money, and banking subjects, also author of the *Bache Review*. Clubs: Athenæum of London, England (honorary member); City, National Arts, N. Y. City; Ellicott of Buffalo (honorary member).

The banking house of W. N. Coler & Co. makes a specialty of railroad, municipal and corporation bonds and has representatives in several of the large cities. The reputation of the firm is national.

One often regrets that more men engaged in the strenuous commercial activities of our times,—many of them real heroes of the financial struggle,—do not develop fondness for literature and art. So many of them are literally obsessed with the passion of money-getting that the charms of life, to be found in association with outdoor sports, books and pictures, are overlooked. It was not so with the late Dumont Clarke, whom I knew as the President of the American Exchange National Bank, and as Vice-President of the Press Publishing Company, which owns the *New York World*. Throughout a long business career, he was a splendid and preëminent exemplification of precise honesty, healthy judgment and conservative energy—a type all far too rare in our hurrying American business life. His counsel was highly valued by his associates and, during his long career, eagerly sought by men older in finance than he. A memorable instance may be mentioned when Mr. Morgan called Dumont Clarke, at the height of the panic of 1907, as an advisor in his successful effort to reverse the tide or lost confidence in the financial condition of the country.

Dumont Clarke is another recruit of the



DUMONT CLARKE
Deceased

metropolis from that great colony whose influence has been so marked over this whole country—New England. He was born in Newport, R. I., in 1840 and died of pneumonia, on December 26, 1909, at his beautiful estate in New Jersey. Dumont, where he lived, is a borough surrounding his estate and named after him. His marriage to Cornelia Ellery, at Castleton, Vt., in 1869, was followed by the birth of Lewis L., Stanley and Dumont, Jr., Mary, Alice and Corinne, three boys and three girls. Being what Aldrich described himself to be, "a salty boy," that is to say, born with the breath of the sea in his lungs, Mr. Clarke always was an enthusiastic yachtsman; he could sail a boat and swim at an early age. How natural, when he came to the metropolis, that he should join the New York Yacht Club and become one of its most enthusiastic members. Mr. Clarke was a social favorite in several clubs, and fond of sports afield as well as on the water. His recreations and his devotion to art and literature never impinged upon his commercial activities. No task was too complicated for him to undertake if the credit of any of the corporations with which he was associated were to be maintained. A friend once described Mr. Clarke's capacity as "possessing

all the delicacy and finesse of a diplomatist combined with great physical and mental courage." I have especially in mind services he rendered to several hundred thousand policyholders in the reorganization of The Mutual Life Insurance Company, when he restored popular confidence in an utterly discredited corporation. It was no easy task; because two other institutions, equally strong, had been shown to be equally honeycombed by mismanagement. Into this work Dumont Clarke threw himself with the energy and determination of a much younger man! The value of his name as a director went far to quiet anxieties among the stockholders and to assure the confidence of the general public in banks and trust companies with which he was affiliated. There never was any question, at times of threatened panic or financial depression, where Mr. Clarke stood. He was always on the right side, and opposed to any subterfuge involving trickery that would ameliorate conditions. As a director of the New York Clearing House Association, his word was always a potent force in shaping the utterances and acts of that body. Throughout a long career, he was habitually averse to publicity regarding his triumphs in business, although he was a sincere advocate of the utmost publicity concerning the financial status of corporations that invited the confidence of the public. His own dislike to notoriety prevented earlier and more general recognition of his splendid abilities. The greatest work of Mr. Clarke's life was the upbuilding of the American Exchange National Bank, of which his son succeeded him as president. I need to mention only a few of the many companies of which Mr. Clarke acted as director: Adams Express, American Beet Sugar, American Felt, Audit Company of New York, Commercial Cable, Delaware & Hudson Railroad, Fidelity & Casualty, the Caledonian, Home, Mutual Life, Lawyers' Title Insurance Companies, Knickerbocker Trust, Long Island Railroad, Manhattan Railway, United States Safe Deposit, United States Mortgage & Trust and the New York Clearing House Building Companies. His association with journalism has been already stated. His death was a great loss to the financial community.

The firm of N. W. Halsey & Co. deal in bonds in all principal markets. They buy and sell railroad, municipal and public utility bonds and make appraisements without charge for institutions, estates and investors.

The education and expert training necessary to develop a successful bank president in this age are such that the man who attains that important post must have advanced by gradual approach through all stages that intervene between a clerkship and the presidency. Bank presidents are not born, they are made! Samuel S. Conover, now at the head of the Fidelity Trust Company, which he organized in 1907, was born in Passaic, N. J., 1869, and received his education at the public schools. He began business in New York City at the age of fifteen with the New York Mercantile Exchange, but was soon offered a position in the New York office of the Southern Pacific railroad. He was appointed private secretary to the late J. Edward Simmons, president of the Fourth National Bank, and continued in the service of that institution for ten years. In 1902 he was elected vice-president and director of the Irving National Bank, becoming its president in 1906. As before stated, he then organized the Fidelity Trust Company. Mr. Conover is of Dutch extraction, his ancestors settled in New Amsterdam, 1630.

The debt of gratitude that intellectual Brooklyn owes David Augustus Boody for his

long and unwavering support of the Brooklyn Public Library, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the United States, will endure for all time. Mr. Boody was born in Jackson, Maine, in 1837, and was educated at the local schools and at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. The only method by which an ambitious young man without parental assistance could secure an education in those days was by teaching school and using the salary thereof, intermittently, to attend institutions of learning. Mr. Boody began as a schoolmaster at eighteen, studying law meanwhile, and at twenty-three was admitted to the bar. He practiced for one year, came to New York in 1862, and entered the banking house of Henry H. Boody & Co. Three years later he began business for himself and has been in the banking and brokerage business ever since. In the years which have since passed, Mr. Boody, located in the financial center of the country, has witnessed a marvelous growth in the enterprises of our nation. He has seen the railroad mileage grow from thirty thousand to over two hundred thousand. He has seen the growth of the most gigantic railroad, industrial and financial corporations that the world has ever known and he has seen New York become the second city in the world, with the prospect of soon becoming the first in numbers and in financial and commercial importance. As Mayor he, together with Park Commissioner Brower, located the



SAMUEL S. CONOVER



DAVID A. BOODY



AUSTIN CORBIN

Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences on the East Side Park Lands. The three buildings, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Central Building of the Brooklyn Public Library and the Berkeley Institute, are all located near the Plaza, which Mr. Boody believes is destined to become, as an educational and art center, one of the prominent places not only of New York but of the whole country. His life is indissolubly associated with the initiatory work which is now producing these results.

Mr. Boody has for many years been the head of the banking house of Boody, McLellan & Company and is also director of the People's Trust Company and the U. S. Title Guaranty and Indemnity Company, both of Brooklyn, and is also president of several minor business enterprises. He was elected to Congress in the autumn of 1890 but resigned the next year, having been nominated for the office of Mayor. He served in that position for two years.

In the midst of his many duties, however, he has never ceased during the last thirty years to serve the public in some educational or charitable way and this sort of service and the love he has for it seems to be his chief recreation.

It is a great pleasure to recognize the sturdy capacity for work of rich men's sons who never have manifested an inclination to waste their days in idleness. To this class belongs Austin Corbin, son of the late Austin Corbin, a man who came out of the West to teach slow New Yorkers the splendid advantages of their proximity to the ocean by creating Manhattan Beach and connecting it with New York by steam. Young Mr. Corbin was born in Brooklyn, 1873, and had his preparation for college at Cutler's School and Westminster School, Dobbs Ferry; after which he entered Harvard, in the class of '96, where he was graduated *cum laude*. When taking his final examination at Harvard, in 1896, Mr. Corbin received the sad intelligence of his father's death in a runaway accident, at Newport, N. H. He came direct to New York to assume his duties as executor of this large estate. He is president of the Manhattan Beach

Estates,—a corporation now creating one of the most beautiful seaside villa colonies on this Continent; president of the Rockaway Park Improvement Company; co-partner in the Corbin Banking Company, and director in several large corporations.

Chalmers Dale possesses that peculiar energy and executive ability which is characterized as "American" and which advances capable young men in this country in situations of responsibility that in more conservative Europe would be filled by older men. He was born in New York, 1882, and is a graduate of the Hill School of Pottstown, Pa., and of Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, 1904. Realizing the responsibilities devolving upon him in the matter of large investments of his personal estate, Mr.



CHALMERS DALE

Dale undertook the study of the market conditions and of values and became in 1908 a member of the Stock Exchange. Since quitting the Stock Exchange, Mr. Dale has taken a leading part in the direction of the affairs of such well-known companies as the Precious Metals Corporation, of which he is treasurer; the East Canada Smelting Company, and the Federal Storage Battery Car Company. His office is at 49 Wall Street. He is a member of the Crescent and Riding and Driving clubs of Brooklyn and of the Lambs and Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Clubs.

The mining of precious metals has become one of the great industries of the world. Mother Earth has yielded the basis of all wealth. A young man who has achieved success in the exploitation of mines that were genuine producers is Charles Edward Greenough, born in the Windsor Hotel, this city, October, 1880. The Greenoughs were of English stock, descendants of pioneers who came hither from Rowley, England, in 1624, and settled in Rowley, Mass. Charles Ed-

ward Greenough received his early education at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and then entered the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, where he was graduated with honors in the class of 1902. As his family were largely interested in the Portland mine at Cripple Creek, Col., young Greenough earnestly pursued a course of mining engineering at Yale.

About this time Grant B. Schley, of the firm of Moore & Schley, suggested to the young man the vast possibilities for the development of the mineral wealth of Mexico. Mr. Greenough went to the neighboring republic and continued prospecting until he had located more than fifty mines and had purchased 300,000 acres of land—property consisting chiefly of old ranches, containing fine timber easily accessible to the railroads. To handle this immensely valuable property, the Grand Union Mining Company was formed, with Mr. Greenough as Treasurer. That a young man, not twenty-five, should be selected by New York capitalists to manage so large an enterprise indicates the confidence reposed in him, as well as his capacity and experience as a mining engineer.

Mr. Greenough has found time to interest himself in other enterprises, and is President of the International Fire Preventive Company, manufacturers of Salamanderite, a fireproof substitute for wood; he was recently elected President of the Henry L. Lewen Company, which successfully introduced a new system of reinforced concrete in the United States and Canada. He is prominently identified with an improved sight for use of firearms.

In 1909 Mr. Greenough married Miss Eleanor Whitridge, daughter of Frederick W. Whitridge, the prominent lawyer and receiver of the Third Avenue Railroad. Her grandfather was the late Matthew Arnold, the great English writer. They have one son, John Whitridge Greenough, born October 5, 1911, and christened in Grace Church on November 16, 1911, after the famous John Whitridge. Mr. Greenough is a member of the Metropolitan, New York Yacht, Aero, Delta Phi, Strollers, New York Athletic, Baltusrol, Sleepy Hollow, Whitehall, Lawyers',

and Yale clubs; also of the Sons of the Revolution, American Association for the Advancement of Science and Metropolitan Museum of Art.

I take great pleasure in quoting from a recent press notice which serves as an admirable summary of this young man prepared by a writer who is in close touch with Mr.



CHARLES E. GREENOUGH

Greenough's work: "Charles Edward Greenough is the type of man that most young men wish they might be. At the age of thirty years he has long since looked the world straight in the eye and has taken from her that to which he is entitled—success. His history has the happy glow of healthful vigor used with good sense. And he is a New Yorker—the true New Yorker, such as we seldom see

and often read about—a man with the calibre to absorb the atmosphere of the metropolis and profit by the experience.”

Among the brokerage and banking houses of the city that have connections with all the important financial centers, is that of J. S. Bache & Co. This firm holds membership in the New York Stock, Cotton and Produce Exchanges; the Chicago Stock Exchange and the Liverpool and New Orleans Cotton Exchanges. It maintains branch offices in many cities.

For twenty years J. Frank Howell has been an active and respected member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange of New York and is a member of the Board of Governors. His business has steadily grown and through many panics that swept away more pretentious concerns Mr. Howell's business never wavered, and he carries to-day untarnished prestige; that is all an investor can ask or expect of a broker, and is the reason that J. Frank Howell prospers.



Photo by "Leifing"

J. FRANK HOWELL

He keeps in constant touch with his customers by the publication of a daily market letter and *The Market Review Digest*, which he edits and issues weekly. Formerly Mr. Howell was a newspaper man of some prominence and the neatly printed and illustrated publication is his hobby and his customers' guide. It is sent free upon request to those interested. Integrity, conservative methods, character, safety and honesty of purpose are the attributes which have served to give Mr. Howell success and a comfortable fortune.

A house that has made a reputation for conservatism, since its formation seven years ago, is that of McCormick Brothers. They do a strictly commission business and have a large following.



ELBRIDGE G. SNOW

Elbridge Gerry Snow, President of the Home Insurance Company, was born in Barkhamstead, Conn., January 22, 1841. His education, begun in the district and high schools, was completed in the Fort Edward (N. Y.) Institute. After his graduation he studied law, but instead of engaging in practice he entered an insurance office in Waterbury, Conn. In 1862 he obtained a clerkship in the main office of the Home Insurance Company, in New York City, and since then his connection with the company has been continuous. He remained in the main office for nine years, then went to Boston as state agent of the company for Massachusetts; and, while there, also became a partner in a local agency representing several of the best companies, under the firm name of Hollis & Snow. In 1885 Mr. Snow returned to New York City as secretary of the company, became its vice-president in 1888, and since 1904 has been president of the company.

Besides being at the head of this great company, Mr. Snow is a Trustee of the New York Life Insurance Company, and is a director of the North River Savings Bank and other corporations.

Among the City's strong and able banking institutions, none perhaps is better, or more favorably known than the house of Redmond & Co., which, since its organization in 1892, has grown steadily until it is one of the leaders among New York's large financial institutions and has correspondents and agents in all parts of the world. The firm of Redmond & Co. was founded by the late senior partner, Mr. Henry S. Redmond, and is now composed of Mr. Franklin Q. Brown, Mr. W. Redmond Cross, Mr. James C. Bishop, Mr. Otto J. Thomen and Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, all of whom have long been prominently engaged in financial and railway matters, not only in New York City, but throughout the entire country. Possibly the best known among the group is Franklin Q. Brown, the senior member of the firm, who was for many years vice-president of the Plant System of railroads, president of The Plant Investment Company and president of several Southern railways. He is now a director and member of the Executive Committee of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, director and Chairman of the Executive and Finance Committees of the National Surety Company, director and member of the Executive Committee of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, director of the Virginia Railway and of many other financial institutions.

Mr. W. Redmond Cross is a director in various railroads. Mr. James C. Bishop, is a director in the Mechanics and Metals National Bank, the Auburn Trust Company and other institutions. Mr. Otto J. Thomen is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and a trustee of the Staten Island Savings Bank and Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell is a recognized expert of many years' experience in railroad and public service corporations. These five men, comprising the firm of Redmond & Company, have long been prominent in bringing out new and important bond issues of steam and street

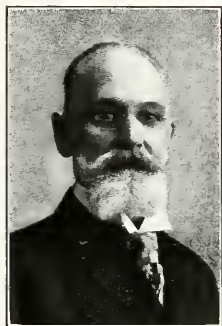
railways, lighting companies and similar enterprises. The firm is known for its conservatism; has connections and ramifications in every foreign financial centre and its Letters of Credit and Travelers' Cheques are known the world over.



The New Banking House of
REDMOND & COMPANY

The firm's offices are in its marble building of beautiful and impressive design. The building is thoroughly up-to-date in every respect and is equipped with the latest modern devices in the way of vaults for the safekeeping of securities and other valuables, and every known improvement for the expeditious conduct of a large banking business. The interior of the offices, like the exterior, conveys an impression of solidity. There has been no attempt at gaudy decoration and the plainness is elegant and suggestive of strength. The reputation of Redmond & Company being international and the architectural beauty and elegance of its offices being widely known, a portion of each business day has to be set aside for the reception of foreign bankers, correspondents of the firm and many others who come to see the building and the facilities of this model, modern up-to-date American banking house.

Modern life has so increased the dangers of existence that far-seeing men have created corporations for the financial safeguarding of humanity in cases of accident. One of the best known institutions in this line of semi-philanthropic effort is the Fidelity & Casualty Company of New York, the managers of which, in this city, are E. E. Clapp & Co. This firm paid to the Fidelity & Casualty Company, on account of last year's business, nearly \$1,500,000. The directing head of this firm, Edward Everett Clapp, comes of Colonial



EDWARD E. CLAPP

stock and was born at Holyoke, Mass., January, 1838. At the age of 23 Mr. Clapp sailed for China, where he engaged in the cotton industry,—being among the first foreigners to do so. The close of the Civil War caused a cessation of that industry there and he returned to the United States in 1875 and entered the insurance business in Albany. In 1881 he came to New York as General Manager of the Casualty Department of the Fidelity & Casualty Company for the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and to-day his firm is the most important concern in its line in the world. He is a member of the Union League, the Down Town Association, the Peace Society, the Economic Club of New York, the Essex County Country Club and the New England Society, of Orange, the Republican Club of East Orange and the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of New Jersey. He is also a 32d degree Mason.

The insurance men of this country are among its brainiest, most energetic and most successful citizens. To take high rank among its leaders requires ability of the rarest order, and the widespread and enviable reputation enjoyed by Mr. Clapp and his firm is one of which any man might be proud.

The world's debt to Italy never can be paid. The large Italian population of New York has contributed so much to this city's adornment that feelings of gratitude must inspire whatever words are said in praise of it. One man who has particularly distinguished himself as an adopted citizen of our metropolis is Cesare Conti, banker and steamship agent, who came among us as a youth in 1876 from his native town of Pontremoli, Province of Massa Carara. He opened an office at 35 and 37 Broadway, in the building that has housed his business ever since, at the age of sixteen (1884). He had a small room on the second floor and a smaller office boy, since which time his banking business has developed to large proportions. Many of his fellow countrymen were imposed upon by irresponsible agents of private Italian banks, therefore Signor Conti aided the Banco di Napoli of Italy to establish the guaranteed money order system for the protection of emigrants from his native country. He was first to interest the Italian automobile builders to send their extraordinary and famous cars to the United States. His long steamship experience, as well as strong financial help, were utilized to form the now powerful Lloyd Sabaudo Steamship Company, the vessels of which form a continuous link between this port and the chief havens of Italy. Finally, he incorporated the Italo-American Stores, for the introduction of products from the land of his birth and has created a wide and growing market for many classes of goods not previously known or appreciated in this country. Also being the original dispenser of Green River Whiskey, a noted Kentucky product, Signor Conti has been deservedly honored by the monarch of his native land, having been created a Chevalier of the King of Italy. He has had a prominent part in raising funds for the erection of the beautiful monuments and statues to Garibaldi, Columbus, Verrazzano, Verdi and Dante. The Columbus shaft at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue entrance to Central Park is the handsomest monument to the Great Discoverer in existence, excelling the one in Columbus' native city of Genoa. The new Dante memorial will be a work of art. Space forbids even a mention of all the charities and

social organizations to which Signor Conti belongs. The Lotos and Columbia Yacht clubs always welcome him; he is Vice-President of the Italian Chamber of Commerce.

When an American travels abroad, he finds of equal importance the securing of passage on a fast and staunch steamship and the procurement of a proper letter of credit that will keep him in funds, no matter where he goes. The assurance that he will be landed in safety on the other side of the ocean is desirable, but the gratification of knowing that money is easily forthcoming for the expenses of his tour exceeds all other anxieties after he is ashore. There are many ways of transferring money; but, for a traveler, the letter of credit has proved superior to all others. Its safety highly recommends it. Travelers' checks, such as are issued by Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, are also safe and convenient for the tourist in any country in the world and are in amounts of from \$10.00 to \$100.00.

The banking firm of Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne does a large business in supplying letters of credit to Americans who travel in all parts of the world. In addition to its financial value, the bearer of such a certificate finds it as good for identification as a letter from the Secretary of State. Not only does it identify the possessor, but it assures him of the ability to proceed upon his journey with promptitude. There isn't a city of Europe, or Asia, or South America, or the West Indies, containing a bank in which such a letter of credit cannot be drawn upon.

This firm has associated with it a capable young banker named Oscar Louis Gubelman, who has been reared in an atmosphere of banking. His first experience was obtained in the banks of Jersey City, his birthplace, whence he crossed the Hudson to accept an important post in a New York bank. He was born in May, 1876, and is of German ancestry on both sides of his house. His father arrived in this country sixty years ago and located in the strongly German settlement on the New Jersey side of the river. Young Gubelman was educated at the public and high schools of Jersey City, taking a final course at the Stevens School, Hoboken. When seventeen years old he obtained a

clerical position in the Third National Bank, of Jersey City, but a year later he went to the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, where, during six years' service, he received thorough training. The efficiency of his work caused him to be offered the position of secretary and treasurer of the Commercial Trust Company, of Jersey City, and he was soon after elected its vice-president. In 1904 Mr. Gubelman was made vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York City, from which post, in 1907, he became a partner of Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne. That he was



OSCAR L. GUBELMAN

an acquisition of strength to the firm is proved by the important matters entrusted to his final disposition. He is classed among the coming men in Wall Street.

Mr. Gubelman is a director of the Commercial Trust Company, of New Jersey; secretary, treasurer and a director of the Eastern Construction Company; director of the Electrical Securities Corporation; director of The Mechanics Trust Company, of New Jersey; director of the Underwood Typewriter Company; director of The Regina Company; director of the Locomotive Super Heater Company; director of the American Cities Co., di-

rector of the Computing, Tabulating and Recording Co., director of the First National Bank of West Orange, N. J., and director of the Registrar & Transfer Co., of New Jersey. He is a member of the Automobile Club of America, Downtown Association, the Railroad Club, the Essex County Country Club, the Deal Country Club, the Recess Club and the Jersey City Club. He is, also, a lover of outdoor sports, a reader of books and an intelligent student of the general problems of the business world.

Another descendant of a Revolutionary family is Thomas Jewett Hollowell, born at Steubenville, Ohio, December, 1869. He received an education in



THOMAS J. HALLOWELL.

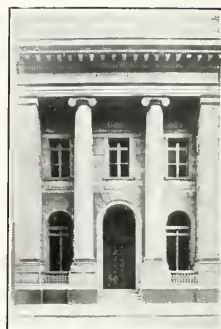
Europe and, returning to America, began a banking career as clerk in the Second National Bank of New York City. Mr. Hollowell became an employé of the American Surety Company and, later, manager of the Fidelity Department of the Lawyers' Surety Company. The banking firm of Hollowell & Henry was formed.

Mr. Hollowell served in the Spanish-American War as a petty Naval officer. He is treasurer of the Associated Maryland Corporation, of the Montague Realty Company, the Kitchawan Telephone Company, and a member of the American Bankers' Association. His club is the Players'; he is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and of the Society of Colonial Wars.

Occupying a new and handsome building at Nos. 49 and 51 West Thirty-third Street, in the hub of New York City, the Mutual Bank has every facility for conducting its constantly increasing business. The bank was first established in 1889 with quarters at Thirty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue; David Stevenson was the first president, and after removal to Thirty-third Street and Broadway, James McClenahan succeeded to the presidency. Charles A. Sackett has been the executive head since 1907, and under his direction the business

of the institution has largely increased. The capital is \$200,000, and the statement of February 28, 1912, showed surplus and undivided profits of \$387,213.50 and deposits of \$4,496,567.91. (Deposits now \$5,100,000.) The new building, aside from the advantage of being centrally located, is equipped with the most improved safety deposit vaults and every modern device to facilitate business.

The officers are: President, Charles A. Sackett; vice-president, John C. Van Cleaf; vice-president and cashier, Hugh N. Kirkland, and assistant-cashier, Eugene Galvin. The board of directors includes: Richard Delafield, chairman, Andrew J. Comick, Thomas Dimond, Otto M. Eidlitz, A. P. W. Kinnam, C. W. Luyster, E. A. McAlpin, Samuel McMillan, Charles A. Sackett, James Thompson, John C. Van Cleaf, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Charles P. Taft and Isadore Taks.



THE MUTUAL BANK

The present firm of J. L. Newborg & Bro. was formed in 1904 and consists of J. L. and Leo D. Newborg. J. L. Newborg has been a member of the New York Stock Exchange since 1901. The house does a commission business exclusively.

There is a woman in this city actively engaged in commercial business that it is a pleasure to know. She maintains that having been born in New Hampshire, educated in Massachusetts and having taught school in Connecticut, she is necessarily a New Englander. Knowing that her chief successes have been achieved in this competitive metropolis, where nobody gets to the top by accident, I say she is a cosmopolitan. Myra Belle Martin is descended from pioneer Puritans, but not from the "Mayflower." Her frankness in this respect is admirable. The first acquirement for which she can thank her forebears is a finished education which has enabled her to instruct others. Before she could have voted,

had she been of the voting sex, she was teaching Latin, Greek and mathematics and preparing young men for college. She prepared many young men for Harvard, Yale and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many young women for Smith, Vassar and Wellesley, all of whom have done credit to her training. In 1889, she gave up teaching and came to New York as associate manager of the office of the Prang Educational Company, of Boston. Even more successful in business than she had been in the other field of educational work, since 1893 she has been engaged as secretary of several important corporations in the United States and Mexico, success of some of them being largely due to her faithful work. For example, she was the first secretary of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, the undivided stock of which was sold by popular subscription. Preparing most of the advertising matter, she personally issued to two thousand stockholders certificates for one hundred and fifty thousand shares of its capital stock, countersigned by two prominent Trust Companies. She not only personally secured for the company the first money so vitally important to a corporation, but she also handled about \$1,250,000 received in subscriptions for the stock. This is believed to be a record for accuracy unsurpassed by any one of either sex in a similar position. Her work brought her into business relations with many prominent financial corporations and she has the confidence of all officials who have had personal dealings with her.

Miss Martin has not allowed devotion to business to dull her interest in the better things of life. One of the founders of the Patria Club, she is president of the Shakespeare Club, is a member of the Municipal Art Society, American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, American Anthropological Association, National Geographic Society, National Society of Craftsmen, life member of the National Arts Club, and a Daughter of the American Revolution. In charitable work, her sympathies lie particularly with children, and until the Guild for Crippled Children of the Poor was merged in an organization of similar purpose, she was a member of its

Board of Managers. Miss Martin has registered herself as a law student and looks forward to taking her examination for admission to the bar. And yet the woman successful as a teacher, successful in business, and with a possibly brilliant future as a lawyer is a woman still! She has caught the spirit of success without losing the charm of her sex. She is even more at home in her pleasant studio at the National Arts Club than in a downtown office, amid the din of business. She can converse on literature and art with an author or a painter after the day's work is done as well as she can talk trade to a stern bank president during business hours.

The man who can teach his fellows how to save money is a public benefactor; many of us cannot learn the secret. Walter Francis



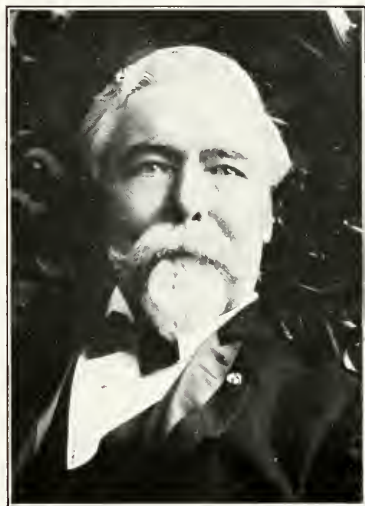
WALTER F. BURNS

Burns originated the Home Savings Bank System, which consists of a small steel safe into which money can be placed but cannot be extracted except by an officer of a financial institution having the key. So successful has this system of securing a savings account proved that it has been adopted by more than 3,000 banking institutions in the United States and over 500

banks in foreign countries. Altogether, his devices have been placed in several million homes. He is president of the Burns Realty Company, and a large owner of Inwood property. Mr. Burns was born at Fredericktown, Cecil County, Maryland, and is descended from a distinguished Naval family. His father was Captain Owen Burns, U. S. N.; his grandfather, Captain Otway Burns, commanded the U. S. Privateer "Snap Dragon," in the War of 1812-'15. To the memory of this patriot, the State of North Carolina recently erected a monument at Beaufort, and the town of Burnsville, named after him, conferred a similar honor in 1908. The Burns family, originally English, inherited a large tract of

land granted by the King to its great-great-grandfather in 1732, which Walter F. Burns now retains as head of the house.

From the humblest beginning to a position of prominence in the financial and commercial world forms the life story of Colonel Andrew D. Baird, who came from Scotland when a boy and locating in Brooklyn started to work as a blacksmith's helper for a weekly wage of \$2.50. He afterward became an apprentice to a stone cutter and thoroughly learned the



ANDREW D. BAIRD

art of cutting and fitting stone. He had risen to an assistant foremanship when the Civil War broke out, but resigned the position at the first call for troops and joined the 79th (Highlander) Regiment as a private. He fought in every battle in which his regiment was engaged, winning successive promotions for bravery until at the siege of Vicksburg he had risen to a captaincy and was made major at Petersburg. He was brevetted lieutenant-colonel for gallantry at Fort Saunders, Knoxville, Tenn., where with but 145 men he repelled Longstreet's force of 8,000. He was several times wounded and still carries a bullet in his left arm. After the war he returned

to Brooklyn and formed a partnership with Robinson Gill, with whom he served his apprenticeship. He afterwards bought his partner's interest, and for many years carried on the business alone, furnishing the cut stone for many important buildings and thousands of dwellings and churches. Col. Baird has always been interested in politics. He was elected a Republican member of the Board of Alderman in 1876, serving three terms. He was on two occasions candidate for Mayor and was only defeated by small majorities. In addition to his large interest in the firm of Andrew D. Baird & Sons, he is vice-president and director of the Manufacturers National Bank, vice-president and trustee of the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, trustee of the Nassau Trust Company, president of the Industrial Home, Brooklyn, E. D., director of the Brooklyn Public Library, director of the Eagle Warehouse and Storage Company, director of the Realty Associates and president of the Brooklyn Times.

One of the strong financial institutions of the Metropolis is the Merchants Exchange National Bank. With a cash capital of \$600,000, it has surplus and undivided profits of \$607,072.19 and deposits of \$7,943,511.80.

Across the river, in Jersey City, N. J., is the First National Bank, one of the strongest financial institutions in the State. It has a capital of \$400,000; surplus and undivided profits of \$1,306,631.47, and deposits amounting to \$7,338,704.46. The officers are: president, George J. Smith; vice-president, Robert E. Jennings; cashier, Edward I. Edwards, and assistant cashier, Henry Brown, Jr.

As a financier, Colgate Hoyt is one of the prominent figures in Wall Street affairs. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, March 2, 1849, and is now senior member of the banking and brokerage house of Colgate Hoyt & Co. Throughout his long and successful career Mr. Hoyt has been interested in many of the leading trans-continental railroads and has materially aided in building up some of the lines.

He is an ex-president of the Automobile Club of America, a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York Society

Founders and Patriots of America, Pilgrim Society, New York Zoological Society, North Shore Horse Show Association, American Social Science Association, New York School of Applied Design for Women, Chamber of Commerce, Empire State Society, S. A. R., Oyster Bay Board of Trade, Ohio Society of New York, and the Union League, Metropolitan, New York Yacht and City Midday clubs of New York City, the Union Club of Cleveland, Canadian Camp, Peiping Rock Kennel, and the Mill Neck Club of Oyster Bay.

The business man in national affairs is always an interesting study, chiefly because he is exceptional. No better example can be



CORNELIUS A. PUGSLEY

found in this state than Cornelius Amory Pugsley, who, in addition to mastering the banking business and becoming president of the Westchester County National Bank, at Peekskill, has distinguished himself in Congress. He was born at Peekskill, of an old Westchester County family that dates back to 1680, at which time John and Matthew Pugsley came from England and settled in

the Manor of Pelham. When the Revolution broke out, the family divided, the Royalist wing going to Canada and the liberty-loving members remaining here. Mr. Pugsley's great-grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution and his grandfather served as a Captain in the War of 1812, making him eligible as a Son of the American Revolution and the Society of the War of 1812. Mr. Pugsley was unanimously elected President-General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution at Faneuil Hall, Boston, in 1906, and he presided over the National Congress at Denver in 1907. He was educated at the public schools and privately, served for a time as assistant postmaster in his native town and then entered the banking business. He was sent to the House of Representatives for one

term in 1900, being the only Democrat elected in New York State between New York City and Buffalo.

Mr. Pugsley's early education has been supplemented by extensive reading and much travel, giving to him broad and comprehensive knowledge. He has visited every state and territory, including Alaska. Europe is well known to him and he has also travelled in the Holy Land and Egypt, Algiers and other parts of Africa. While in the Orient, he wrote a series of letters to the *Evangelist* which attracted attention. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, of the New England Society and many other social organizations. He is a lover of the horse, but lately has acquired a taste for motoring. Mr. Pugsley is distinguished as an orator. He has delivered several memorable addresses on historic anniversaries in this country, among which may be mentioned his Decoration Day speech at Trinity Cemetery, N. Y., an address at the tomb of the Prison Ship Martyrs, Fort Greene Park, Brooklyn; another at Detroit, Mich., on the occasion of an anniversary celebration of the French Alliance; again at a lecture on the Holy Land and the East; an after-dinner speech at the National Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, at Denver, and a speech on "The American Spirit," delivered at Boston.

Accountancy has become so necessary to every branch of corporate, financial and mercantile work that it has developed into a profession, ranking with the largest and most important in this country. Among those who have attained high reputation in this line of work is Leonard H. Conant, who numbers among his clients some of the most important concerns in New York City and many municipalities throughout the United States.

Many of the active reform measures recently instituted in the Customs Service at the Port of New York are due to the initiative of the Surveyor, Nelson Herrick Henry. General Henry was born on Staten Island in 1855 and pursued a thorough education looking to the practice of medicine. He was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in the class of 1879. He built up an extensive practice, was appointed Assistant



GEN'L NELSON B. HENRY

DR. WALTER BENSEL

CHARLES V. FORNES

Surgeon-General N. G. S. N. Y., and later Chief Surgeon of the State. When the Cuban War broke out, in 1898, President McKinley made him a Chief Surgeon of Division. After the war he represented the Fifth Assembly district in the Legislature until 1901, where he initiated the movement for the State control of tuberculosis patients and introduced the original bill for the creation of a State Sanitarium. On the completion of twenty-five years of active service in the National Guard, on February 19, 1910, he was commissioned by Governor Hughes Major-General by brevet. General Henry was appointed and served five consecutive terms as Adjutant-General of the State under as many different Governors, a record never equalled. His appointment as Surveyor of the Port of New York dates from June 15, 1910.

One of the men who has demonstrated his efficiency in the Department of Health is Walter BenseL, born in this city, in 1869. He is a product of the public schools and of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, taking an M.D. degree at the latter in 1890. He began practice as a physician in 1892, after eighteen months' surgical experience in Bellevue Hospital and three months in the Sloane Maternity Hospital. He served as assistant surgeon at the Vanderbilt Clinic for five years, after which he lectured for two years on surgery at the Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; he was, for a time, Pathologist at

the New York Hospital. He served in numerous capacities in the Department of Health, between 1892 and 1907. He was appointed an Associate in Hygiene and Preventive Medicine at Columbia University; he also served as First Lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps of the U. S. A. He is a member of numerous medical and social organizations.

Having many interests, both commercial and financial in New York and being thoroughly conversant with the needs of the city, Charles V. Fornes has made an able representative from the 11th District in the 60th, 61st and 62nd sessions of Congress.

Mr. Fornes was born in Erie County, New York, January 22, 1847, and worked his own way through academic and commercial courses in Lockport Union Academy, graduating in 1864.

Upon completing his education he entered the employ of Dahlman & Co., woolen merchants, and then with the nephew of his employer started the firm of Dahlman & Fornes. He removed to New York City in 1877, the firm becoming C. V. Fornes & Co. Mr. Fornes is a trustee of the Emigrant's Industrial Bank, the New York Mortgage & Security Company, and the Columbian National Life Insurance Company. He was president of the Board of Alderman of New York City from 1901 to 1905 and member of the Committee on Columbian Celebration in 1902.

He has been treasurer of the Catholic Protectorate and is now the secretary. He is a member of the Catholic Club and Democratic Club of New York City and is an ex-president of the Champlain Club of Plattsburg, New York.

The triumph of a resolute nature over apparently insurmountable circumstances never was better exemplified than in the case of

Charles W. Anderson, Collector of Internal Revenue for the 2d District of New York City. Born in Ohio (Oxford), of poor parents, he worked his way through high school and commercial college while supporting a widowed mother and two sisters. He afterwards studied law, serving meanwhile as managing clerk of a law firm, but he never applied for admission to



CHARLES W. ANDERSON

the bar. He devoted his leisure time to reading and mental development in preparation for newspaper work. In pursuit of employment of that character, he came to New York and worked as a reporter, with unqualified success. A taste for politics changed the current of his life and he took an active part in the local Republican campaigns, speaking as a "spellbinder" in local and national campaigns of the Republican party. For several years he served as an efficient supervisor of racing accounts for the N. Y. Racing Commission, and was for four years chief clerk of the State Treasury Department of N. Y. State. In 1906 President Roosevelt appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue and he has since discharged the duties of his office to entire satisfaction. He is a member of N. Y. State Republican Committee, a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York City, and a member of the National Geographic Society.

The frank confession of the little Emperor of China, ostensibly from his own hand, on October 30, 1911, must appeal to the American people, who, for fifty years, endured indifference of their Chief Magistrates and chicanery or complaisance from most of the Congressmen, judiciary, governors, state legislators, mayors and city officials who misrepresented them. Wretched young Hsuan-Tung, feeling the Manchui dynasty tottering beneath him, cried aloud: "I have not employed proper men; those whom I trusted have deceived me; public opinion has been antagonized; when I urge reform, officials embezzle; much of the people's money has been taken, but nothing to benefit the people has been achieved; all China is grumbling, disaster looms ahead; these things are my own fault!"

Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and McKinley might have written and signed such an edict with entire truthfulness; but they never did. There were few champions of popular rights! "Protection" to the producing and manufacturing interests was thought to be the gospel of prosperity! I had been raised on the doctrine and had served under Horace Greeley; I began with that opinion. But as I came to understand the public official, I soon saw that he was not a public servant. He was serving individuals, not the whole people, rich and poor alike! He took life easily, and was constantly advancing his pay.

The awakening came only when President Roosevelt literally "shook up" this country by telling its citizens what indifferent creatures they were sending to the Senate and House. Roosevelt was not the first man to speak these truths, but the presidential voice commanded attention! As the miserable little Emperor of China says, "Nothing for the people, everything for the nabobs!"

When, therefore, earnest, conscientious national, state and municipal officials are chosen who are strict in attention to duty, they should command especial respect, because they are unlike the great majority of such trusted citizens. Personal honesty is not all; indifference has been the menace to popular rights in this country! I have known many capable na-

tional, state and city officials who had a correct conception of their duties. But their voices were not as potential as they might have been made, had greater energy been employed.

The development of the fire-alarm system in the city of New York has made it one of the most efficient features of that Department. To this work John Clifford Rennard contributed much. He was born in Philadelphia in 1866 and took his first degree in the Central High School of the Quaker City. He then secured an appointment to the United States Military Academy, where he was graduated in 1890. After serving four years of military duty, he resigned to take a course in electricity

The State's administration of appropriations made for the needy is characterized by efficiency, compared with examples found in many county and private charitable institutions. About 95 per cent. of the State's money reaches its proper destination, the small remainder being used for expenses. The present secretary of the State Board of Charities, Robert William Hebbard, attained that position after much preliminary experience in charitable work. Born in this city, October, 1857, he was educated at Grammar School No. 37 and the Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls. He began his active career in 1881 with the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, his special charge being the needy in



J. CLIFFORD RENNARD



ROBERT W. HEBBERD



GEORGE McANENY

at Columbia University and was graduated as electrical engineer. He started his business career as an assistant in the New York Telephone Company, and, in 1900, had risen to Assistant Engineer of that great organization. At the end of seven years he resigned that post to begin practice as a consulting electrical engineer. In August, 1910, he received his appointment as electrical engineer of the New York Fire Department for the special purpose of designing and installing a new alarm-telegraph system. While with the telephone company, Mr. Rennard converted the entire switchboard equipment from magneto to common battery type, involving the installation of new central offices capable of handling upward of 100,000 telephone lines.

the Twelfth and Nineteenth Wards. Early he developed strong humanitarian instincts and not only found his work interesting but gratifying. Subsequently, Mr. Hebbard became superintendent of the Charity Organization Society of this city, also serving for a brief period as secretary of the State Board, and in 1906 he was appointed Commissioner of Public Charities of the City of New York. Since April, 1910, he has been acting in his present capacity. While Commissioner he caused the preparation of plans—a thing never undertaken before—covering a systematic development of building and other work for the next half century. He is a member of the City Club and a 32d degree Mason. He is an Independent with Democratic inclinations

Long years of business experience and an expert knowledge of accountancy have enabled William F. Schneider to fill the office of County Clerk with more than ordinary success.



WILLIAM F. SCHNEIDER

He was born in New York City, November 24, 1864, educated at the public schools and graduated in 1879, entering the employment of The H. B. Claffin Company two years later. He remained with the firm for twenty-one years, the last ten being Assistant Chief Accountant, and retired to join with M.

M. Smith in the formation of the firm of M. M. Smith & Co., manufacturers of ladies', misses' and children's dresses, at No. 134 and 136 West Twenty-fifth Street. Mr. Schneider was a member of the Board of Alderman for four years, and during his term acted as Chairman of Committee on Bridges and Tunnels, introducing the resolution for the erection of the Queensboro and Manhattan bridges. He is a member of the Harlem Board of Commerce, the National Democratic Club and the Royal Arcanum.

A brilliant and still a young man who has risen to responsible position is John P. Cohalan. Timothy Cohalan and Ellen O'Leary,

both born in Ireland, are the parents of the present Surrogate, who was born in Brooklyn on the most auspicious date of March 17, 1873. After attending the public schools at Middletown, N. Y., John Cohalan studied at Manhattan College, where he attained the degree of A.B. in 1893, and was admitted to the bar in 1895.



JOHN P. COHALAN

After practicing law successfully for several years he ran for Assembly and was elected in 1906. He apparently "made good" as a legislator, for in the following year he was elected to the Senate. The tenure of his present post of Surrogate of New York County dates from January 1, 1909. Surrogate Cohalan belongs to the Manhattan, Catholic, Oakland Golf Clubs and several others.

With a mind stored by years of newspaper experience and the study of law, George McAneny is especially well-equipped for the presidency of the Borough of Manhattan.

He was born in Greenville, N. J., December 24, 1869, and is a graduate of the Jersey City High School. After leaving school he served as reporter and correspondent for various New York newspapers and weeklies and was secretary of the Civil Service Reform League, having for ten years much to do with the promotion and enforcement of Federal and State Civil Service Laws and drafting the City Civil Service rules now in force. He was elected President of the Borough of Manhattan on the Fusion ticket in 1909. He is vice-president of the National Municipal League, president of the Friendly Aid Society, vice-president of the Armstrong Association, having to do with the Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, and trustee of Jeanes Fund for Rudimentary Negro Education. His clubs are the Century, City, Manhattan and Lake George Country.

Lovers of travel have reasonable cause to envy my Lotos Club friend, William Herbert Libby, who, during thirty years, visited all parts of the world as arbitrator and diplomatic agent of the Standard Oil Company. He is a New Englander of English descent, extending back to 1620 at Massachusetts Bay. Starting with a common school education, Mr. Libby at the age of twenty (1865) entered trade in the petroleum business in this city. It was a new article of merchandise at that time, but young Libby became so distinguished as an expert that, in 1878, he was asked to enter the employment of the Standard Oil Company. He was at once sent on the road to extend that corporation's business in Oriental countries. For twenty years

Mr. Libby was the foreign representative of the great company; he pushed its trade into every corner of the world; he arbitrated all disputes and became a sincere believer in conciliation rather than aggression. During that time, he travelled more than 300,000 miles—making several trips round the world—and was received at many European and Oriental courts. Recently, at the age of 65, Mr. Libby accepted a post of advisory character and has settled down in this city. He is a member of many social organizations.

Just across the Canadian line, opposite Franklin County, N. Y., in the village of Dundee, A. Paul Gardiner, now a successful manufacturer in this city, was born in 1865. He is of Scotch descent, but his fore-



A. PAUL GARDINER

bears lived more than a century in Canada, having originally purchased their lands from the Indians. Young Paul secured his education at the district high schools and Franklin Institute, after which he went to Montreal and became a clerk in a dry goods house. Remaining there a short time he came to New York and engaged himself to a large cotton manufacturing concern, his duties taking him to every state in the Union. Mr. Gardiner was

first to found a magazine on a coöperative plan of publication among retail merchants, when *Modes and Fabrics* came into existence, attaining an enormous circulation. Its publication continued for sixteen years and led to the promotion of proprietary medicines, in which Mr. Gardiner made a fortune. He was among the earliest to realize the prospective growth of the Bronx, and actively undertook the development of land therein. He has a fine estate at Croton-on-Hudson, called "Hessian Hill Farm." Mr. Gardiner has written several books, *The House of Cariboo* and *Other Tales of Arcadia*, *The Fifth Avenue Social Trust* and *Paul's Adventures to Date*.

The growth of Italian trade with this country has been largely due to the enterprise shown by a number of Italian merchants who have established houses in this city and introduced Italian products to the American market. Among these merchants none has displayed more energy than Antonio Zucca, born in Trieste while it belonged to Italy. It is now in possession of Austria. He was educated at the commercial schools of his native city, and after considerable stay in Northern Italy came to the United States about 1869 and established the house of Zucca & Co. He became an American citizen and organized the Italian Political Association; was School Trustee for a number of terms; was elected Coroner in the Borough of Manhattan; then President of the Board of Assessors, N. Y. He is a member of Tammany Hall, on its executive committee; he has served as President of the Italian Chamber of Commerce; President of the International Peace Society (Italian branch); is a director of the Italian Savings Bank and Italian Benevolent Association. He has been decorated three times by the King of Italy.



ANTONIO ZUCCA

Tammany Hall has had some thoroughly upright chiefs who have done much to remove popular discredit attached to it by the name of Tweed. John Kelly was an unscrupulous politician in every respect except that he would not countenance "graft" or political blackmail. Richard Croker, who succeeded him as the head of the local Democratic machine, never was a party to the small schemes of his department heads. He was personally honest, but he availed himself of inside knowledge of proposed local enactments by the Board of Aldermen to secure options in speculative properties and thus became a very rich man. Other people, in railroad and insurance boards, have done the same thing without incurring public censure. Why should a politician be judged by a higher standard than the head of a great banking house who is often, likewise, chief man in his church? When Mr. Croker decided to remove to Ireland in 1894, Tammany was managed for a time by a triumvirate, consisting of Mayor Gilroy, Police Commissioner J. J. Martin and County Clerk H. D. Purroy, until about July, 1895, when John C. Sheehan was unanimously elected leader, a distinction he held until January, 1898. Mr. Croker returned at that time and got control, remaining here until the fall of 1901, when he secured the appointment of Lewis Nixon in his place and went back to Ireland. Mr. Nixon only lasted from November of that year to May of 1902. He lacked experience, was all things to all men and therefore popular; but he gave way to a Committee of Three, consisting of Louis Haffen, D. F. McMahon and Chas. F. Murphy.

Of all these men, the most interesting is John C. Sheehan, whom I have known and greatly respected for many years. He was a successful leader in the dominant party of this city and had scored equally well as a lawyer and a private contractor. Whatever money he accumulated has been earned in these two activities; not one dollar has been made in politics. He practiced law for some years before he became prominent in Tammany Hall politics, was recognized as an able practitioner and advanced to the top of his profession by natural progress. Every foot

of the way was hotly contested by able lawyers of that period and he did not gain a step without fighting for it. I came to know Mr.



JOHN C. SHEEHAN

Sheehan when he was a member of the Police Board, prior to Richard Croker's first abdication. He was then a Sachem in the Tammany Society, an especially active coadjutor of his chief at election times and performed his duties on a higher plane than most of the men who surrounded him. His frank, courteous but never obsequious manner made him generally popular. Possessed of a commanding presence, his large frame and good height distinguished him in a crowd. He became a member of the Police Commission, 1891, and served three years. When Mr. Croker withdrew from the limelight Mr. Sheehan became his successor. The advancement had been earned and occasioned no surprise. Unlike some men who have taken over this laborious task, Mr. Sheehan did not proceed to convert his position into a "get-rich-quick" proposition. Never was there a year of such economy at the Hall!

The first Mayor of the consolidated city was to be elected in November, 1897. Seth

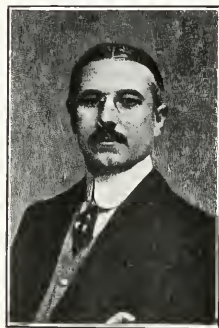
Low, who had previously been Mayor of Brooklyn and Gen. B. F. Tracy, Senator Platt's special candidate, were already in the field when Mr. Sheehan got his convention together at Grand Central Palace and named an exceptionally good city ticket with Robert A. Van Wyck for Mayor and Bird S. Coler for City Comptroller. Mr. Van Wyck had served as City Judge for eight years, was the founder and afterwards president of the Holland Society and possessed an excellent record; Mr. Coler had been raised in the banking house of his father, was thoroughly competent for the post and was taking his first step into political life. He was a popular young man well known in financial circles and the happiest choice made by Mr. Sheehan on the ticket. An exciting campaign followed. Mr. Low polled a tremendous vote, especially in Brooklyn. Judge Van Wyck was elected, despite public clamor against Tammany. The celebration of the creation of Greater New York, on the night of December 31, 1897, was a memorable affair. Although the weather was bad, the populace of this city, suddenly raised from a million and a half to nearly four millions of people and to second place among the cities of the world, paraded the streets amid general rejoicing. Inauguration of the new Mayor on the following morning started Greater New York upon its career! The Van Wyck administration, although attended with the Ice Trust scandal, must have a distinctive place in local history, because thereunder the present Subway system was inaugurated. Mayor Van Wyck lifted the first spadeful of earth, in front of City Hall, at a spot marked by a bronze tablet. When the new administration was successfully launched, Richard Croker returned from abroad and his interference with Mr. Sheehan caused the prompt retirement of the latter from leadership. Essentially a man of commercial training and, unlike later politicians that might be named, unwilling to enter as competitor for several large contracts that were in the open market, Mr. Sheehan retired to private life. He secured, as lowest bidder, the important contract for putting underground the Long Island railroad entering Brooklyn on Atlantic Avenue—the first sec-

tion of the new Subway system of Greater New York!

Mr. Sheehan was born at Buffalo, N. Y., August, 1848; was educated at St. Joseph's College and at a commercial institution of that city. He was admitted to the bar and practiced law many years; but his chief financial success has come through large contracts that have attained for him national prominence. Although out of active politics, Mr. Sheehan did not forget Mr. Croker's treatment and waited to get even. His opportunity came in the fall preceding the close of the Van Wyck administration, when he organized a fusion movement that overthrew Croker by defeating the Tammany Hall ticket. It will be remembered that Seth Low was the candidate for Mayor, but the rest of the ticket was conceded to Mr. Sheehan, namely, Comptroller, E. M. Grout; President of the Board of Aldermen, C. V. Fornes; President of the Borough of Manhattan, Jacob A. Cantor; Sheriff, W. J. O'Brien; Register, J. J. H. Ronner, and Coroner, Nicholas J. Brown. It was a memorable victory for Mr. Sheehan—"a whole revenge in one act," as Dumas would have said. He then quit politics forever.

Familiarity with Hellenic affairs has given Frank W. Jackson a decided advantage as an importer of Grecian products. He is a fluent

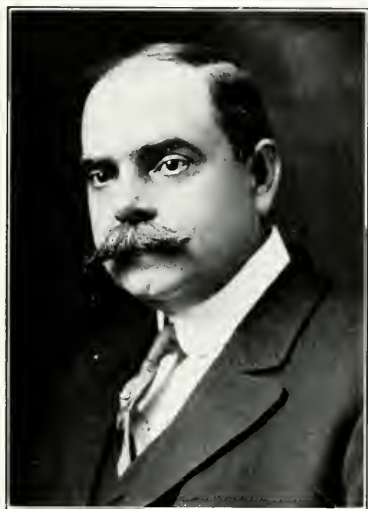
Greek scholar and served as American Consul at Greece for two years, at the same time studying the customs of the people and making historical and archaeological researches. Upon his return to America he was for some time general agent of the Hellenic Transatlantic Steamship Company of Athens and afterwards became an importer of Greek products. Mr. Jackson is a member



FRANK W. JACKSON

of the staff of lecturers of the New York Board of Education; a member of the Archaeological

Society of Athens, Greece; of the Circolo Nazionale Italiano, Phi Gamma Delta fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta Club and the Traffic Club of New York City. Mr. Jackson is a graduate of Bucknell University and was for several years head master in Greek at the Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Preparatory School.



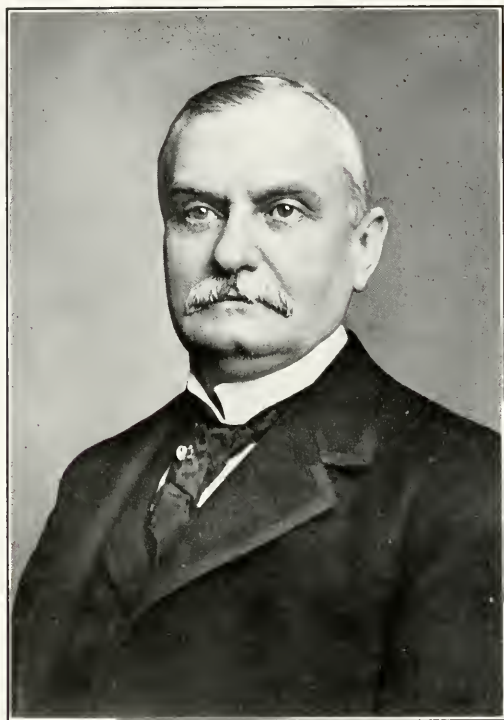
WILLIAM E. BEMIS

VICE-PRESIDENT STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

In a long and successful career in the field of finance no other event is so important as the part Benjamin B. Bryan played in the establishment of the brokers' private wire from New York to the Pacific Coast. He recognized the necessity of direct communication between the important financial cities and the immense producing fields of the West and Northwest, and was the pioneer in bringing 20,000 miles of territory in direct touch with the metropolis and the other investment centers. Mr. Bryan is a member of the firm of Logan & Bryan and is the nephew of Benjamin Butters, a well-known banker and broker who died at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, in 1896. He is a director of the Chicago Board of Trade and as one of a committee of four, appeared before Congress in 1908 in the defense of legitimate exchanges.

Of all men known to me, I cannot recall one that has such a sincere affection for his native State or greater devotion to the prosperity of the New South than Thomas Fortune Ryan, banker, railway magnate and prospective United States Senator from Virginia. There isn't a story in the "Arabian Nights" quite equal to the life history of this man. I never have known him very well, and I am told he is a Sphinx to his closest friends. I met him for the first time at the Chicago Convention of 1896, introduced by William C. Whitney. Born a poor boy at Lovingsston, Nelson County, Virginia, in 1851, and early orphaned, he went to Baltimore at 17, as clerk in a mercantile house, whence he came to the metropolis two years later and began his marvelous career. He started as a clerk in a bank,—I cannot learn the institution that would be glad to claim him as its pupil in finance. He saved enough money to buy a seat in the Stock Exchange in 1874 (then worth about \$5,000), and from that hour to this his success has been like a romance. Money making became a fine art with him. His arrival in Wall Street was after my year of activity there. To-day, in addition to a personal fortune of \$50,000,000, he probably controls and dominates more than a billion and a half of money, invested in enterprises chiefly because he is the directing mind therein! There is Revolutionary stock on both sides of his family, and a maternal grandfather, Thomas Fortune, was a captain in the second war with Great Britain, although I doubt if the New Yorker ever mentions these facts. These forebears, however, account for unflinching patriotism, which to my mind is only exceeded as human traits by love of God and humanity. In these latter respects, Mr. Ryan is eminent.

For many years Mr. Ryan's power was felt in Wall Street, but the source thereof was unrecognized. This man, whom William C. Whitney once described as "the most suave, adroit and noiseless personality American finance ever had known," suddenly emerged from self-created obscurity in 1888, when H. B. Hollins, Isaac L. Rice and E. B. Alexander undertook the capture of the Richmond Terminal Railroad. Alexander was president of the Georgia Central. A long litigation followed; but, about



THOMAS F. RYAN

1891, during money stringency, Luman, Thomas and Bryce, who controlled the Richmond Terminal could not borrow and had to sue for peace. Then Mr. Ryan appeared as director in a reorganized board and he was disclosed as the great unknown*.

That contest was a fine preparation for a subsequent struggle resulting in the capture of the Seaboard Air Line. There had been trouble in the directory of that corporation for several years. While the stock was quoted at \$45 a share on the Exchange, Mr. Ryan suddenly announced that he had bought control of the road for \$125 per share, from R. C. Hoffman, president of the company. But the

Hoffman party couldn't or wouldn't deliver the stock and Mr. Ryan spoke his mind to the public. A new syndicate headed by J. S. Williams and J. W. Middendorf offered \$200 per share, planning to unite the Seaboard with the Baltimore & Ohio. An injunction was refused to Mr. Ryan and, apparently he was defeated. He waited. When the panic of 1903 came, the Williams group got into difficulties and Mr. Ryan secured the Seaboard Air Line at his own figures.

Mr. Ryan's association with the late William C. Whitney in street railway enterprises were highly profitable, but details are too complicated to treat in a sketch of this length. The consolidation of the tobacco interests of the world is a different matter. It is probable that this achievement, conducted on his

*I have since used this historic contest in my financial novel "On a Margin," to depict the influence of a mighty hidden financial power.

own initiative, is the one *coup* that has brought most money to Thomas F. Ryan. Briefly, it may be said that during the '90s Mr. Ryan had organized the Union Tobacco Company, which acquired the Blackwell Bull-Durham and the Liggett & Myers Companies—the latter a St. Louis concern. These proved important factors in the organization of the American Tobacco Company, the purchase of the Continental and effective control of 80 per cent. of the cigar and tobacco trade of the United States. England was then invaded and a legal contest for possession of "Ogden's Limited" followed. A settlement resulted in the surrender to the American Tobacco Company of the United States territory and all colonies, Canada and Cuba, as well as a two-thirds interest in the British-American company formed to supply the rest of the world!

Prior to 1903, the National City Bank was the only one in this country with a capital of \$25,000,000, but Mr. Ryan decided to rival it by consolidating with the National Bank of Commerce, which he and friends controlled—the Hide and Leather and the Western National banks. The choice of "National Bank of Commerce," as a name, was due to the fact that this institution possesses special banking privileges granted to it by Congress during the Civil War to induce it to come into the national banking system. The creation of the old Morton Trust Company, now the Guarantee Trust Company, which has deposits of \$178,000,000 to-day, was an afternoon's work, so to speak. The Morton was then combined with the State Trust and to-day has about \$100,000,000 deposits. It seems too easy a proposition to deserve mention.

Mr. Ryan's most memorable *coup*, because it attracted the attention of the civilized world, was his purchase of the controlling Hyde interests in the Equitable Assurance Society. The Armstrong Committee had riddled that great corporation; the report of the Frick Committee of Directors, laying most of the blame upon James H. Hyde—who was only one director—had not satisfied the hundreds of thousands of policyholders. Something had to be done to restore confidence, or a splendid institution, having a benevolent purpose as its real objective, would go to pieces. When the

suspense was the most tense, when thousands of policyholders refused to pay premiums, Mr. Ryan announced the purchase by him of the Hyde shares, for the benefit of the policyholders! He paid \$2,500,000. To show absolute good faith, Mr. Ryan at once placed this stock in trust with three trustees:—Grover Cleveland, Justice Morgan J. O'Brien and George Westinghouse. Reorganization of the Equitable followed. Paul Morton, former Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt, was made President, and a \$400,000,000 institution was saved from disaster. In 1906, Mr. Ryan retired from thirty-odd banks and corporations with which he was connected. He still retains several directorships.

Tall, keen-visaged, but polite to the utmost degree, Mr. Ryan is a personality to whom one becomes greatly attached after acquaintance has ripened into friendship. In his office, his steel-gray eyes put one upon his guard; when luncheon at the Lawyers' Club or elsewhere, he is as genial as he is gentle. Simple in his personal habits, he smokes little, drinks less and cares nothing about what is described as "society." Away from Wall Street, his greatest interests lie in his beloved Virginia, where many millions of his money have been devoted to development of natural resources. At Oak Ridge, near the place of his birth, is his home—although he has a country home "Montebello," in Rockland County, N. Y., and a city house on Fifth Avenue.

A descendant of the old Knickerbocker family of Op Dyck, which settled in New York in 1640, George H. Opdyke was born here in 1867, receiving his education at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., from which he graduated Ph.B. in 1890 and with prizes in economics and history. He later took courses in Columbia University with degree of M.A. and in University of New York, from which he obtained the Ph.D. degree and completed with a law course at Columbia University, but did not graduate, leaving on account of a flattering business opening in Georgia. He was engaged in mining and railroading in the South from 1892 to 1901 and was admitted to the bar of Georgia but never practiced. From 1901 to 1904 he was engaged in mining

and railroading in California and Oregon. Returning to New York City he became interested in several business propositions as financial backer and has since confined his activities to this city.



MELVILLE E. STONE

No name is better known in the newspaper field throughout the world than Melville E. Stone at the head of the Associated Press. The above photograph is presented here although mention is often made of this wonderful news-gatherer in the previous chapters. Every newspaper man is his friend.

In the preceding pages much has been said regarding the New York *Tribune* in the olden days and its great editor and founder, Horace Greeley. The massive foundation laid then remains unshaken and the *Tribune* of to-day continues to represent the progressive spirit of the age. It was the first paper to use a rotary press, the first to use stereotyping, the first to use linotype machines. Its avenues

of information reach around the earth. It was one of the first members of the Associated Press and its resources for news at the present time are boundless; its editorials, highly intelligent, its local news columns unsurpassed and its illustrating and art departments excellent.

A most important event in the *Tribune's* history occurred on the 21st day of October, 1909, when under its present management, the price of the paper was reduced from three cents to one cent a copy. This was brought about after due consideration, and, in recognition of public demand and prevailing conditions. At the same time, the six columns to its page were increased to seven columns, and the daily and Sunday issues were enlarged to such proportions that the old subscribers of the paper could find no room for criticism, but on the other hand thousands upon thousands of letters of approval were sent in to the paper expressing the utmost satisfaction at the change. This movement was radical and successful. The circulation jumped many thousands in a very few days. Increase followed increase from dealers, not only throughout the city and immediate suburbs, but from all parts of the country. Announcement of the *Tribune's* reduction in price was the newspaper "event" of the year of 1909.

The New York *Tribune* of to-day is not only a New York paper, but a national medium that can be found in remote districts where the competition of the city does not reach and where it is accepted as a member of the family that the passing years fail to weaken.

Another strong feature of the *Tribune* is its high standing in Europe. Few American papers have the following on the other side that the *Tribune* has enjoyed for more than half a century and it is so highly regarded as an American medium that it carries in its regular paid advertising columns the business cards of not only the leading hotels and pleasure resorts of Europe, but advertisements of conservative houses and London shops.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid is still identified with the paper as its principal owner. His son, Ogden Mills Reid, has recently been elected to the presidency. The editor is Mr. Hart Lyman. Conde Hamlin is the business manager.

CHAPTER XXX

SELLING REAL ESTATE IS A FINE ART



WITH the improvement of the city came the development of its suburbs. There have been "conveyancers" and real estate agents since the beginning of time, but only within the last twenty-five years has the selling of city and suburban property been reduced to an art. Many of the finest city improvements have owed their inception to the brilliant and suggestive minds of the men of this new profession. When in London, in 1875, I made a careful study of the Birkbeck System of developing plots of land in the environs of the British metropolis; but when I returned to this city I could not interest any one of a dozen real estate men whom I visited. Not until the early nineties did the improvement of outlying regions begin in earnest. The movement followed closely upon the rearing of the first skyscrapers! When the *Tribune* building had risen to eleven stories, timid New Yorkers were afraid to go to see the editor. That interesting personage probably escaped many a disagreeable visitor, intent upon securing "a retraction" or a gratuitous "pull" because he dwelt so far aloft. Then came the American Tract Society's structure with its twenty-three floors; next the new Potter building.

A marvelous feat in construction was accomplished in the *Times* building, on the site of the old brick church, because the new structure was put up around the old one without the loss of a single publication day!

Meanwhile, the splendid edifice of the *World* had risen on the site of French's Hotel—its cornerstone laid in October, 1889. All these structures looked very tall; but when the ancient International Hotel—familiar to every newspaper man on Park Row because it afforded domicile to "Tommy Lynch's boosing-ken"—came down and the Park Row

or "Syndicate" building rose in its place to the height of thirty-three floors, most New Yorkers assumed that the limit of structural steel buildings had been reached. Since that time there have been few loftier structures. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's tower, the Singer, City Investment, Whitehall and, latest, Woolworth buildings advanced the sky-line higher and higher. The last mentioned, containing fifty floors, located at the corner of Park Place and Broadway, is one of the wonders of the new century!

The outlook for Manhattan realty is as promising to-day as ever it has been. As many fortunes are to be made in the future as in the past. Fundamental conditions are sound and are becoming better every month. Sales of realty average \$500,000,000 annually—not taking into account structures upon the land. Growth of population and business account for this and not a sign appears to warrant any decrease either in the one or the other.

More than \$100,000,000 was invested in new structures in Manhattan during 1911, an advance of \$4,000,000 over the preceding year, when the total was \$96,703,029. The year 1911, therefore, was the second best building year in the history of the borough, the banner year being 1909, when the high total of \$127,973,902 was reached. The only other borough that showed a substantial advance was Queens, where all previous records were exceeded, the total for the first eleven months up to December 1 last being \$21,157,264, as against \$14,507,000 for the year 1910. Richmond showed a slight gain, but Bronx and Brooklyn fell below the marks of 1910, owing to delay in rapid transit facilities.

In Manhattan the building operations were chiefly apartment houses and lofts. These two types, one representative of the residential life of the city and the other of its business

needs and growth, dominate all other forms of structural work. They have been centred chiefly in two parts of the city, the apartments on the west side, between Seventy-second and 116th Streets, and the lofts in the midtown commercial zone, between Fourteenth and Forty-second Streets, with Fourth and Madison Avenues as the eastern boundary and Seventh Avenue on the west. East of Fourth Avenue, in the middle east side, were three buildings costing \$440,000; west of Seventh Avenue in the Pennsylvania station zone, were two costing \$800,000; Greenwich

aggregating nearly \$9,000,000.

While realty prices advanced in the Fourth, Madison and Fifth Avenue zone, due to continued demand for big business space, the good fortune of this part of the city has been made at the expense of the old dry goods centre below Fourteenth Street.

A whole chapter might be written about Madison Square, once the fashionable home of "Flora McFlimsey," but now at the end of its social career. The old square, which in its days held



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THE LATEST IN NEW YORK SKY-SCRAPERS

Illustrating the tremendous earning power of a few feet of Manhattan real estate.

village section, which furnished a number of new structures the preceding year, produced only three big structures last year costing \$875,000; north of Forty-second Street there were four costing \$1,570,000, while below Fourteenth Street, in the Broadway section, plans for seven large structures were filed,

some of the finest dwellings in this city, is now claimed by modern office buildings. Only a few remain of the many stately, handsome residences that surrounded the little patch of greensward fifteen years ago.

Madison Square Garden, now doomed, is more than 21 years old. Barmm's Hippo-

drome, as the old New York Central station covering the block bounded by Madison and Fourth Avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets was called, was bought in the fall of 1887 by the Madison Square Garden Company for \$400,000. The next year building operations were started and in June, 1890, the big amphitheatre was formally opened. The Garden was really the first big modern building to be erected on the square. It is one of the best-known structures in the world, and was erected from designs by Stanford White. The Flatiron building was the next to follow. This building, because of its shape and height, is known throughout the world. Unlike the Metropolitan Life building, it was built as a speculation, and in this respect it is the pioneer of the many office buildings now flanking the park. The building of a New York skyscraper is one of the greatest triumphs of organization that the world ever has known. In no other country has it been possible except under the direct superintendency of American experts.

Wall Street of to-day is not the one I knew in 1870. Only Trinity Church and the Greek temple called the Sub-Treasury remain. The United States Assay office was last to go. It had stood since 1823. When I first knew it, Henry Clews had a brokerage office in the front of the building; well do I remember sitting with him the day of Jay Cooke's failure, when he, too, had been driven to the wall. Never shall I forget his words, when I called to express my regrets and a hope that matters were not so bad as he feared: "Chambers, I'm not worth five cents!" he said. In its earliest days, the Assay office was the Sub-Treasury, the present edifice dedicated to that use being the Custom House. Later, it was a branch of the United States Bank. Not a building on Wall Street west of Pearl Street, except the Seaman's Savings Bank and the Bank of New York, is as it was in 1870. The old Custom House has become a banking house; the street is crowded with skyscrapers!

New York City grows twice as rapidly as the country at large. Taking the official figures of the five Boroughs, as given in 1910, at 4,766,883 population and adding 40 per

cent., or 1,906,752, we have 6,673,636 people as the city's census in 1920.

The most noticeable real estate development has been on the upper West Side. Twenty-five years ago, the section north of Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue was generally a mass of rocks and rookeries. Isolated houses only served to render the region more desolate. Blocks between Columbus and Eighth Avenues were considerably developed. The Dakota, on Central Park West, was the first mammoth structure of the new real estate era. The Farleys built the Nevada in 1890. The neighborhood was alive with goats and all neighboring houses were shanties. A curious and interesting fact is that churches were the pioneers in that section. The Colonial Club and the Hotel St. Andrews were two inspiring objects and their erection almost doubled the prices of property on Sherman Square. Riverside Drive, which in 1886 had only fifteen buildings between Seventy-second Street and 127th Street—some of them old frame affairs—suddenly felt the throb of new life on the West Side. The late Cyrus Clark was pioneer; as he told me himself, he became so land poor that in his fine house at Ninety-first Street he could keep only one servant! About 1888 came the era of large apartment houses on the Riverside and elsewhere throughout that section. Rents in some of them were as high as \$12,000 a suite! Early in this volume I have described Elm Park as a picnic ground. The day of single dwellings, except for the wealthy, is passing; huge apartments are lining Broadway as far as ancient Bloomingdale.

The possibilities of asymmetrical and beautiful development of Long Island had been recognized by many local real estate dealers before Daniel H. Burnham, a famed Western landscape architect, visited the region at the close of 1911. A broad boulevard from the heart of Brooklyn to Montauk Point, and a similar one from Queensboro Bridge to Greenport—with excellent cross-roads joining these two thoroughfares, so as to open up all the central features of this "terminal moraine"—should be put under commission at once.

These improvements will come in the near future. Queens wants a boulevard from Jackson Avenue, through Corona, Flushing, Bay-side and Little Neck; connections between Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway and Queens Boulevard, an extension of Hillside Avenue to Floral Park, a development of the Rockaway Turnpike from Ridgewood Avenue through South Jamaica to the famous Merrick road, and a Van Dam Street connection between Queensboro Bridge and the Williamsburg Bridge. Nassau County desires the improvement of the Jericho Turnpike and the Merrick road. Suffolk County is ready to do her share in the beautification of Long Island.

Before long, Fort Pond Bay will become the terminal point for trans-Atlantic lines. A National Park is planned at Montauk Point, taking in the site of the camp occupied by the troops on their return from Cuba. Another splendid park is planned for the Lake Ronkonkoma region, in the middle of the island. There is nothing chimerical about the project. Long Island is already one of the most beautiful and attractive places in the entire country.

Staten Island comprises all of Richmond Borough and Richmond County. It has an area of 56,600 acres and a population fast approaching the 100,000 mark. With the highest ground along the Atlantic seaboard, with its chain of beautiful hills, its picturesque valleys and plains and its splendid views of the ocean, the lower and upper bay, the Kill von Kull, Newark Bay, the Orange Mountains, and last but not least with the constant panorama of ships great and small which pass through the famous Narrows commanded by the Federal fortifications, its advantages are unparalleled anywhere.

Staten Island was given its name by Henry Hudson, who, in 1608, sailed through the Narrows and anchored in the bay. He it was who called it "Staaten Eylandt," in honor of the States of Holland, and it was here that his crew first landed near what is now St. George.

With the Battery, no place on Manhattan Island is to be compared; it really was the cradle of the metropolis of the present! There

Peter Minuit, a Prussian, acting for the Dutch West India Company, made the greatest real-estate deal known to American history. It casts into the shade all the brilliant records of the men of to-day. He bought the entire island from the Indians for \$24! It was a fair bargain, as values ran in 1626. The Battery's present area is 21 acres—much larger than it was originally; three quarters of the present park is "made ground." Fort Amsterdam stood on the site now occupied by the Custom House. The Aquarium, best known as "Castle Garden," rose in 1811. Every shovelful of earth between the fort and Castle Garden came from the old ramparts of the first protection the ancient town possessed. The Dutch did not fear the Indians, but the English! I could write several chapters about the Battery, did the duty come within the scope of this work. Here the Dutch settlers laid the foundation of the metropolis of the New World, and, although they agreed to call it "New Amsterdam," they did not finally decide upon a name until many pipes of schnapps had been drunk and countless disputes had been had. After choosing the Battery site, to carry out an illusion that their dear Holland was to be reproduced here, they dug a canal along what is now Wall Street—it was the earliest instance of "watered stocks" in that locality.

Then came journalism! Peter Zenger's *New York Weekly Journal*, appeared November 5, 1733, and his denunciations of British rule became so caustic that he was thrown into jail, charged with libel and refused the use of pen, ink and paper. His dungeon was the basement of the City Hall, then standing at the head of Broad Street on the site of the Sub-Treasury. He edited his paper through a chink in the door of his cell, dictating his articles to an assistant on the outside. He was not able to give the £400 bail. The trial occurred in August, 1735. Chief Justice DeLancey presided, Bradley was Attorney-General. John Chambers appeared for the prisoner and pleaded "Not Guilty!" Chambers had secured as chief counsel the services of Andrew Hamilton, of Philadelphia, aged 80, one of the most distinguished lawyers in all the Colonies. Hamilton boldly

admitted the publication, claiming that "printing" and "libeling" were not synonymous terms. He quoted many passages from the Bible, which, with an interpolation of contemporaneous names, would have been admittedly libelous. His argument was sophistical, but it captured the jury and an unanimous verdict in favor of the editor was returned! A public dinner was given to Hamilton by the whole city.

When the Revolution came, the liberty pole was raised at the Battery. A stone, recently set, marks the event but not the exact site of the flag-staff. The formal "evacuation" of New York occurred at the Battery on November 25, 1783, and, although the British nailed their colors to the top of the pole and greased it, David Van Arsdale, aged 28, climbed it by the aid of cleats, fastened thereto with nails obtained from the little hardware shop of Goelet, in Hanover Square.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is rising upon "the Acropolis of New York"—Morningside Heights. Forty years more will be needed for its completion, by which time it will have cost, exclusive of the land, \$25,000,000. Architectural drawings indicate that it will combine the best features of Gothic cathedral building; its massive spire, 425 feet in height, will resemble Salisbury, but higher and more ornate; its imposing western front with two towers, will recall York and Lincoln; the chevet of chapels at the eastern end will be characteristic of the splendid edifices of Northern France, imitated at Westminster, Cologne and Toledo; its interior decoration is intended to be as rich as that of the duomo at Milan. The cathedral site is one of the most remarkable in the Christian world—recalls Durham to me—and in Pagan lands is only equalled by the vast *Potala* of the Dalai Lama of Buddhism, at Lhasa, Tibet. When completed, the edifice will be visible from nearly every part of the city above Fifty-ninth Street. Its neighbor, the pretty structure of St. Luke's Hospital, had its beginning in a gift of \$5 by a poor woman restored to health in one of the public hospitals. From that humble sum, under Dr. Muldenberg's fostering care, the property has grown to a

valuation of nearly \$4,000,000. It is one of the best-equipped hospitals in the world.

Chinatown lies to the westward of Chatham Square and comprises a triangular section bounded by Mott and Doyer Streets and Paradise Square. It teems with life; natives of the "Flowery Kingdom," in their home garb but mostly without their queues since the latest revolution against the Manchus, throng the streets and shops. The Josh Temple, on the north side of Mott Street, brings together the pious at regular intervals for prayer and meditation. The home of the sacred joss is reached after climbing two flights of stairs; there several bonzes are devoutly tending the eternal fire and dusting the face of the big, bronze Buddha. The most interesting ceremonials performed at the Mott Street temple are in memory of the dead. The annual "Feast of Lanterns" is visited by many Americans, who respect the beautiful myth to which the *fête* owes its origin—a mandarin father, who, for 3,500 years, has been seeking a lost daughter of great beauty.

Broadway is gorged with memories. Near Duane Street, the first sewing machine was exhibited in a window; curiosity was excited, but it was looked upon as a toy—like the Bell telephone at the Philadelphia Exposition. On Thomas Street, near Church, occurred the mysterious murder, never explained, for which Edgar Allan Poe suggested a logical but fanciful solution in his tale, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." Horace Greeley, when a journeyman printer, lived near West Broadway in the same street. I have spoken of the Broadway theatres elsewhere. At a small hotel on the corner of Houston Street, recently demolished, lived John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy"; there I often visited him and he was buried from a house in Clinton Place. The still-remembered Burdell murder occurred at 31 Bond Street, east of Broadway. Poe lived in the same street, temporarily, as guest of the Shaw family and there wrote "The Bells" one Sunday morning. Clinton Hall faces a plaza where the Macready-Forrest riots occurred in 1849. In Colonnade Row, fast disappearing, dwelt Wash-

ngton Irving. Grace Church, with its outdoor pulpit, only exceeded in beauty by St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue.

The wonderful development of New York and her vast circle of beautiful suburbs has not been the result of accident or of a special dispensation of Providence. It is due above all to the energy and efficiency of men like Joseph W. Doolittle, who have had confidence in the future and prepared the way for growth and expansion.

It would be difficult to find a more interesting example of the beneficent projector of civic improvements than Mr. Doolittle. It was he who gave the city of Elizabeth its most picturesque suburb—El'Mora. Here, in 1906, there was nothing but land and scenery; but Mr. Doolittle saw its possibilities. He mapped out its pattern of streets and avenues. He underlaid it with a system of sewers and water-pipes. He equipped it with telephone service and electric light. He gave it a running start by building several dozen handsome residences and then he threw it open to the public.

Since then, he has duplicated this success at Douglaston Park, which nestles on one of the prettiest bays of Long Island Sound. Here he secured a large tract of undeveloped land and proceeded to transform it into an Eden of ideal homes. Streets, mansions, bungalows—all were built in accordance with a general plan, which secured the highest degree of beauty and convenience. As it is inside the limits of Greater New York, this enterprise at once commanded attention, and its complete success has added much to Mr. Doolittle's reputation.

He is the president and principal stockholder in the El Mora Land Company, the Realty Syndicate and the Douglaston Realty Company. His general policy, by which he has come to be known among the real estate leaders of the United States, is to confine his energies to one great project at a time, and to carry it clear through to completion in one continuous effort. He has little interest in the mere trafficking side of the real estate business. What he delights in is to create—to develop—to transform an uninhabited woodland into a suburb de luxe.

Mr. Doolittle comes of old New Hampshire stock. He was born at Winchester, N. H., in 1864, and educated in the schools of Manchester, in the same State. After a year or



JOSEPH W. DOOLITTLE

more in the West, he heard the call of the great metropolis of New York and at once plunged into the real estate business. At first he specialized on hotel property, and went into his work with such vim and energy that in eighteen months his deals amounted to a total of seven million dollars. Then, in 1905, when it became evident that Manhattan was soon to be reached by subways from the east and west, Mr. Doolittle inaugurated his present policy of creating new suburbs into which the residents of overcrowded Manhattan might flow.

In several years his transactions amounted to more than eight millions in Long Island and New Jersey. New communities were put on the map. New values were created. Higher standards of suburban comfort were

realized. Hundreds of families were given good homes and good neighbors. To do such work as this, Mr. Doolittle maintains, is the duty as well as the profession of the real estate operator. He must be, at his best, much more than a broker and salesman. He must be a provider of new homes. And in this respect Mr. Doolittle's work in the making of a better New York has certainly been both notable and unique.

Among the younger real estate brokers of the upper West Side, Manhattan, is Samuel Howell Martin, who was born in this city, September, 1878; but when young his parents removed to East Orange, N. J., where he was educated in the public schools. He specialized in Latin and English, and in 1898 began the real estate brokerage business with his father in Manhattan. He developed much liking for the work and has been able to secure many appreciative clients. His business has grown with the wonderful development of the upper West Side, which has made fortunes for so many property owners. He is a member of the Real Estate Board of Brokers and an agent for the Phoenix Insurance Company. He is a Republican, but does not take any part in politics.

Another real estate man largely identified with downtown operations is William H. Whiting, born in Brooklyn in 1846. He was educated at Public School No. 1 and the Polytechnic Institute. He began his commercial career with Eberhard Faber & Co. at 131 Wil-

liam Street, this city. Thereafter for two years he was associated with J. K. Brick & Co., a large manufacturing concern in Brooklyn, and in 1866 he was cashier in "The Nation" office. In 1868 Mr. Whiting formed a co-partnership with M. A. Ruland in the real estate business at 5 Beekman Street, and they continued together until Mr. Ruland's death in 1907. The firm of Ruland & Whiting was one of the best known real estate firms in the city. In 1910 Mr. Whiting withdrew from the Ruland & Whiting Company of which he was president, to form the new firm of Wm. H. Whiting & Company, taking into partnership his two sons, Irving S. and Ralph D. Whiting. He has put through some of the largest real estate deals in the lower part of the city. In 1891 he, with his partner, organized the Metropolitan Realty Company with \$500,000 capital and Mr. Whiting has been its secretary and treasurer ever since. He is also president of the Richland Realty Co. He resides at Bound Brook, N. J., and had the honor of being its first Mayor.

The letting of houses is a fine art; it requires the tact and finesse of a Gandisart. Foremost among these experts in New York is J. Edgar Leacycraft, born in this city in 1849 and educated at the public schools. He has seen the wonderful development of the east and west sides of Manhattan, above Forty-second Street. Like many of us he can remember when most



SAMUEL H. MARTIN



WILLIAM H. WHITING



J. EDGAR LEACRAFT

of the lots on Madison Avenue were sloughs in Summer and skating ponds in Winter. I venture the assertion that he can tell us when we could have bought property on West Seventy-second Street at \$200 a front foot! He has been an active official in the Real Estate Exchange and in the Real Estate Board of Brokers. In recognition of his ability as an appraiser, Governor Roosevelt appointed him Tax Commissioner in 1899, in which office he served for five years. He was an appraiser on the New Barge Canal.

One of the men who has contributed much thought and energy to the development of Long Island, especially at Floral Park and

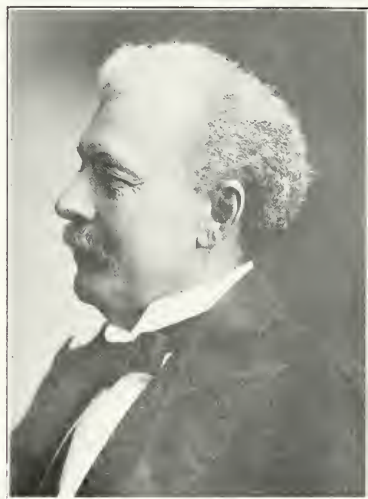


D. MAUJER McLAUGHLIN

Rockville Centre, is Daniel Maujer McLaughlin, born in Brooklyn, 1875. He attended the Boys' High School, at which he was graduated in 1894. Throughout his school days, he was an enthusiast in athletic sports and distinguished himself in several branches thereof. He also had a strong literary bent, was fond of public speaking, debating and essay writing;

he was the originator of the *High School Recorder*, a paper still in existence. After leaving the high school, he entered Cornell University, where for four years he specialized in law and letters. A short time before his graduation he was called home, because of the dangerous illness of his father, and did not take a degree. At Cornell he was president of the Junior class, manager of the '97 football team, captain of the '98 team, manager of the *Cornell Daily Sun* for two years, and a prize-speaker. On leaving college Mr. McLaughlin entered the insurance field, where he successfully operated for four years. At the end of that time he made his first entrance into the domain of real estate by founding and becoming vice-president and general manager of the McCormack Real Estate Company, a corporation that grew to large proportions,

due to its manager's ability and foresight in securing acreage in highly desirable localities. As an advertiser Mr. McLaughlin developed rare traits. When he had a fine tract of land to exploit, he knew how to attract public attention to the advantages he had to offer. Success emboldened him and he founded several other real-estate enterprises on Long Island, among which are the Windsor Land & Improvement Co., of which he is president; the St. Albans Terrace Company, the Valley Stream Realty Company, Rosedale Terrace Company, Floral Park Villa Company, Rockville Centre Villa Company, Rockville Centre Estates and several others. Mr. McLaughlin is a member of the Republican County Committee of Kings County; likewise of the New York Athletic, Long Island Automobile, Cornell and Invincible clubs. He is an enthusiastic Mason and a Shriner of Kismet Temple.



CYRILLE CARREAU

796 SIXTH AVENUE ABOVE 45TH STREET

Established as Real Estate, Mortgage and Insurance Broker in 1875.
Makes a specialty of the management of estates.

The amount of gray matter that has been devoted to the development of real estate in the metropolis and its environments is unappreciated by the community at large. One



EDWARD B. BOYNTON



THOMAS L. REYNOLDS



FREDERICK G. HOBBS

of the most energetic workers in this field has been Edward B. Boynton, born at Hartford, Conn., in 1866. His family dates back to 1639, when the Boyntons came from Bridlington, York County, England. He began his business career in his native city at the age of fifteen. In 1896 he came to New York and identified himself with the real estate business. He had always believed this the imperial city of the Western World; that, due to its constant growth, real property must necessarily enhance in value and that transactions therein would be a legitimate and profitable business in which to engage. When he became identified with the American Real Estate Company in 1896, its assets were \$1,400,000; but when he was chosen its president in 1908, its assets had grown to \$10,000,000. To-day they exceed \$20,000,000. It is the oldest and one of the largest corporations of the kind, having been founded in 1888. Mr. Boynton is also president of the Realty Assets Company. He is a Republican and served as Councilman and Alderman, two years each, in his native city of Hartford. He is a member of the Union League, Transportation, Economic and Dunwoodie Country clubs.

Much of the development of Greater New York in recent years has been due to the enthusiasm, coupled with energy, of a few courageous real estate men. Among these Thomas L. Reynolds commands special at-

tention as the president of twelve large realty corporations, every one of which is actively engaged in the improvement of a distinctive section of this growing metropolis. Mr. Reynolds was born in this city in 1866. After attending its public schools, he went to Nashville, Tenn., where he continued his studies, returning to New York for a course in law, from which he was graduated in 1888. Entering his father's firm, he learned the real estate business, inaugurated many of the large enterprises undertaken by it and after his father's decease carried to completion all the cherished schemes of his parent. Notably, I want to speak of his connection with the Manhattan Real Estate and Building Company, of which he is president. Its activities are ceaseless. Mr. Reynolds served for ten years with the Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. G. N. Y. He is president of the Corn Exchange, Speculator, Financiers', Lorillard and Throggs Neck Realty Companies.

Few real estate operators, as agents or builders, have done more toward the wonderful development of what is described as "the Upper West Side"—meaning the section of Manhattan extending from Central Park to the Riverside Drive than Frederick G. Hobbs. The firm to which he belongs, Slawson & Hobbs, occupies a new and handsome marble front structure on Seventy-second Street, near Broadway, and carries several hundred apart-

ments of the highest class upon its books. Mr. Hobbs hails from Connecticut, where he was born June, 1864; but he went to Middletown in this state to attend the Wallkill Academy. He plunged into the real estate business in 1889, selecting, as I have said, west side Manhattan property. By energy and popularity with his clients, he has achieved success. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Historical Society, National Geographic Society, West End Association, Lotos and West Side Republican clubs.

Deeply interested in art, Samuel Borchardt, has contributed to the "city beautiful" several apartment houses, which in architectural design and elegance of interior surpass any



SAMUEL BORCHARDT

buildings of like character in the metropolis. Especially is this the case with "The Borchardt" at 98th Street and Broadway, a twelve-story building 180 x 100 feet. In the erection of this house, Mr. Borchardt spent \$150,000 more than was necessary to beautify the structure with the result that it stands to-day the most beautiful apartment on Broadway. Mr. Borchardt is a very wealthy manufacturer, who invests his spare capital in this

manner, not alone for the return he gets, but in a desire to improve the localities where he builds. He was born in San Francisco, Cal., June 19, 1866, but came to this city with his parents when only twelve years of age and received his education at the public schools and at the College of the City of New York where he took a scientific course. He passed through with credit and was elected president of the Phrenocosmian Society while a member of the Class of 1885.

After leaving college he became a representative for a mercantile house and after a couple of years of service, organized the firm of S. Borchardt & Co., manufacturers of shoes, sandals and leggings, now employing seven hundred persons. In addition to "The Borchardt," Mr. Borchardt owns "The Wilmington" at 97th Street and Broadway, and "The Stuart Arms" adjoining on 97th Street, "The Winthrop" and "The Melville," both located on opposite corners at 118th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, facing Columbia University and a number of parcels in Spuyten Duyvil and ocean fronts on the Rockaway coast. He is very fond of art and at his home possesses several masterpieces by old painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Mr. Borchardt is domestic in his tastes and cares little for the club life of the city, finding relaxation from business cares in golfing and automobilizing and touring Europe.

He married when thirty-five years of age, Miss Eva Rosenfield, a beautiful young lady of Detroit, Mich., and they have two children, a son and a daughter.

Mr. Borchardt gives liberally to charity and is a member of numerous organizations devoted to that work.

Alfred V. Amy was born in New York in 1868, and is a son of the late Henry Amy, a well known banker. He was educated at Fordham University and the Columbia College Law School, from which he received his degree upon graduation, commencing his business career with R. V. Harnett & Co., real estate auctioneers.

Becoming familiar with the details of the business, he, in 1892, commenced operations for himself, with offices at No. 7 Pine Street,

and confined his work principally to sales of Murray Hill and West-Side property. His acquaintances were many and his efforts met with considerable success, many of his important sales being in the heart of the present Herald Square section.

Having for years kept in touch with the developments of those sections of Manhattan, north of Central Park, and the upper West Side, Mr. Amy, of the firm of A. V. Amy & Co., became an expert appraiser, his services as such being continually in demand by real estate owners, lawyers, estates and corporations.

With the future growth of the West Side

especially to the management and care of apartment house property of the larger and better grade, the owners of which, in many cases, being representative old New York estates and conservative investors.

Mr. Amy is a member of the Real Estate Board of Brokers, being one of its Governors, on its Board of Appraisers, and at present holding the office of treasurer. He is also a member of many social and charitable organizations, and given to outdoor sports.

Thirty-two years of constantly increasing business has placed John C. R. Eckerson among the leaders in the real estate business in New York City.

Mr. Eckerson, who is a member of the firm



ALFRED V. AMY

JOHN C. R. ECKERSON

JOSEPH BERGER

and Harlem showing great possibilities, Mr. Amy, in 1904, moved his offices to One Hundred and Fifteenth Street, corner of St. Nicholas Avenue, and admitted L. V. O'Donohue, son of the "Coffee King," to partnership. His connection continued until 1905, when other interests caused Mr. O'Donohue's retirement. Since that time, Mr. Amy has operated alone under the old firm name, being ably assisted by a force of competent employees.

In 1907 the business had increased to such proportions that more room was required and the firm removed to its present spacious quarters at the corner of 7th Avenue and 115th Street, facing the newly constructed Parkway and directly opposite the old office.

The firm, of late years, has confined itself

of Thomas & Eckerson, was born in this city, and obtained his education in the public schools. His first connection was with a banking house and he subsequently entered a lawyer's office, where he gained a knowledge of realty conditions.

The business strongly appealed to him and finally determining to embark in it, he, in 1880, became a member of the firm, which for over thirty years has occupied the same offices at No. 35 West Thirtieth Street, making a specialty of handling estates and conducting a general real estate and insurance brokerage business.

Mr. Eckerson is connected with several other corporations and has been a member of the Real Estate Board of Brokers since its organization.

What can be accomplished by close application and fidelity to an employer is illustrated in the career of Joseph Berger, of the real estate firm of John J. Clancy & Co. Mr. Berger was born in New York City in 1886 and entered Mr. Clancy's employ at the age of ten years. He was then earning \$2.00 per week, but being painstaking and observing he was soon getting a considerably larger salary and was given the opportunity of graduating from Public School No. 69 and completing his education at the City College.

He had scarcely reached his majority when Mr. Clancy, who was quick to recognize merit, admitted him to partnership and the new firm became John J. Clancy & Co., with offices at Fifty-seventh Street and Broadway.

Mr. Berger at once became the active man in the firm and carefully attended to all the detail work, with the result that the business expanded and at the time of Mr. Clancy's sudden death was, and still continues, the most prosperous up-town. The value of Mr. Berger's services to, and the esteem in which Mr. Clancy held him, is attested by the latter's will, which left Mr. Berger the entire business, and besides contained a bequest of \$25,000. While the story of Mr. Berger's success reads like a romance and while Mr. Clancy's generosity seems unusual in these prosaic days, there is nothing remarkable about either event. Mr. Berger was energetic and creative and Mr. Clancy's act was an acknowledgment of his former partner's value and a reward for faithful service while an employee.

The following from a letter written by Mr. Joseph P. Day to Mr. Berger after Mr. Clancy's death is self-explanatory: "I can assure you that it will afford me great pleasure to continue our very pleasant relations and I do this with the same degree of confidence in your ability and management as I had in Mr. Clancy's. I could not but place the greatest trust in the man who was so closely connected with him for so long a time."

As I have had occasion to say before, real estate has engaged the best ability of the cleverest men in New York. Among such persons is F. R. Wood, born in Washington, D. C., and educated at the public schools of this city, Clinton Grammar School, Oneida Co., N. Y.,

and Packard's Business College. He began active business as a clerk in a Fifth Avenue bank, where he remained two years, next serving an equal length of time in the American Exchange National Bank. He then went West, where he first realized the importance of the real estate business in Manhattan. The growth of western cities was slow compared with that of the metropolis. After eight years in Denver, he returned East, satisfied that nobody could go wrong in the purchase of property on this island.

Mr. Wood deserves distinction for selling the first million dollar apartment house north of Fifty-ninth street (1902). He holds official relations with the Dorlton Corporation, the El Dorado Realty Company, Waywood Realty Company and F. R. Wood, W. H. Dolson & Co. He is in sympathy with the Republican party.

In the comparatively few years since his entry into the realty business in New York City, Robert P. Zobel has been wonderfully successful and is now recognized as an expert in values in that line. Possessing the power of discernment, intuitive knowledge and a very retentive memory, he soon learned all the details of the business, becoming perfectly familiar with the district in which he operates—from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth Streets, between Third and Eighth Avenues, and can tell, without recourse to records, the value and last selling price of almost every piece of realty in that district. This knowledge has been one of the secrets of his great success and has led to his being frequently called upon as an appraiser and oftentimes as an expert witness in court proceedings. Mr. Zobel was born in Breslau, Germany, December 26, 1869, and was educated in Berlin, becoming proficient in French, Latin and Greek before he was fifteen years old and acquiring a knowledge of English that aided him greatly, when, in 1884, his father, Adolph Zobel, who was a successful merchant, met with reverses and brought the family to America.

Mr. Zobel's first experience with New York City was in a lawyer's office where he studied to perfect himself in English, but did not finish the course as the possibilities of ultimate success looked too remote. He then entered

the employ of a Wall Street banking house where his knowledge was greatly added to and subsequently became a salesman for a mercantile house. It was at this period that Mr. Zobel realized that the amount of energy required to sell a small bill of goods would bring greater results if expended in another field, and at the age of nineteen, deciding that real estate offered the best possibilities, opened an office at No. 136 Liberty Street and en-



ROBERT P. ZOBEL

barked in that line. He devoted several years to mastering the details of the business and in 1895 decided that the best field of operation was in the central part of the city. He removed his office to Twenty-fourth Street and looking the territory carefully over, came to the conclusion that if suitable buildings were provided, the wholesale and light manufacturing lines would soon invade it. He then commenced to erect store, loft and office buildings, being the pioneer in steel construction north of Fourteenth Street, and his judgment has been verified by some of the biggest wholesale houses in the city locating in the district, in which he has erected or caused to

be erected, fifty buildings of the most improved character. Mr. Zobel has always been deeply interested in the improvement of Fourth Avenue, and the marked change in the character of buildings on that thoroughfare is largely due to his efforts and initiative.

Mr. Zobel is president of the Brunswick Realty Company, which buys and sells sites for mercantile buildings only; of the Stonewall Realty Company, which buys and sells property of every description and of the Fourth Avenue Holding Company, which operates principally in leases. He is also a director of the Century Bank and is now devoting much attention to financial work, his aim being to eventually enter that field.

Mr. Zobel belongs to no clubs, being domestic in his tastes and finding diversion from business cares in his home circle and in social gatherings with his relatives and intimate friends. He makes frequent trips abroad and, being a fluent linguist, is perfectly at home in most of the Continental cities. In this country his vacations are spent at Lakewood, N. J., where he thinks the climate is most conducive to mental rest and a remedy for physical fatigue. He is a Democrat in national politics, but absolutely independent in state and municipal affairs, using his influence for the candidate who, in his judgment, is by reason of integrity and ability best fitted for office. He has always been deeply interested in charitable undertakings and lends his support to hospitals and asylums, which he considers the best way of rendering aid to the unfortunate and worthy.

Many qualities are required for a successful real estate auctioneer and Joseph P. Day possesses them. Although less than forty years of age, he has handled several of the largest partition sales of city property ever held in New York. He started out in business for himself at twenty-one, after a common school education. His first achievement that attracted attention was writing the heaviest accident policy previously known in this country, covering all disabilities arising from change of motor power of the Third Avenue Surface Railroad and the Forty-second Street, Manhattanville and St. Nicholas railroads.



JOSEPH P. DAY



WILLIAM P. RAE



T. WARD WASSON

Thereafter, Mr. Day developed capacity as an auctioneer, selling the famous Ogden estate, 1,500 lots; then the Doherty estate, bringing \$1,913,600, in a single afternoon's selling. In May, 1908, he disposed of over 2,000 lots, a feat achieved at a time of money stringency. In six years he revolutionized the real estate auction business, his sales in one year aggregating \$30,000,000,—a record.

The wonderful developments of Brooklyn and Long Island have not a more enthusiastic "boomer" than William P. Rae. His long residence in Brooklyn and his large business interests find him identified with almost every important movement tending to advance real estate developments. He was born in Manhattan, 1861, and educated at its public schools. He started as a boy of fourteen in a hardware store, soon going with Tefft, Weller & Company, wholesale dry goods merchants. Next we hear of him as a clerk in the Amsterdam State Bank, on the Bowery, and, in 1879, he made his first entrance into real estate business, leading ultimately to a partnership with Paul C. Grening. In 1900 he withdrew from that firm to establish a business of his own under a corporate name of the William P. Rae Company. He has conducted since that time a general real estate business in the management of estates, developing suburban tracts and auctioneering; Mr. Rae being the official auctioneer for several terms under Sheriffs Norman F. Dike, Alfred T. Hobbey and Chas. B.

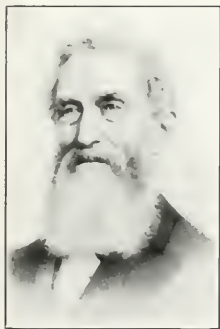
Law, and has acted for the city and other property interests in many condemnation proceedings and elevated railroad cases. He is a close student of the development of the city and Long Island. Mr. Rae is president of the Jamaica Hillcrest Company, of the Associated Realty Improvement Company; treasurer of the Sea Gate Improvement Company, and secretary and manager of the Norton Point Land Company, which developed Sea Gate.

T. Ward Wasson, a native of Detroit, Mich., began his business career in that city with the firm of Parke, Davis & Co. He served in the Registrar of Deeds office there and had the management of property for his father. Thus he acquired familiarity with real estate transactions. This fact led the way to his choice of a livelihood. He moved to New York City, and during the first year of his residence in the metropolis he forsook five different positions for others, each a step up the ladder. He remained with the McVickar-Gaillard Realty Company for five years and, in 1909, the firm of Knapp & Wasson Co., Inc., was formed, with Mr. Wasson as secretary and treasurer. Since that time the company has been successful in its operations.

Originality applied to business sometimes produces astonishing results. The practice of selling real estate through newspaper advertising was founded on a theory of George D. Grundy. Beginning with an advertising expenditure of \$5.00 a week, the firm of W. C.

Reeves & Company, of which Mr. Grundy is President, now spend \$500 a week to reach the public. Mr. Grundy is a native of Long Island and was born at Blue Point in 1872. Entering into partnership in 1904 with W. C. Reeves, his brother-in-law, under the firm name of W. C. Reeves & Company, with offices at No. 124 East 23rd Street, Mr. Grundy has since then, by steadfast adherence to his convictions, sold upwards of twelve millions dollars' worth of real estate on Long Island alone and four thousand acres in New Jersey in small tracts. Mr. Grundy after a short time bought out his brother-in-law and had the firm name incorporated. The firm is interested more particularly in the splendid class of property to be found in Hollis, Richmond Hill, East Hampton and Southampton, and has an enormous clientele numbering over 17,000 people, which is drawn from every state in the Union.

Any account of the tremendous activities in real estate in Greater New York would be incomplete without distinct reference to the prominent firm of Adrian H. Muller & Son, the present partners in which are William F. Redmond, Andrew J. McCormack and Samuel G. Redmond. Adrian H. Muller, founder



ADRIAN H. MULLER

of the house, started business in 1840 and, during his life, conducted many of the largest auction sales of real estate in New York City. Among them were the estates of Harsen, Burr, Furniss, Faile, Post, Fogg, Boggs, Chittenden, Brooks, Embury, Martin and Leake, and the Watts Orphan Asylum. He was one of the

appraisers appointed by the City Comptroller to value all the property belonging to the City of New York, his associates being Anthony J. Bleecker and Homer Morgan. He was one of the trustees named in the will of James Roosevelt to found Roosevelt Hospital, of which he was president several years. Since his death the firm has continued to

conduct weekly auction sales of real estate, stocks and bonds at the Real Estate Exchange. The present head of the firm, William F. Redmond, has had long experience in every branch of the business.

One of the known "hustlers" in Manhattan real estate is John Noble Golding, born in this city, 1860, who has literally felt the growth of Manhattan because he has been a part of it. He was educated at Trinity School and at Grammar School 35. At the age of 19 he entered the real estate office of B. K. Stevenson, Jr., but three years later joined the active house of A. H. Muller & Sons, where he remained four years, during which time he acted as a broker for the late Henry B. Hyde, President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, in acquiring the block of property on which the Equitable building now stands. Subsequently, owing to the success with which he had served Mr. Hyde, he became identified with the Equitable organization as its real estate attorney, with the firm name of Brown & Golding, and managed all the property under control of that great corporation. Mr. Golding began business for himself as a real estate broker in 1890.

It would be almost impossible to chronicle all the achievements of Mr. Golding. He leased 44 and 46 Broadway to the Standard Oil Company, for \$60,000 a year; sold to the New York Central all the property acquired at the Grand Central terminal; also for the Erie terminal in New Jersey; sold the old Plaza Hotel to the syndicate that erected the present building; sold the Langham Hotel on Fifth Avenue; managed the entire real estate deal for John Wanamaker in acquiring the site for his new Broadway store, and sold the Park Place, Barclay Street and Broadway property to F. W. Woolworth for the tallest building in the world. On Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-ninth and One Hundredth Streets, he has sold practically every lot on which millionaires have erected mansions. He sold the site on which stands the Singer building, lower Broadway; that of the Lawyers' Title Building; that of the Second National Bank and the Orphan Asylum block. He has been connected with nearly all the large real estate deals in this city during recent years.



THOMAS J. O'REILLY



JOHN N. GOLDING



WILLIAM H. MOFFITT

It is a pleasure to know that the newspaper business may be made a preparatory course for successful achievement in the real estate field. William H. Moffitt, to-day one of the leading real estate operators in this city, started his career in that way. He was born at Blackstone, Mass., November, 1858, but early in life, was removed to Auburn, N. Y., where he was graduated at its Academy in 1877. After three years' experience in dry goods, he associated himself with the *Evening Auburnian*, a small daily, as assistant city editor and advertising manager. A wide circle of acquaintances formed through this connection, and the obvious necessity for a live man in a dead town of 25,000 people impelled Mr. Moffitt to enter the real estate business. In two years he developed every acre of land within one mile of Auburn and sold houses and lots on the installment plan. He soon exhausted the supply and, in 1886, left for Kansas City, where he spent one year. Next he went to Chicago and studied the real estate business for one year and then came direct to the metropolis. He began business here in a small office on Liberty Street, hiring desk room at \$5 per week. His offices to-day occupy the entire third floor of a large building on Madison Avenue—4,500 square feet of floor space. He has a country home, "Willow Brook," at Islip, comprising 250 acres,

with a house of steel and concrete, Italian style, that cost \$125,000. Mr. Moffitt believes his experience in journalism, brief as it was, laid the foundation for his success in meeting with his fellowmen. He is president of the W. H. Moffitt Realty Company, Ocean Shore Realty Company, and Penatagust Lumber Company. He is commodore of the Bay Shore Motor Boat Club, president of the Islip Board of Trade, of the South Side Fair and of the South Side Kennel Club; a member of the Chamber of Commerce of New York; belongs to the New York Athletic, Catholic, South Shore Golf and Columbia Yacht clubs.

Another successful competitor in the real estate business is Thomas J. O'Reilly, born in this city, August, 1879, and educated at the parochial and public schools. He entered the employ of the New York Life Insurance Company, in 1895, at its Union Square branch, after finishing a commercial course, and remained with that institution until 1907, having been advanced to different positions in the Agency Department until he was created Agency Instructor. He then resigned to enter the real estate business. In this he has been successful. In addition to general brokerage, he has the management of several of the largest apartment houses on the west side. He has frequently served as an appraiser and as an expert.



GERALD R. BROWN

Gerald R. Brown was born in Brooklyn, May 3, 1857, the son of Theodore Rudderow and Caroline Edwards (Timpson) Brown. The family is of English, Irish and Dutch descent, the American branch being founded by Robert Brown who came to this country in 1750.

Mr. Brown was educated at Lockwood's Academy, Adelphi Academy and the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn, and after finishing his schooling entered the employ of the Equitable Life Assurance Society as an office boy. He was attentive to his work and the value of his service was recognized by promotions until he was given charge of all buildings and real estate of the company and in 1907 was made Comptroller. In 1890 he,

with John N. Golding, formed the real estate firm of Golding & Brown, and although the firm has been long dissolved, Mr. Brown is still interested in real estate operations and is a member and Governor of the Real Estate Board of Brokers. His long connection with realty, especially in the financial section of the city, has made him familiar with downtown values and there is no man in the line that has a more comprehensive knowledge on that subject—a knowledge that has been of great value to him in his connections with the administration of the Equitable Society's real estate interests. Mr. Brown is also conversant with values and conditions in all of the important cities of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Brown is a member of the Lawyers' Club and the Pilgrims in New York City, the Englewood Club, the Englewood Golf Club and the Englewood Field Club, of Englewood, N. J., where his home is located.

The development of the Borough of the Bronx has been a most significant incident, due to the consolidation of the surrounding cities and villages with the original metropolis on Manhattan Island. In ten years, the region has increased in population from 50,000 to 500,000. A man who has contributed as much, if not more, than any other individual to this marvelous growth is J. Clarence Davies, who comes of a race of real estate developers and was prompt to see the impulse which the extension of the city limits over a part of Westchester County would impart. Mr. Davies was born in this city in 1867, and after a course at the public schools entered the College of the City of New York. Recognizing the inevitable northward growth of the metropolis, he abandoned the manufacturing business in 1889 to plunge into real estate enterprises. This act was inspired by the fact that his forebears, for three previous generations, had been owners or operators in city property. Since that day, Mr. Davies has sold or developed most of the large acreage tracts in the Bronx, direct from the original owners; he has brought millions of dollars into that borough for investment. When the subway opened, he sold, in eight weeks, \$20,000,000 worth of Bronx realty.

He is a director in several banks and a member of many clubs.

A young man who has taken part in the editorship of the *Harvard Lampoon* and *Crimson* may be expected to distinguish himself later in life. A member of the editorial staffs of both publications was Irving Ruland, graduated in 1889. The Institute of 1770 and the Historical Society numbered him on their membership lists and he left the University with honorable mention in Political Economy. Entering the office of Ruland & Whiting, a firm established by his father, Manly A. Ruland, in 1867, Mr. Ruland has obtained for himself enviable standing in his profession. He frequently has been retained by the City of New York and by the Public Service Commission in condemnation and certiorari proceedings and has been notably successful in the carrying out of numerous important real estate transactions. Mr. Ruland was for seven years an active member of Troop 2, Squadron A, and served with his corps in the Spanish War. He has contributed some interesting articles to the newspapers on the subject of real estate, is president and a governor of the Real Estate Board of Brokers, president of the R. E. Exchange and director of a number of large real estate companies.

The Dominion of Canada has furnished one of the most active men in the real estate business in this city, Edward D. Paulin, born July, 1866, at Woodstock, Ontario. He was educated in the schools of Canada and at the age



J. CLARENCE DAVIES

IRVING RULAND

EDWARD D. PAULIN

of sixteen went to the Northwest wilderness for three years. Returning East, he halted at Sault Ste. Marie, where at 21 he engaged in the hardware trade and developed a large business. Mr. Panlin came to New York in 1898, and promptly entered the real estate field. He saw the possibilities of suburban growth and made that his specialty. Among the most successful of his developments has been Leonia, N. J., he being president of the Leonia Heights Land Company. While at Sault Ste. Marie, he was instrumental in forming companies for the utilization of its water-power—enterprises that have made that town famous. His ancestry is Scotch-English; he has been entirely too much taken up with business to enter into social organizations.

Charles F. Noyes is one of the younger real estate men handling a business of large proportions. He was born in Norwich, Conn., July 19, 1878, and educated at the Norwich Academy, coming to New York City when twenty years old and organizing the Charles F. Noyes Company, with offices at No. 92 William Street. The business grew from practically nothing until it is to-day one of the leading firms in the city.

Seventy employees are required to superintend the various buildings under the company's control and it was recently found necessary to open a branch office at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Mr. Noyes has made a number of innovations, one of which

is the division of profits among the employees at the end of each year, in proportion to their earning capacity and term of service. He is a member of the Union League Club of Brooklyn, the New York Athletic, Crescent Athletic, Drug and Chemical and Underwriters clubs of New York City; the Masonic Club, Brooklyn League, Real Estate Board of Brokers, and is a director of the Realty League of New York City, a director of the *Norwich Morning Bulletin* and several other corporations.

A life-long experience in the real estate business has given George Rowland Read a knowledge of realty conditions and values that places him in the expert class and makes his opinion of great value.

Mr. Read was born in Brooklyn in 1849, and was educated at the Polytechnic Institute there. In 1867 he entered the employ of the real estate firm of E. H. Ludlow & Co., where he remained for seventeen years, and in 1884 started in business for himself. The present firm of Geo. R. Read & Co. was organized and it has, guided by Mr. Read's expert judgment, been successfully interested in some of the largest and most important realty transactions in New York City and the contiguous territory lying within the suburban zone.

In addition to being president of George R. Read & Co., Mr. Read occupies a similar position with the Mutual Trust Company, of Westchester County and the Waccabuc



CHARLES F. NOYES

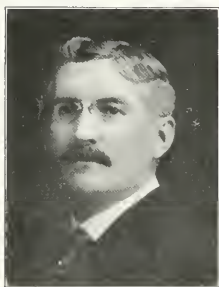
GEORGE R. READ

DAVID L. PHILLIPS

Company. He is a member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Down Town, Union, Metropolitan and Riding and Coaching clubs.

Having spent his entire life in the real estate business, David L. Phillips has come to be recognized as an expert in realty values in New York City and in the many beautiful sections within the metropolitan suburban zone. He was born in New York City, June 3, 1861, and is of English and Dutch extraction. He was educated in the public schools, after which he entered the employ of L. J. Phillips & Co., of which his father was the head, and thoroughly mastered every detail of the business. He was admitted to the firm and upon his father's death became the senior member.

The firm of L. J. Phillips & Co. is one of the leaders in real estate activities and does a large auctioneering and appraising business. The offices are at No. 158 Broadway and No. 261 Columbus Avenue. Mr. Phillips is a director of the Great Eastern Casualty and Indemnity Company, and a member of several clubs and social organizations.



FITCH H. MEDBURY

There is practically no end to the fortunes made in real estate during the past generation. The most promising field for such an active business life has been New York City and its immediate environs. Among successful operators is Fitch H. Medbury, born on a farm near Hamilton, Madison County, this state, in September,

1860. His education was obtained in his native town, where he also acquired much of his business preparation for the career he followed after coming to the metropolis, for which he has always had a natural liking. Mr. Medbury is a descendant of Governor Lewis Winslow, who was the second Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He never has held any political office, but is a staunch Republican. He is a member of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn.

Nowhere within thirty-five minutes of Herald Square is there such suburban property on the market at such favorable terms as is to be found at Massapequa, L. I., a station on the Montauk Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It begins exactly 12 miles beyond the Greater New York line and has a frontage of several miles upon the Great South Bay. The exploitation of this large tract of high, level land has been accomplished by the Queens Land and Title Company and so pronounced has been its success that a city has risen in four years upon what was scarcely occupied farm property. Within the borders of the new city are four beautiful lakes, conserved and owned by the City of New York for use of the Water Department of the Borough of Brooklyn. These charming bits of water, together with the Great South Bay and the near proximity to the ocean give a most delightful climate in summer, temperature being upwards of 15 degrees cooler than on Manhattan Island.

With magnificent highways, high wooded land, the lakes, the bay, the ocean, beautiful old homes and private parks, churches, schools and clubs, golf, fishing, boating and sailing, Massapequa possesses all the natural attractions and advantages possible to be had in suburban home life for man, woman or child. With such a foundation to build upon it is not surprising that the development of Massapequa has been unusually rapid. That it is being developed along unusually high-grade lines is evidenced by the distinctive type of architecture adopted, the majority of the homes being of hollow tile or stucco, fire-proof, French villa type of construction. With the exceptional transportation facilities afforded by the completion of the electric transit to the Pennsylvania depot, Massapequa will present an ideal suburban home site within about half an hour of the heart of Manhattan.

The owners and developers of Massapequa have had wide experience in the development of high class suburban properties, Allen T. Haight, President and George F. Haight, Secretary and Treasurer of the Queens Land and Title Company before purchasing the properties comprising Massapequa successfully

developed and sold "Manhattan Terrace," a large tract of land in Brooklyn, south of Prospect Park.

The career of Charles Newmark, who at the age of twenty-four years, is one of the city's most successful builders, illustrates what ambition and application can accomplish.

He was born in New York City, September 15, 1887, and was educated at the public and high schools. At the age of fifteen, when most boys are thinking of play, he entered the employ of Robert M. Silberman, a builder, wearing overalls and receiving a weekly wage of four dollars. Two years later he was superintendent for the McKinley Construction Company, building thirty or forty houses annually, and at the age of twenty years was in business for himself as a full-fledged builder, his first operation being two eight-story apartment houses at Broadway and One Hundred and Eleventh Street, which he turned over at a large profit. At this period he concluded that nine-story apartment houses, on side streets, would be a desirable and paying proposition, and commenced such construction, being followed in this line of work by nearly all the realty companies, and meeting with great success.

Mr. Newmark's thorough training in practical building, coupled with his complete knowledge of realty values in the sections in which he builds, are the reasons he has never yet had a losing operation. He is now build-

ing "Laureate Hall," a ten-story apartment house at One Hundred and Nineteenth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, in the college settlement. This house will be in suites of two, three and four rooms and is especially designed for teachers and students. He is also about to start another building of the same size at One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

In addition to his building operations, Mr. Newmark is vice-president of the Consolidated Chandelier Company. He is a Republican, believing that this party stands alone for the nation's commercial progress.

Dissatisfied with mercantile pursuits to which he turned his attention after leaving school, Samuel Marx became a real estate auctioneer, and in that line of work has built up a reputation that keeps him constantly employed. He was born in New York City, May 10, 1867, and came of one of those old-fashioned big families of which he was the oldest of thirteen children, and at the age of twenty-one started in business as a tailor. The prospects not being bright, he commenced to sell real estate at auction. Mr. Marx is a Democrat, and during the years of 1908-'09-'10 and '11 was a member of the Board of Aldermen and always took an active part in the deliberations of that body. He is a member of the B. P. O. Elks, the Knights of Pythias, the Samuel Tichner



CHARLES NEWMARK



H. STEWART MCKNIGHT



SAMUEL MARX

Society, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, the Columbia and Owasco clubs, also of the Real Estate Exchange and is president of the "Marx Fraternity," organized and incorporated for the mutual protection of the family. It is the first of its kind; and only members of the immediate family can join. They meet at the residences of the members every second week, and it is the means of preserving the family interests and unity.

Long Island has been the field upon which many real estate campaigns have been planned, organized and fought out to successful realization. I have always felt a peculiar interest in the achievements of H. Stewart McKnight and his four energetic brothers, because they came here from Chambersburg, Pa., the original home of my ancestors after whom the historic old town is named. Mr. McKnight was a young lawyer, but saw far greater possibilities in the development of Long Island than in the slow growth of a legal clientele, however successful. He didn't have a great deal of capital himself, but was able to ally himself with men of wealth who admired his genius for organization, and, in 1905, he established The McKnight Realty Company.

The first proposition grappled was a large tract near Bayside, beyond Flushing, which at large expense he attractively laid out in villa plots. He immediately brought his four brothers, Ira Thomas, John Calvin, A. Maxwell and Edgar Scott McKnight into active coöperation. These young men rendered special services. The first, Ira Thomas McKnight, is an engineer and naturally became the head of the construction and development department, accomplishing remarkable engineering feats in landscape gardening, drainage, sewerage and water proposition. Another brother, John Calvin, became vice-president of the McKnight Realty Company, and was of rare value owing to his extensive acquaintance with prominent capitalists in the metropolitan district. He was well known, owing to the fact that he had been secretary to Ex-Gov. B. B. Odell, and had served for a brief time in the same capacity with Col. Roosevelt, prior to his election to the governorship. A. Maxwell McKnight was for a time secretary of the New York Produce Exchange

and Edgar Scott McKnight, the youngest brother, has had a thorough training in real estate business.

The president of this invincible organization is H. Stewart McKnight, who is a leader in all matters of public interest affecting the Borough of Queens. He was president of the Long Island Real Estate Exchange and he is probably more familiar with every nook and corner of the big island than any man in the real estate business to-day; not a road, lane or path is unknown to him. His latest undertaking is the development of the Great Neck Estates, a charming tract of high land on that well known promontory of the North Shore. Miles of streets with concrete sidewalks and many villas are already in process of construction.

Long Island property has felt the keen impulse of growth during the past decade. The completion of four bridges across the East River and several tunnels thereunder has had the effect of giving to residents on the south side of "the great terminal moraine" easy access to the heart of Manhattan. These activities in suburban property have developed a new class of energetic men who talk well and carry conviction because they believe what they say. Among men who have galvanized into activity this new market is T. Benton Ackerson, born at Rockland Lake, this state, June, 1856. He was educated at Poughkeepsie and began commercial life in Brooklyn, 1874, as an employee of the Knickerbocker Ice Company. He enjoyed the tutorship of his father, a successful business man; but his leanings were toward the real estate field. In thirty-odd years he has prosecuted extensive operations in Long Island City, Flatbush and more recently at Brightwaters, near Bay Shore—a beautiful sea, lake, pine and oak grown residential park of over 1,200 acres. A pace setter in seaside suburban development. The harbor features incorporated are a most unique and ingenious conception and the five spring-fed lakes, connected by cascade dams and esplanade of fountains, encircled by winding drives, have all combined in creating a substantial example of the higher standard of development, since copied by many other developers.

Brightwaters is a veritable home community, the T. B. Ackerson Co., in which all Mr. Ackerson's enterprises have recently been combined, being the first to establish its own interurban transportation system.

The development of the suburban town of Nutley, across the Hudson, is due largely to the energy and success as an architect of William A. Lambert, a young Englishman who came to this country with his parents in 1871, settled in New Jersey and secured his education at the public schools of that state. After a thorough technical training, he began his career as an architect in 1892. In addi-

comes with the prestige of success in that line at Auburn, Rochester and Syracuse, in each of which cities he developed large sections of realty. Mr. Tuxill was born at Clarkson, Monroe County, N. Y., May, 1877, and spent his early days on the farm of his father. After an education in the district school, he went to Auburn, "loveliest city of the plain," 1900, to accept a place in one of the local real estate offices. He was a "hustler" from the first and by 1907 had so widely inspired confidence that he had no difficulty in organizing the Tuxill Realty Company, with a \$300,000 capitalization, the stock of which



T. BENTON ACKERSON



WILLIAM A. LAMBERT



CHARLES E. TUXILL

tion to his collegiate studies, he had served with William Halsey Wood, of Newark, one of the most successful men in his profession. Mr. Lambert has made a specialty of suburban architectural work, having designed and constructed about one thousand residences of that character. Among his chief successes elsewhere may be mentioned the Edgemere Club Hotel and the Colonial Hall, at Arverne, L. I. At present he confines himself to architectural work in Nutley, being President of the Nutley Realty Company. He has designed and built 500 houses in Nutley. He is President of the New York and New Jersey Real Estate Exchange, a Mason, a member of the Royal Arcanum, and of many societies and clubs.

A newcomer in the field of Long Island real estate promotion is Charles E. Tuxill, who

was subscribed by some of Auburn's most prominent citizens. With this increased capital, Mr. Tuxill pushed his activities into other cities of Central New York. Backed by friends who had realized large profits from his up-state enterprises, he recently came to New York and purchased a large tract of land on Long Island, known as "Beacon Hill," which he is now developing.

An exceptionally successful young member of the real estate fraternity is Albert B. Ashforth, born in this city, 1873. Educated at private schools, he entered his uncle's real estate office in 1890. The fact that his father had achieved success in the same business may have been a determining factor in his choice. In 1896 he formed an independent partnership with Harvey H. Duryée which lasted until 1901. Since that time Mr. Ash-



ALBERT B. ASHFORTH



NATHANIEL J. HESS



ROBERT W. HAFF

forth has conducted his business under his own name. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish War, Harvey Duryée and Mr. Ashforth conceived the idea and made the suggestion to Colonel Astor which resulted in the formation of the Astor Battery by that patriot. Mr. Ashforth served eight years as a member of Company I, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.

Germany furnished another active member of the real estate guild in this city in the person of Nathaniel J. Hess, who was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, September, 1871. This was after the creation of the German Empire and the transfer of the Imperial Capital to Berlin. Mr. Hess came to this country early in life, with his parents. He began a mercantile career in his sixteenth year; but, at 19, he joined the firm of M. & L. Hess, organized for the purpose of conducting a general real estate and brokerage business. Since then he has been connected with the Realty Holding Company, the Hess Building Company, the Empire Realty Corporation, the Pacific Realty Company, the Thirty-second Street Building Company, and several other associations. Mr. Hess is closely identified with many of the allied charities. For pastime he is fond of breaking horses for the Horse Shows. He is also an enthusiastic hunter and disciple of Izaak Walton. He is a member of the Fulton Riding Club, Lotos Club, City

Lunch Club, American Kennel Club, Long Island Kennel Club, Bull Dog Club, and others.

A successful real estate broker, actively engaged since 1884 in the development of Manhattan and Long Island property, is Robert W. Haff. The principal office of his company, "The Robert W. Haff Realty Corporation," is in the Marlbridge Building, Manhattan, incorporated in 1908 with Mr. Haff as president. One of his most recent transactions, as representative of the Degnon Realty and Terminal Improvement Company and other capitalists, was the purchase of several hundred acres of meadow land between Flushing and Corona, Queens County, bordering on Flushing Bay and River. This large area is now being filled with city ashes. Five years will be required to reclaim this land, but when the work is completed the land will be suitable for manufacturing plants, because it possesses both rail and water facilities. The business of the Robert W. Haff Realty Corporation extends over the United States and Mexico. Mr. Haff has recently returned from a three months' trip to Europe in the interests of New York clients.

Training in a bank is an admirable preparation for almost any commercial business. Douglas Ludlow Elliman, now a successful real estate broker, began his career as a "runner" with the Union National Bank and

then went to Vermilye & Co., where he remained three years. He entered the office of Pease & Elliman, real estate brokers, and became a partner in 1907. Mr. Elliman was born at Flushing, L. I., May, 1882, and was educated at the Berkeley and Cutler Schools. In eight years of brokerage experience, he "closed" nearly \$7,000,000 of sales, including private houses, plots for apartments and one church. He also built up a collection business of about \$1,000,000 annually, including a majority of the best East Side apartments. He is president of the Douglas L. Elliman Company, and a director of the Bleecker Street & Fulton Ferry Railroad Co. He is a Republican; his clubs are the Racquet and Tennis, St. Nicholas, Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Stamford Yacht and Wee Burn Golf.

The development of Westchester property, especially at White Plains and its vicinity, is largely due to the energy of E. Nelson Ehrhart, who early saw an opportunity for its exploitation and gave himself resolutely to the work. Mr. Ehrhart was born in New York City, December, 1873, prepared for college in the public schools, entered Columbia and took a special course in architecture there and agriculture at Cornell University. After ten years' experience in dairy farming, he adopted his present occupation. He was successful from the first. Mr. Ehrhart was acting superintendent of the Horse Department of the World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while a student at Cor-

nell Agricultural College, and was named as a special expert of the Dairy Division of the Agricultural Department of the United States in 1895. He comes of an old German family, his father having settled in Michigan as a missionary among the Indians. Mr. Ehrhart is a Republican and a member of the Republican and Transportation clubs, 7th Regiment Veterans' Association and other societies.

Some men are naturally inclined to enter the real estate business and others have the duty of developing ancestral tracts of land thrust upon them. Such was the case with William Richmond Ware, who undertook the exploiting of a large property belonging to the estate of E. R. Ware, deceased, in the city of Yonkers. Mr. Ware was born on the banks of the Hudson, February, 1855, and was educated in the private schools of this city and Yonkers. Early in life he was charged with the care of large real estate interests belonging to his father's family and developed special aptitude for economical management and disposition of many kinds of property. He won general confidence by his dealings and gathered around him many patrons. He began in New York City, 1880, with Leonard J. Carpenter, first trading in East Side properties; but, eleven years later, he opened an office on the upper West Side, where he has prospered.

A direct descendant of Capt. Dolson, an early settler of New Amsterdam, is William Hamilton Dolson, now a prominent real estate



DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN

E. NELSON EHRHART

WILLIAM R. WARE



LOUIS GOLD



AARON RABINOWITZ



J. ARTHUR FISCHER

agent in this city. Among many important properties under his management is that of the "Belnord," the largest residential apartment building in the world, its court, with walks and fountains and flower beds, covering more area than the ground space devoted to most other properties of its kind. A remarkable feature of this building is that every wall has an ornamental front and every room is an outside one, therefore the "Belnord" is, admittedly, a standard for architects and is likely to remain so, because there is not at present any vacant property in the developed section of Manhattan Island of sufficient size to erect another building of the kind. Mr. Dolson is a member of the Holland Society and also of the Sons of the American Revolution. Capt. Dolson, aforesaid mentioned, in 1667 built the first large vessel put upon the stocks in these waters. He was also active in New Amsterdam real estate, and with his son-in-law, Jan Kiersen, opened up the Great Maize Land, not far below Fort Washington. Kiersen's house was the first settlement on the now well-known Jumel homestead, and furthermore is believed to be the first spot permanently occupied on these heights.

Capt. Dolson's son, Teunis, is credited as being the first male child born in New Amsterdam after it was ceded by the Dutch to the English—being, therefore, the original native

citizen of the English ruled and named City of New York. His branch of the family moved up state and founded the town of Dolson.

Every owner of rentable property understands the desirability of having a competent and watchful agent to collect his rents and see that the character of his houses is maintained. Many excellent buildings, with advantageous sites, have been allowed to deteriorate owing to inattentive owners or negligent agents. Aaron Rabinowitz belongs to the ever-watchful class of agent who makes his principal's interests his own. He was born in this city and derived his education from the public schools and the University of the City of New York. Through the advice of Henry Morganthau, one of the leading realty owners and operators of this city, he entered the real estate business in 1903. Though only twenty-seven years of age he became president of the long-established firm of Spear & Co., real estate agents, in 1905, a house that represents more than \$10,000,000 in tenant property, mainly in the commercial center of the metropolis.

J. Arthur Fischer is another prominent real estate dealer of the mid-town section, who has met with success as agent, broker and appraiser of some of the best property in the city during the ten years which he has devoted to building up his business.



CHARLES H. PATRICK



FRANK E. SMITH



LAWRENCE B. ELLIMAN

After retiring from a life of business activity, Charles H. Patrick was induced to take the presidency and treasurership of the East Bay Land and Improvement Company and has demonstrated his ability along executive lines by a wise and successful handling of the company's interests. Mr. Patrick was born in Bennington, Vermont, and started in life in a country store. He came to New York in 1860 and was connected with the H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., for thirty-seven years. The property he is now interested in is located upon the East River or Sound and extends from Oak Point to the Bronx River. It has an excellent water front, is easy of access and is particularly adapted to residences and for manufacturing and shipping purposes. Large interests are already located on the tract, and are unrestricted by the encroachments of adjoining property, while the rail and water facilities are unexcelled.

Closely associated with the buying and selling of real estate, in late years, has developed the placing of loans for the construction of large city structures or development of suburban real estate. In this particular line Frank E. Smith has created a place for himself. He was born in Candia, N. H., and enjoyed the benefits of the local schools. He began life with his father, who was a mason-builder in Manchester. Thence he went to Chicago, where he worked as a builder for two years.

He came to New York in 1879, and continued in the same trade until 1896. Since then Mr. Smith has been a promoter and real estate broker. One of his large deals was the sale of the Delaware & Hudson property on Church and Cortlandt Streets to the City Investment Company, and the negotiation of a loan for the latter corporation of \$6,250,000. He also figured in the sale of the Hotel Victoria property, at 27th Street, Broadway and 5th Avenue, involving \$7,000,000, and sold the land and furnished the capital to erect the Hendrik Hudson Apartments at 110th to 111th Streets and Riverside Drive. He also furnished the money to erect the Chatsworth Apartments and Annex at 72nd Street and Riverside Drive, the Forrest Chambers at 113th Street and Broadway and the Adamston and Evanston Apartments. These five negotiations represented an outlay of \$4,000,000. He also negotiated the sale of the German-American Building, 35 Nassau Street, in which the consideration was large.

One of the most prominent and best-posted real estate men in New York City is Lawrence B. Elliman of Pease & Elliman. He was born at Flushing, L. I., and was educated at the Flushing Institute, Flushing High School and the Berkeley School, New York City, from which he graduated in 1893, and commenced his active business career in Wall Street with the firm of Buttrick & Elliman

From here he went to the Bacteriological Division of the New York Board of Health, and in 1897 formed a connection with the firm of Pell & Graves, where he remained until he organized the real estate firm of Pease & Elliman. The business was successful from its inception and was incorporated in 1902. It has increased from the zero mark in 1897 to an annual gross turn over of \$25,000,000. The firm has sold many of the most prominent dwellings in the Fifth Avenue district, including Andrew Carnegie's former residence to W. P. Clyde; the W. H. Bliss house to Mrs. Moulton; a house to J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., and many other notable homes to prominent individuals.

Mr. Elliman is descended from the Dutch and Quakers of Long Island. One of his ancestors was an original settler and founder of Flushing, and another was one of the early mayors of New York City. He served five years in the Naval Militia and is a member of the Racquet and Tennis, Rockaway Hunt, New York Yacht and Cedarhurst Yacht clubs; the St. Nicholas Society, Society of Colonial Wars and the New York Historical, Genealogical and Biographical Society of New York City. His business connections are president, treasurer and director of Pease & Elliman, Inc., vice-president, treasurer and director of Pease & Elliman Agency, treasurer and director of the Woman's Hotel Company and director of the City of New York Insurance Company, and the Allied Real Estate Interests.

Indication of the growth of our wonderful metropolis is the success that has attended the organization and efficient management of several corporations organized for the development of city and suburban real estate. The New York Central Realty Company was incorporated in 1903, with a paid-up capital of \$200,000. Their policy has been to purchase property along the lanes of the city's growth, and as it was improved to cut it into lots and market it. With its large resources, the possibilities of this company are limitless. This fact has led to the organization of a bond department, which, in effect, bids for the use of money in the real estate business at legal interest. The New York

Central Realty Company is not in any sense a bond company, that department being incidental to its real estate interests. The successful development of acreage property on Long Island has been remarkable. This company bought one hundred acres at \$800 an acre five years ago. Three years later, adjacent property sold for \$2,850 an acre. Owing to the fact that the Central Realty Company had cut its land into villa plots, a much higher price was realized. I merely cite this instance as one of many successful enterprises. The company's operations in New Jersey and Westchester County, N. Y., are equally extensive.

The theory of heredity may possibly account for the fact that Charles Shongood is a very capable auctioneer. A son of Joseph Shongood, who for many years followed that honorable and ancient profession in the city of New York, Charles was born there on May 1, 1864. Educated in the public schools, he embarked in the vocation of his paternal ancestor and distinguished himself. Charles Shongood is the first U. S. auctioneer appointed by the Federal Court under the Bankruptcy Law. He was a presi-



CHARLES SHONGOOD

dential elector in the year of Roosevelt's famous victory and ran for Congress in 1904, but was defeated. He is a member of the Republican and Progress clubs, taking an active interest in politics.

There is no more successful dealer in North Side real estate than John A. Steinmetz, who within the short period of seven years has acquired a knowledge of really values in the Bronx that has made him a leader in his line.

He was born in West Farms, January 11, 1875, obtaining his education in the public schools in that locality and was a baker until twenty-four years of age, when he went into the wholesale flour business. The purchase

of a single lot when he was twenty-one years of age turned his attention to the growing possibilities of the Bronx and when thirty years of age he decided to quit mercantile pursuits and go into the real estate and insurance business. Since that time he has been very successful and his office at No. 1009 East 180th Street is a place of great activity. A majority of the large apartment houses in this section has been sold through his efforts and he completed the negotiations by which the large hotel and hall immediately opposite the terminal of the West Farms subway line was erected. In addition he has conducted many exchanges and has a large clientele in renting and insurance.

Mr. Steinmetz is president of the East Tremont Taxpayers' Association and is connected with the L. W. Divine Company, the Jacob Jensen Company, and the Obark Realty Company, all engaged in building operations. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity and several societies.

Having left home in Alsace when he was fourteen years old and worked in Paris five years, Henry Moses Weill directed his course toward America. Mr. Weill reached this city when twenty years old. His first occupation was translator to the physician-in-chief of the Equitable Life Assurance Company. This work was not calculated to hold a man of Mr. Weill's energy and progressiveness; nothing

would satisfy him but his own desk. Opening an office in West Twenty-eighth Street, success soon came to him. After leasing stores and lofts in the neighborhood he succeeded in securing a loan of \$450,000 for the Bijou Theatre. After placing this loan, his progress was rapid, until at the age of 33 he is recognized by the entire real estate fraternity. Besides being the president of the H. M. Weill Company, he is a director of the Coleman Construction Company and treasurer of the One Hundred and Thirty West 37th Street Company. He is also a member of the Democratic Club, West Side Real Estate Association and Allied Real Estate Interests.

After thorough training as a merchant, a Wall Street broker and a banker, Benjamin Rush Lummis finally undertook the management of estates and has made himself one of the authorities in this city on the appraised values of real property. He was born in New York, July, 1857, and received a thorough education at St. Francis Xavier's and Seton Hall Colleges. He began active business, in 1877, as shipping clerk in a wholesale house that did a business of \$3,000,000 a year. His father had been a dry goods importer, but family reverses during the Civil War caused the young man to go to work early in life. Next I hear of him in Wall Street, in the firm of Lummis & Day the brokerage business of an elder brother. After weathering several panics, Mr. Lummis engaged in the real



JOHN A. STEINMETZ



HENRY M. WEILL



BENJAMIN R. LUMMIS

estate field, which he has followed ever since. He is strong in Revolutionary ancestry and a member of the Sons; is a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, is on the advisory board of the New York Foundling Hospital and the Seton Hospital for Consumptives, a trustee of the Catholic Institute for the Blind, a member of the New York Athletic club and the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Judging from what he has done and is doing, it is but fair to assume that among the names of the civil engineers of to-day that will

be long remembered is Bayly Hipkins, who is in the front rank of that most important branch of modern engineering—subway construction.

Mr. Hipkins was born in Baltimore, July 27, 1871. After graduation from the City College of Baltimore and Lehigh University, he became the resident engineer of the Tybee Railroad of Georgia; roadmaster of the Central of Georgia and the



BAYLY HIPKINS

Georgia and Alabama Railroad. Coming to New York in 1899 he became the Chief Engineer of the Bradley Construction Company, which has the contract for building the new Brooklyn and Lexington Avenue subway, aggregating an outlay of \$50,000,000. This contract was secured in the face of the most aggressive competition with powerful rival companies upon figures prepared by Mr. Hipkins, so complete in the details that older and more experienced masters were defeated.

Identified with the real estate business for the past 20 years, it is natural that Charles W. Mix should acquire an experience that makes him a leader in the realty world. He was born in Camden, Oneida County, N. Y., July 29, 1868, of New England ancestry, and was educated in Syracuse, N. Y. Before attaining his majority he embarked in the real estate business in Syracuse, that line of endeavor appealing to him as the one for which

he was best fitted. He was successful and in 1902 removed to New York City, where he concluded the field was broader and fuller of



CHARLES W. MIX

opportunities. He formed a connection with the Frank L. Fisher Company, an organization that has been successful for twenty-five years, and eventually he and William H. Peckham became sole stockholders of the company, Mr. Peckham being president and Mr. Mix filling the positions of secretary and treasurer. The company is recognized as entirely responsible in the real estate business. It handles no property in a speculative way, but has a large clientele of wealthy patrons who are always looking for permanent investments in paying business properties and apartment houses and it is to this class of business alone that the Frank L. Fisher Company devotes its energies. The long experience of both Mr. Mix and Mr. Peckham along these lines has given them a complete knowledge of realty values in all sections of the city and their advice to investors is always valuable, their judgment being affirmed by clients whom they have served for years.

Out on Fire Island, where health and happiness go hand in hand and where the summer breezes are always ten degrees cooler than in New York City, lies Ocean Beach, one of the ideal spots in that beautiful territory of picturesque resorts. Ocean Beach differs materially from nearly every town on the coast from the fact that there one can get back to nature without the handicap of modern society trammels. There are no social functions to be observed and no catering to fashion's usages—everything tends to the simple life and unalloyed enjoyment and happiness holds full sway. It is an ideal spot and is the creation of John A. Wilbur, who, in 1908, conceived the idea of locating a high-class family seashore summer colony on Fire Island, which to his mind filled every requirement. He christened the spot Ocean Beach and at once started to develop it. That his judgment was correct is proved by the fact that since that time eighty-five bungalows and cottages have been erected by lot owners, while between 25 and 50 more have been contracted for, and during this period of development 700 lots have been sold. A pier extends into the bay and right at the landing a modern hotel, partly of concrete, and a dancing pavilion of ornate design have been erected. The beach is undulating and in many respects superior to Atlantic City and all the surroundings are conducive to health and water sports. Two steamers convey passengers to and from Bay Shore, another to Islip and one to Patchogue.

No suburban retreat lying contiguous to New York City presents the attractions and natural advantages that can be found there. This ideal spot has pure water, surf bathing, still water bathing, boating, fishing, shooting and cool, refreshing ocean breezes. Here the blue fishing grounds are in front of every cottage door, and duck and snipe shooting are the best on the Atlantic coast. You can tread your own clams and have your own clam bake or indulge in a shore dinner at trifling expense. Mr. Wilbur, who conceived and developed this unique resort and who is president of the Ocean Beach Development Company, commenced his career as a messenger boy, afterwards becoming a tel-

egraph operator on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. He used his leisure time in studying and after saving some money became interested in a manufacturing business which he disposed of to start the development of



JOHN A. WILBUR

Ocean Beach. He has always been a student and is an able writer on trade subjects, real estate development and political economy, contributing many articles on these subjects to the leading trade journals. He is a friend of labor and from the beginning of his career, has been bitterly opposed to over-capitalized, water-soaked, swindling trusts, believing that the laboring man should receive better wages and thereby be permitted to enjoy a more liberal share of the profits which accrue so largely from his efforts. He is prominent in Masonic circles, having passed through all the intervening degrees of Masonry up to and including the thirty-second. He is Past Master of Bunting Lodge, a member of Sylvan Chapter, Constantine Commandery, Mystic Shrine and all the Scottish Rite bodies. He is an ex-president of the Harlem Board of Commerce and a member of the Harlem Branch Y. M. C. A. He was a school commissioner in 1906 and 1907 and during that time vigor-

ously advocated improvements in the sanitation of school buildings, particularly the ventilation and cleanliness of class rooms. He also instituted the investigation in the matter of second-hand square pianos that had been purchased and paid for as new. He is a Democrat, and while not active in politics, was chosen presidential elector from the Eleventh Congressional District during the 1908 campaign.

In less than a dozen years in New York City, William Henderson, Jr., as secretary and manager of William Henderson, Inc., has become a factor in the building trade. He was



WILLIAM HENDERSON, Jr.

born in Westchester, N. Y., February 20, 1871, and educated in the public schools, and his practical knowledge of construction was gained with his grandfather and father. The grandfather, James Henderson, had a wood-working mill in Westchester, and upon his death in 1886, his son, William, succeeded to the business. In 1888 he

turned his attention to the construction of high class private residences, and during the four years previous to the company coming to New York City, many beautiful and costly homes and club houses were erected in the territory contiguous to Westchester. In all of this work, William Henderson, Jr. was an active factor. In 1892, New York City was invaded and since that time William Henderson, Inc., has played an important part in building construction here. At the present time the company is erecting a twelve-story loft building at 31st Street and Fourth Avenue and the construction of modern playhouses is one of its specialties. In this connection may be mentioned the Longacre Theatre, 48th Street west of Broadway, and the Jackson Avenue Theatre at 155th Street and Westchester Avenue, Bronx, while the company's bid has been accepted on still another, the location of which

has not as yet been made known. Mr. Henderson is of Scottish extraction. His ancestors located in Westchester in 1838 and since that time they have always taken an important part in the development and affairs of that section. He is a Democrat in politics and was at once time a member of the Assembly from Westchester, but since coming to New York City his activities have been diverted from politics to the upbuilding of a large and successful business.



WILLIAM I. BROWN

Knowing every property and every foot of vacant land in the Borough of the Bronx, by reason of a residence of 45 years, and with a mind stored by twenty-six years of experience in realty transactions, it was but natural that the services of William I. Brown should be sought whenever condemnation proceedings were instituted in that section. He is president of W. E. and W. I. Brown, Inc., a business started by his father, Robert I. Brown, in 1867, and in the nearly half-century of the firm's existence, sterling integrity and absolute devotion to its clients' interests, have been the watch words. Mr. Brown's specialty is expert appraising and in this connection he has been retained by the city, state and attor-

neys for owners in thousands of cases. For loaning institutions and attorneys of estates, he has appraised over 2200 parcels of real estate and in the suits ensuing from the construction of the subway, he testified as an expert for the city in over 350 cases. He proved that prior to the subway's construction, the value of the property along the route was about \$4,000,000 and three years after construction was commenced, the same property was worth \$9,000,000. This showing saved the city a large amount of money in claimed damages. In street opening proceedings he has appeared in over 900 cases and in the suits brought against the city by reason of the change of grade made necessary by the depression of the Harlem Railroad tracks, from Mott Haven to Williamsbridge, he appeared as expert for the property owners in 935 cases. The company of which Mr. Brown is president, has figured in many of the most important transfers of property in the Bronx, being the agent for many of the old estates, such as the Rogers, Morris, de Peyster and Zbrowski families. A complete record of all conveyances, mortgages, leases, building plans and alterations of each piece of property in the Borough is kept, and therefore Mr. Brown can tell, without a moment's hesitation, all the facts concerning any piece of property, thereby making his opinion as an expert appraiser, reliable, and his testimony of forceful effect.

That success in handling New York realty does not entirely depend upon a trained knowledge of the business, is proven by the remarkable achievements of Julian Benedict, who, within a period of eleven years, has engineered real estate sales involving nearly twenty millions of dollars. Of course, he has acquired during that time an experience which makes him an authority on values, but the story of his early struggles and final success reads like a romance. He was born in Roumania in 1873, and graduated from the academy in his native city with the highest honors. He took a special course in mathematics and became an accountant, but finding the prospects for a successful career were very remote in Roumania, he came to New York in 1888,

Here he became successfully identified with bicycle interests and the cloak and suit business. While engaged in the latter he decided that the land of his adoption offered better chances than were possible in mercantile lines



JULIAN BENEDICT

and he decided to become a real estate agent. He had not the slightest idea of how to negotiate a sale or to execute a lease, but this lack of knowledge did not deter him. He secured an office on March 30, 1901, and began hustling for clients. Naturally a period of weary waiting followed. Although discouraged he held on and his patience was rewarded by a rare piece of luck. This was the sale of the little building at the northwest corner of Broadway and 34th Street, and the sale brought him at once into prominence.

for the price, \$375,000 was a record one and all the papers credited him with being a shrewd realty salesman. Naturally owners of property who were looking for the highest possible terms hunted him up, and since that time he has been very successful. He has been the pioneer in long leases in the mid-section of the city and has established a record of getting the highest possible price for business properties. One of the deals which Mr. Benedict conducted is of a unique character and established a long-lease record on Fifth Avenue. It was the sale of the property, Nos. 556 and 558 Fifth Avenue for M. Knoedler & Co., to Daniel A. Loring, president of the Etna Real Estate & Loan Co., and the subsequent leasing of the land to the original owner for a period of eighty-four years. This negotiation involved the sum of \$5,000,000 and was entirely consummated within a period of fifteen days. After this sale and lease were executed, Mr. Loring wrote to Mr. Benedict the following letter:

"I wish to thank you for the prompt and businesslike manner in which you negotiated the exchange of my Central Park West and 91st Street lots with Mr. Ronald H. Macdonald for the property, No. 29 West 34th Street. I also feel quite enthusiastic and very well pleased with the negotiations made by you with Messrs. Knoedler & Co. for the property, Nos. 556 and 558 Fifth Avenue, both transactions being very satisfactory to me."

Concerning the same transaction, M. Knoedler & Co. wrote as follows:

"We take great pleasure in complimenting you on the quick and thoroughly satisfactory manner in which you carried out the sale of 556 and 558 Fifth Avenue to Mr. D. A. Loring, and the re-leasing of same to us for his account. We hope that we may have further transactions with you."

Another record established by Mr. Benedict was the leasing of the building, No. 19 West 34th Street to Revillon Freres, for a period of twenty-one years, the first long lease recorded up to that time on that street. He also sold the Henry Clews residence for \$750,000 and his record for big sales and long leases has caught the attention of the realty world.

There have been many instances where success has been achieved in the real estate business, but it has usually been by men carefully trained in that line. Mr. Benedict was almost a stranger in this country, had no knowledge of the business, which fact makes his success a noticeable one.

Forsoaking mercantile pursuits on account of illness, Harry White entered the real estate business with no previous knowledge, and has figured extensively in the development of northside realty. He located eight years ago at 181st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue, when that territory, known as Washington Heights, had a combined assessed value of about \$2,000,000. He had selected the section as offering unexcelled chances in the line he adopted and had but a short time to wait until his judgment was verified by the northward trend of the residential and business section, until to-day the value of the property in the territory has increased to nearly \$200,000,000, and in this appreciation he has built up a large business. Mr. White was born in New York City in 1870, and educated in the public schools. He is a member of the Elks and is affiliated with the Democratic party. In this connection it might be mentioned that he has refused several tenders of Assembly nominations.

Andrew S. Brownell is President of the New York Realty Owners, organized in the year 1888, the first company which took up the business of co-operative accumulative investments in real estate.

Associated with Mr. Brownell are many investors who believe that New York real estate is the most stable and profitable commodity in which to place money for income production and increase in principal. They know that for generations great fortunes have been acquired from investments in real estate, and the success of this company shows that the same results can be realized for the small investor, by co-operative activity, honestly and intelligently controlled and along lines that produce profits for all stockholders equally.

Mr. Brownell and his associates have acquired for the New York Realty Owners during its sixteen years of business, extensive

properties in the line of New York City's growth northward that are now valued at over \$3,000,000, and that are destined to be developed into commercial centres in the near future. Enhancement in the values and in the income production of these properties, great as they have been, will undoubtedly be far in excess of anything now foreseen.

Street names honoring prominent Englishmen are not as numerous as those of Dutch origin. Most of those that remain have no affiliation with royalty, those reminders of British rule having been carefully expunged after the Revolution. That is why we have Liberty Street instead of Crown, Cedar instead of Queen, and Pine instead of King, the pre-Revolutionary designations of royalty being regarded as out of place with the patriotic sentiments of the new Republic. A portion of Broadway above City Hall bore the resounding term of King George Street, and, of course, that passed away early.

Chatham Street, now only remaining in Chatham Square, but originally all of Park Row, was not molested for some time. It honored the great William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, for his friendly attitude toward the colonies during the Stamp-Act troubles. A marble statue of the Earl was subscribed for and erected in Wall Street, near William, on September 7, 1770, the inscription stating that it was a "public testimony of the grateful sense the Colony of New York retains of the many eminent services he rendered America, particularly in promoting the repeal of the Stamp Act." This statue was overturned and broken by the British soldiers when they entered New York in retaliation for the destruction of the leaden statue of King George on Bowling Green, but the torso still remains among the relics in the New York Historical Society.

One of the leading firms forming part of New York's huge commissary department, is that of John Nix & Co., commission merchants at No. 281 Washington Street.

The business was founded in 1839 and was incorporated in 1904 with John W. Nix, a son of the founder, as president. Associated

with him in the company are George W. Nix, Frank W. Nix and Robert W. Nix, the combination being known as the "big four" of the produce trade.

For seventy-three years the house has handled fruits and produce, principally from Southern points, in carload lots and less, and by conscientious dealing and careful examination of shipments before delivery, has built up a reputation for reliability. Short shipments and prompt delivery to consumers is a rule of the house, while quick returns have made the firm popular with consignors.

"If it's from Nix it's bound to be right" is one of the mottoes of John Nix & Co., and the reputation made in every quarter proves that the firm has observed this rule to the letter.

Nassau is about the only street survivor bearing a name of royal lineage, both being in honor of the Prince of Nassau, who afterward shared the honors of King of England with his wife, Queen Mary. The lower part of Chatham Street lost its name early in the last century in view of its location opposite the park, and Park Row was eventually continued up to its junction with the Bowery. William Street is due to William Beekman, through whose farm it ran. Nassau Street, like Maiden Lane, which has just attained high fame in being the first street in New York to have a tablet erected in its memory, once had a name of more local significance. It was known two centuries or more ago as the "road that leads by the pie woman's." Evidently this unknown woman had touched the heart through the stomach of many of her neighbors to lend such distinction to the thoroughfare by her humble bake shop. The popularity of pie still lingers in Ann Street, hard by.

Wall Street gets its name from the line of palisades which the Dutch erected in 1656 as a protection against their foes, the Indians, who had a bad habit of swooping down from the wild country to the north and making life uneasy for the peace-loving Dutchmen. This wall extended across the city from the East to the North Rivers and had several gates from which access could be had to the pastures outside the walls. The fortifications

were never required for actual defense but were kept in repair until the time of Gov. Dongan.

The demolition of the wall, in 1688, left a wide street, too wide for necessity it was considered, and the eminent English Governor who gave New York its famous charter showed that he was alive to the possibilities of land speculation. He purchased through a dummy land on the north side of the old wall having a frontage of 1,000 feet on the present Wall Street eastward from Broadway. When the walls came down he added to his property about forty feet from the street, thereby increasing the depth of his lots from an average of 80 feet to 120 feet. In 1689 he sold most of it to Abraham de Peyster and Nicholas Bayard, including the entire block between Nassau and William Streets on the north side now occupied by the Sub-Treasury, the old site of the City Hall where Washington was inaugurated President, and many banking and office buildings.

No architect in New York has achieved greater success or accomplished more for the city's beautification than Albert Buchman, of the firm of Buchman & Fox. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 11, 1859, he graduated from Cornell University in 1879, with a full knowledge of architecture, and has since been very active in his profession. His work has included department stores, office buildings, loft buildings and residences. He designed the Saks and Bonwit-Teller buildings, the office building at 31st Street and Fifth Avenue and has the large office building at 42d Street and Madison Avenue in preparation. He also designed the *Times* Annex on 43d Street and several hundred residences. Mr. Buchman is a member of the Architectural League, the Cornell University Club and several other organizations.

High in the counsels of the Democratic Party, the majority leader on the floor of the Senate during 1910 and 1911, and a decided



ROBERT F. WAGNER

leaning toward reform legislation, makes Robert F. Wagner a prominent figure throughout the entire state and places him directly in line for future political preferment. He was born in Prussia, Germany, in 1877 and came to this country with his parents nine years later. His education was received in the public schools, from which he graduated in 1893; the City College from

which he secured the B.S. degree in 1898, and the New York Law School, which conferred LL.B. upon him in 1900. He was admitted to practice the same year. His activity in politics secured for him the Assembly nomination in 1905. He was elected and served continuously in that body until 1908 when he was elected to the State Senate. He has been unusually active in both legislative bodies. In 1907 he was appointed a member of the Assembly Commission on Codes, Public Institutions and Printed and Engrossed bills, and the following year was made a member of the Commission on Cities, Public Institutions and Printed and Engrossed bills. In the Senate he has served on the Judiciary and Public Education Committee, but his greatest activity has been shown as the Democratic floor leader, his commendable course being followed by reelection, with increased majority in 1910. He is a member of the law firm of Phillips, Mahoney & Wagner; of the Sigma Kappa fraternity, the Mozart Verein, Fraternal Order of Eagles, B. P. O. Elks, the Buffaloes, Bar Association of the City of New York, the New York County Lawyers' Association, and the Arion, Manhattan, City, Algonquin, City College and Hell Gate Democratic clubs.

CHAPTER XXXI

A NATIONAL WAVE OF REFORM



TIDE of commercial and political reform swept over New York in the Winter of 1905-'06. Similar episodes had occurred before. We had had the Lexow Committee, which had "exposed" police corruption

with a thoroughness that was informative, but that did not work improvement in the morals of the force or stop the "blackmailing" of saloon-keepers and unfortunate wantons upon the streets. The patrolmen were the "cadets" of those days; now, a stern law sends to prison any man who lives off the shame of a woman. Not a single policeman exposed by the Lexow Committee of the State Senate was put behind the bars. A word, "To lexow," was added to the language. Next we had the Mazet Committee, a reformative body that promised much but performed little.

The Armstrong Committee of 1904, however, actually did things. This was solely owing to the energy and capacity of Charles E. Hughes, a comparatively unknown lawyer, who rose from the ashes of that inquiry to a far greater height than John W. Goff had risen from the scandals of the Lexow investigation. To indicate how little Mr. Hughes was known, I remember, at the announcement of his selection as inquisitor, to have searched every local and national "Who's Who" without finding the slightest reference to him! When I learned he was a "Delta Upsilon" man in college, I was without hope. But he favorably disappointed everybody and rendered to the American people much service. The life insurance investigation left a trail of wrecked character that no previous legislative regenerative attempt had equalled. At first, the Empire State appeared to be the chief sufferers, but evidence was soon forthcoming that tentacles of corruption extended into other commonwealths beside ours. The activity of a Bos-

ton broker, Thomas F. Lawson, was expounded in a New York magazine. He tore masks from the "frenzied financiers." He exposed what he aptly called "The System,"—a policy based upon greed of the lowest character, although fathered by distinguished and reputable bankers. Lawson told the truth about insurance companies and was largely responsible for the general "awakening" that followed.

A bloodless revolution began. At first, the complexions of the state and national legislatures were not materially changed. The "interests" that had named Representatives and Senators were too strongly entrenched to be dislodged by mere popular sentiment. Experience with the Democratic party during the first Cleveland term had shown its unreliability for national reform. The "Trusties" fared as well then as subsequently. The problem under the Republicans was how to waste the nation's money with greatest personal profit. Under the dominance of Speaker Reed and with the aid of the McKinley tariff, patriotism weighed as lightly as feathers against special privileges. National pride hadn't a seat in Congress! The American people became thoughtful and realized their neglect. The cry of "anarchist" no longer affrighted them or served as a deterrent to an expression of contempt for the characters of most public servants.

The culminating shock in the Life Insurance scandal was reached in the proof that custodians of the widows' mites, meaning officers of the companies, had furnished their homes with rugs, tables, chairs and pictures at the expense of the policyholders. From the same source, they drew their fuel; whenever the winter's coal was ordered, a few tons were always sent to the houses of the presidents and other high officials. One life insurance head had fattened his entire family upon his com-

pany. His sons and daughters lived in a splendid apartment house on Seventy-second Street, owned by the company and paid for by the policyholders' money. There they paid only a nominal rent. When the exposure came, crowds of policyholders stood before that house all day. This might have annoyed some people but, in this instance, the inmates of the building arrived and departed high headed, in automobiles and carriages.

During the Spring of 1906, the entire country was aroused. The American people awakened to the thousand and one impositions that greedy monopolies had inflicted upon them. Revolt spread like a prairie fire! The West was earliest convinced; Eastern people were slower to believe the truth. Strangely, the alarm bell had been sounded in England! A wage earner, John Burns, had been elected to Parliament and then taken into the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet, a post worth \$10,000 a year. That was greater recognition of the toiling masses than had been accorded in this country. Fifty other workmen soon found seats in the House of Commons. The individual citizen of the United States had been speaking through the ballot in recent years, but nobody heard his voice. The hour had come for commercial nabobs in America, as elsewhere, to harken! The meaning was unmistakable.

A far greater proof of the actuality of the revolt was shown by the development of vertebræ among editors of newspapers who had previously been spineless! Managers of journals not owned by financial interests actually came out in defence of popular rights! The cry of "socialist" or "anarchist" no longer affrighted editors. Any man who declared that the chiefs of corporations had reduced the accumulation of money to "A System," in which they alone shared and into which outsiders could not intrude, was no longer "a dangerous lunatic." The social revolution grew like a ball of snow upon a hillside! The proletarians had made studies of their masters! A "Servile War" followed, in which the professional classes, except lawyers "retained" by the nabobs, joined. After the exposure, a shout, started by the workmen, became general:

"Halt! Bezonians!"

The christening of the class was apt. Although a few members of the greedy gang had given many millions to education, the selfishness of the commercial nabob marked him as a true bezonian, "a shifty knave," who would get money by any confidence game, rather than not possess himself thereof! Colgrave defined a bezonian as "a base-humored scoundrel." What could better describe the typical life insurance "grafter," or the financial bunco-steerer? If not, dictionaries are out of print! Men of letters fell into the ranks with the proletarians; the common fight was made side by side. Soiled as the palms of allies' hands may have been with the soot of the forge or the dye of the loom, they were not defiled by dishonest money or taint of inhumanity to man!

Many national events recalled the awakening of honesty in the City of New York that followed the downfall of the Tweed régime. Then the chime of the bell-punch was heard in the cars, succeeded by the clang of the cash register in the shops. Some employees needed watching, so a check was placed upon all alike. Now, since the awakening, a watch has been set upon employers of labor! While a long line of Do-Nothing Presidents in the White House had reigned, the "Trusties" had been sawing wood every minute. Like busy bees, they had "improved each shining hour,"—if one knows a "shining hour" when he sees it.

How many of our ninety-odd million citizens utilize the growing majesty of public opinion? In the days of Andrew Jackson, and later of Tweed, contempt for public opinion was universal.

In 1908, I rode from Washington to New York on the Congressional Limited, with a United States Senator from a state west of Ohio. We had known each other twenty-odd years. The acquaintance had begun when he was a Representative in the House, ambitious to go down in history as a pure and a wise statesman. But, in the years that succeeded, he had grown great only in appearance. A hundred opportunities had presented themselves to him, in which he might have courageously defended the rights of the American people against the timber thieves, the beef adulterators, the land grabbers, the railroad

filchers of the public domain, and in countless other ways he might have voiced unspoken protest, already ascending to high heaven many times daily from every hamlet in this land.

Never a word from him! And yet, he was pure as snow. I don't believe he ever made a dollar corruptly. But like a sleeping policeman, he allowed scoundrels to steal past him and do the dirty work that he ought to have prevented.

There were some honest members in the Credit Mobilier and the Pacific Mail subsidy Congresses, I said to him, with far more feeling than I am able to reproduce here, when he complained about the way in which critics had described him. "Those pure men, who prided themselves upon the fact that they were not corrupted weren't bought because Oakes Ames didn't need them! They were reached by other influences. One of Sam Ward's good dimmers, wherein a Westphalian ham, with its whisp of newly cut hay, acted as an anesthetic to conscience, sufficed in some cases; in others, a trade of votes on a River and Harbor appropriation achieved the same result. In later days, when shrewd, clever men, like Allison or Wolcott, to mention the most innocent, were kindly helping vast railroad interests in grateful recognition of continuance in office, but without other hope of financial reward, you were trailing along with the bunch. There wasn't a price upon your head; but you were serving the vested interests quite as faithfully as if you had been hired to argue a case for them before the Supreme Court. It is a merry happening, for your peace of mind, that your conscience was under a spell! You must have awakened, by this time, to opportunities you overlooked to stop countless maraudings of the public? Your face is confession."

"My God! It never came to me in that light before!" the Senator exclaimed.

"Are you sure? How could you have been blind to the fact that you were a valuable asset to the lobbyist who knew how to pull the social string that imparted action to your brain?" I added.

Then this United States Senator put in a special plea—a plea in avoidance.

"Why should I have been on the alert to presuppose crime in others?" he demanded.

"That's the defense of Cain!" I retorted. "Didn't he say something of the same kind? 'I'm not my brother's keeper,' are the words put into his mouth, whether he uttered them or not. Of course, if you put in the Cain defense, the first person who reads your alleged explanation will throw your case out of Court."

"But, I never made a dollar, in Senate or House, beyond my salary!"

"Indeed; for example, you drew your mileage, didn't you, at 10 cents a mile, and always traveled on a free pass?"

"Y-e-s, I did. That wasn't honest, I admit; but everybody in Congress did it."

"That's only another version of the Cain defense. Because other people robbed the treasury, you argue that it was justifiable for you to do so. The steal was as petty as that of the traveling salesman who charges for a carriage ride every time he buys a new shirt. To be sure, you never got any corrupt retainers from corporations when measures vitally affecting the popular interests were before your committees in House or Senate. Why should you? Lobbyists are imbued with a high sense of economy as well as gluttonous with covetousness. When they could get your vote for nothing, why should they pay for it?"

"But, never have I knowingly assisted in the passage of a single 'job' through Congress," my opposite protested.

"No doubt you think so; but do you remember the River and Harbor bill of last Congress? You told me you consented to the insertion of two very objectionable items in that bill because, by giving a pledge to support them in committee and on the floor, you secured a half-million appropriation—I mean you made sure of votes enough to extract the money from the United States Treasury—for a Federal building that your city didn't need and that stands upon land owned by close friends of yours, which they sold to the government for three times its value? Don't interrupt! Of course, you didn't get a dollar of that blood money! But, you should have

opposed the despoilment of the American people and have let your constituents grumble. Herein is the kernel of your trouble. Lust of office is, if possible, dirtier, more degrading, than lust for money!"

Two years later, I was dining with another United States Senator at the New Willard, Washington, when he, my host, suddenly switched the conversation to ask:

"I noticed in your article of to-day a new bit of phrasing. You say that the failure of the dominant (Republican) party to keep its pledges regarding a revision of the tariff will be resented by the citizens of the country at the next Congressional elections this Fall. Your words are, 'This exhibition of indifference to the public good cannot continue, now that the 'bob-cats' in possession of the franchise have learned how to scratch their tickets!' Tell me, what do you mean by coining a phrase of this sort?"

When the awakened majesty of the independent voter had been brought to his attention, the growing demand for primaries that serve to indicate the popular choice of candidates, independently of the wills of party bosses in state and nation, the aged Senator said:

"The term 'bob-cat' is well chosen. It is a much better title than 'Mugwump,' which the late Charles A. Dana dug from the Eliot Ojibwa Bible—meaning 'A big chief moping in his tent.' Scratching 'bob-cats' will be the salvation of the Republic! When United States Senators are chosen by direct vote, the 'bob-cat's' power will be tenfold more potent than now. The Senate, too, often defeats the will of the majority in the popular branch of this government. The House proposes and the Senate disposes! An end of strictly party politics in this country is foreshadowed. It sounds like a foolish thing to say, but a new party ought to be born in the United States every eight or twelve years. We saw the 'Silver party' come into being in 1896,

and endure for fully four years. I mean that its leader was strong enough to command a renomination. Bryanism did this country a power of good. It was conceived in folly and maintained in the face of popular disapproval; but it was 'tried out' until abandoned and shown to be hopeless. We have become a thinking people since 1896! What a splendid thing it would have been, for instance, had the slavery question been given the same crucial trial! Even the South would have opposed the introduction of slavery into all the Northern States! Its leaders would have been the first to see that the activities of the North would have driven the slave-laborer much harder than he was driven in the South, and that, with the exceptions of cotton, rice and sugar, the North would have still controlled the agricultural output of the country. Had the question ever been presented: 'All slave or all free!' the South would have voted for the freedom of the slave. The purchase of the human property could have been completed at a cost of \$30,000,000; the Civil War, that resulted in an outlay of billions of dollars and 1,000,000 lives, would have been averted.

"Bryanism was a national question. The whole country was asked to take it or leave it. Sections of the United States favored it, just as many of the states adhered to slavery. But, like slavery, it is a dead issue. Never will it come up again!"

In the Roosevelt campaign of 1904, the "Bob-cat" voter scratched his way into national prominence when more than half a million of him, with Democratic proclivities, cast his ballot for a Republican presidential candidate!

"May his tribe increase!"

A "Mugwump" was defined as "one opposed to something of which he was in favor;" the "Bob-cat" knows why he dislikes a measure or a candidate and antagonizes it or him tooth and nail.



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